

June 1927

THE RED BOOK

MAGAZINE

—SARA CROMBIE—

"The Sex
Stampede"
by Dr. William E.
Barton

our Somers Roche, Rupert Hughes, Also Mrs. J. Borden Harriman
Wilov. James Francis Dwyer Judge Ben B. Lindsey

When
Gifts mean more
than at
Christmas



This business of graduating from school or college is no idle jest, when one has spent so many industrious years for the privilege of embarking under full sail on the voyage of life.

To the Graduate, Gifts on this occasion mean a great deal more than Gifts at Christmas. No relative, no friend worthy of the name should overlook this.

Each Gift should be something that the Graduate will thrill to receive.

The fact that you can scarcely pick up a college publication nowadays without seeing friendly reference to the Parker Duofold indicates, and correctly, that these black-tipped beauties are all the rage among students. For the campus scribes quite naturally echo the preference of the whole school.

Couple this popularity with the

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Our modern diet, soft and refined, has lulled our gums to sleep. IPANA and massage will rouse them to firmness and health.

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In tracking down the cause of these troubles of the gums that plague so many thousands, dentists have found that our gums are dependent for their daily stimulation on the natural roughage in our food. And our food, they point out, is too soft, too quickly eaten, to give the gums the stimulation which they need so much.

How soft food injures gums

For we buy white, refined flours, we order the tenderest cuts of meat. We peel our fruits. We cook our vegetables soft and cover them with creamy sauces. The roughage and the fibre have departed from our food. The act of mastication no longer yields to our gums the exercise and massage so needful to keep them in health.

Small wonder that gums become soft, weak and tender—that "pink tooth brush," the first sign of gingival breakdown, may almost be counted a national ailment.

At the first sign of trouble, speak to



OUR soft foods—and hurried eating—are at the root of these widespread troubles of the gums. With Ipana and massage you can do much to ward off gum ailments before they ever get a start—before "pink tooth brush" ever appears.

with Ipana. This will rouse the dormant circulation. And because of its astringent content, Ipana will aid the massage in toning your gums and in rendering them more resistant to disease.

your dentist. Very probably he will recommend massage of the gums—to make up for the lack in your diet. Very likely, too, he will mention Ipana's benefits. For our professional men have acquainted more than 50,000 dentists with Ipana, and it is the dentists themselves who, through their recommendations, first gave Ipana its start.

Why Ipana is good for the gums

So massage your gums gently with the brush and Ipana, after the usual cleaning

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Ipana has a delicious taste. Ipana will keep your teeth clean, white and brilliant. And Ipana will help you to have healthier, harder, firmer gums.

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—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name

Address

City State

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Dayton, Ohio

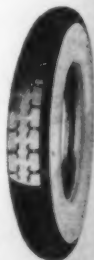
Dayton

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FOR MEN who want to become independent in the NEXT TEN YEARS



IN the spring of 1937 two men will be sitting in a down-town restaurant.

"I wonder what's going to happen next year," one of them will say. "Business is fine now—but the next few years are going to be hard ones, and we may as well face the facts."

The man across the table will laugh.

"That's just what they said back in 1927," he will answer. "Remember? People were looking ahead apprehensively—and see what happened! Since then there has been the greatest growth in our history—more business done, more fortunes made, than ever before. They've certainly been good years for me. . . ."

He will lean back in his chair with the easy confidence and poise that are the hallmark of real prosperity.

The older man will sit quiet a moment and then in a tone of infinite pathos:

"I wish I had those ten years back," he will say.

TODAY the interview quoted above is purely imaginary. But be assured of this—it will come true. Right now, at this very hour, business men are dividing themselves into two groups, represented by the two individuals whose words are quoted. A few years from now there will be ten thousand such luncheons and one of the men will say:

"I have got what I wanted."

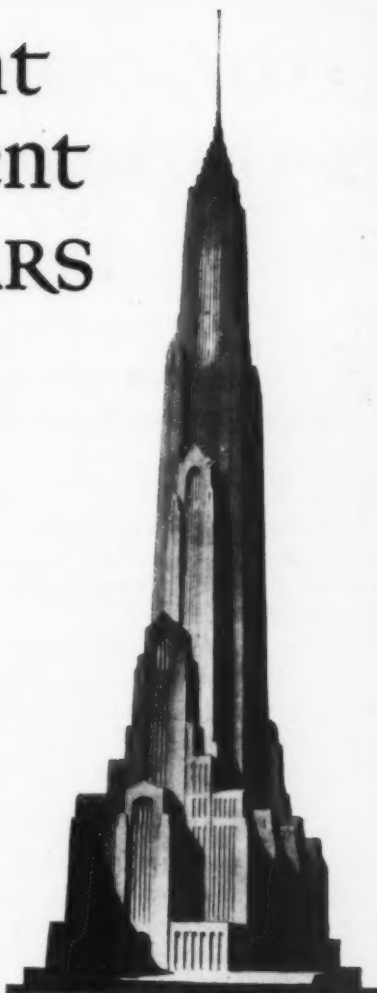
And the other will answer:

"I wish I had those years back."

In which class are you putting yourself? The real difference between the two classes is this—one class of men hope vaguely to be

independent *someday*; the other class have convinced themselves that they can do it within the next few years. Do you believe this? Do you care enough about independence to give us a chance to prove it? Will you invest one single evening in reading a book that has put 300,000 men on the road to more rapid progress?

This book costs you nothing—and for a good reason. It is worth only what you make it worth. It explains how for more than eighteen years it has been the privilege of the Alexander Hamilton Institute to help men shorten the path to success; to increase their earning power; to make



"Since then there has been the greatest growth in our history—more business done, more fortunes made, than ever before."

them masters of the larger opportunities in business.

"FORGING AHEAD IN BUSINESS" is a cheerful, helpful book. It is yours for the asking. Send for it. Measure yourself by it. Look clearly, for a few moments, into your next few years. Whether or not you will follow the path it points is a matter that you alone must decide.

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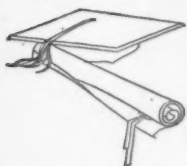
Send me the new revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without charge.

Signature Please write plainly

Business Address

Business Position

For Graduation give an Accurate Watch

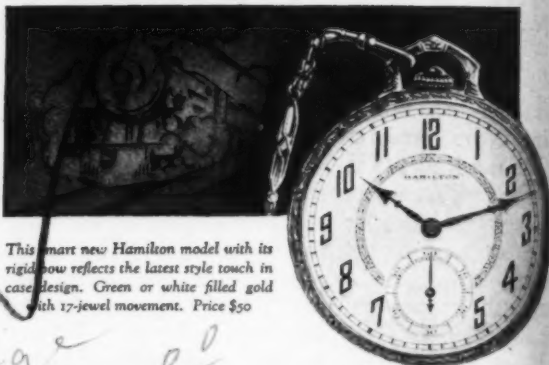


There is one gift of which every graduate is inevitably and most justly proud—a handsome watch.

A WATCH has beauty, it has elegance, it has lasting value. But a gift-watch must have two further qualities—accuracy and dependability. And these are the distinguishing characteristics of the Hamilton Watch.

In a fine timepiece, accuracy is indeed the prime requisite. It is the outstanding achievement of the Hamilton—the quality which has won for it the name—"The Watch of Railroad Accuracy." It is, in fact, so accurate that it is preferred by most American railroad men.

The Hamilton Watch has an inherent dependability, too, that justly sets it apart from other watches. If you could see the watch in the process of making, you would realize why this is so. Each tiniest screw and pivot, each balance wheel and spring, is fashioned to that minute precision which insures the accuracy and dependability of the Hamilton Watch.

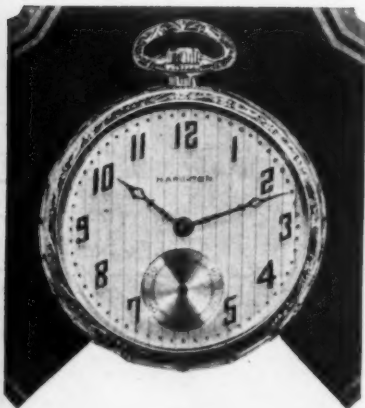


This smart new Hamilton model with its rigid bow reflects the latest style touch in case design. Green or white filled gold with 17-jewel movement. Price \$50

MAY we not send you our two informative booklets, "The Time-keeper," which illustrates Hamilton Watches at prices from \$48 to \$685, and "The Care of Your Watch"? Address Hamilton Watch Company, 897 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

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The Red Book Magazine

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Edna Crompton



Photo by White Studio, New York

Harvey Fergusson

A few years ago appeared a novel entitled "Blood of the Conquerors," that at once set its author apart from the multitude of writers. It was followed by "Capitol Hill," and latterly by "Hot Saturday." Harvey Fergusson, by these three works of fiction, was "made." And now he has written for this magazine the most vivid and glowing story of all. It will begin in the next—the July—issue under the title:

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Fashions in Freedom

By M. MERCER KENDIG, A. B.

Director, Department of Education, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

"FREEDOM" is the catchword to which the youth of today responds most eagerly. In a period when traditions, social orders, and values are constantly shifting, youth is busy casting aside old restraints in a whole-hearted if somewhat hectic search for this elusive ideal.

Lacking the balance of experience, youth is by nature extreme, impatient of delays and with no use for compromises. It is natural for young people to rush blindly forward toward an ill-defined goal without stopping to consider the wide gulf that lies between a hazy conception of so-called freedom and genuine independence of spirit.

Boys and girls are naturally conformists. Even as very small children, they dread to be different from the other members of their particular group. They are quick to adopt the latest vogue in dress, manners and language merely because it is being done and because they do not wish to be labelled "queer" or "old-fashioned."

Likewise, thousands of young people discard established ideas of thought and conduct and adopt popular cynical and materialistic attitudes in an effort to prove themselves free from old traditions. Most of them find that they have only changed masters; they miss the values of both the old and the new because they have slavishly followed a fashion instead of acting upon the inward urge that results from true independence of mind and spirit. The unprecedented number of suicides and cases of mental breakdown among young people of school and college age, during recent months, indicates that youth is often concealing, behind a pose of indifference, a tragic sense of inadequacy for life.

Instances like these, and hundreds of others less extreme, show that a generation which delights to proclaim itself "free" is in reality most pitifully bound by its own false ideals of freedom. Liberty of thought and action are dangerous toys unless they are accompanied by a clear understanding of their responsibilities.

True independence arises from a sense of adequacy for life. It is the outgrowth of self-knowledge. Its possessor can face life with confidence because he knows his own strength and his weakness. He has developed a set of values which will enable him to select for himself and not be carried along by popular hue and cry. He does not go stalking through the world in solitary self-sufficiency, like Kipling's "Cat who walked alone." He has a sense of his importance as an individual which prevents him from being submerged in the changing currents of group activity.

The development of this genuine sense of independence is a fundamental problem of character training, and the good boarding school is ideally equipped to deal with it. There the child is studied as an individual by intelligent and trained men and women. His physical development is safeguarded by a schedule of work and play designed to meet his needs. He is protected from the artificiality and overstimulation of modern life but is given an adequate understanding of the problems he must meet and deal with. He has every opportunity to cultivate the true independence of spirit which comes from self-realization, as distinguished from the cocksureness of ignorance. Thus equipped, he is prepared to judge and evaluate the old and the new and to build for himself a workable scheme of life.

The selection of the particular school suited to the needs of the individual child is a serious problem. If you have difficulty in making a selection from among those listed in the following pages, we shall be glad to have you write to our Department of Education for assistance. This Department has data about hundreds of schools which have been personally visited many times by its representatives. This information is at your disposal, without charge or obligation. Please give full details as to type of school desired.

M. Mercer Kendig

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S CAMP SECTION

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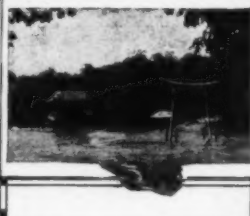


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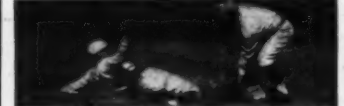
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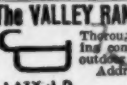
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WHAT I THINK OF

PELMANISM -

By Judge

Ben B. Lindsey

PELMANISM is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a great driving force.

I first heard of Pelmanism while in England on war work. Sooner or later almost every conversation touched on it, for the movement seemed to have the sweep of a religious conviction. Men and women of every class and circumstance were acclaiming it as a new departure in mental training that gave promise of ending that preventable inefficiency which acts as a brake on human progress. Even in France I did not escape the word, for thousands of officers and men were *Pelmanizing* in order to fit themselves for return to civil life.

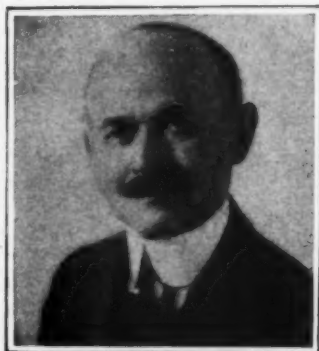
When I learned that Pelmanism had been brought to America, by Americans for Americans, I was among the first to enroll. My reasons were two: first, because I have always felt that every mind needed regular, systematic and scientific exercise, and, secondly, because I wanted to find out if Pelmanism was the thing that I could recommend to the hundreds who continually ask my advice in relation to their lives, problems and ambitions.

Failure is a sad word in any language, but it is peculiarly tragic here in America, where institutions and resources join to put success within the reach of every individual. In the twenty years that I have sat on the bench of the Juvenile Court of Denver, almost every variety of human failure has passed before me in melancholy procession. By failure I do not mean the merely criminal mistakes of the individual but the faults of training that keep a life from full development and complete expression.

It is to these needs and these lacks that Pelmanism comes as an answer. The "twelve little gray books" are a remarkable achievement. Not only do they contain the discoveries that science knows about the mind and its workings, but the treatment is so simple that the truths may be grasped by anyone of average education.

In plain words, what Pelmanism has done is to take psychology out of the college and put it into harness for the day's work. It lifts great, helpful truths out of the back water and plants them in the living stream.

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of education instead of a remedy for its faults. First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization; it



JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

Judge Ben B. Lindsey is known throughout the whole civilized world for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver. He says, "The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* 'take care of itself.' Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort, just as muscles can be developed by exercise."

makes the student *discover* himself; it acquaints him with his sleeping powers and shows him how to develop them. The method is *exercise*, not of the haphazard sort, but a steady, increasing kind that brings each hidden power to full strength without strain or break.

The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* "take care of itself." Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts, but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort just as muscles can be developed by exercise. I do not mean by this that the individual can add to the brains that God gave him, but he can learn to make use of the brains that he has instead of letting them fall into flabbiness through disuse.

Other methods and systems that I have examined, while realizing the value of mental exercise, have made the mistake of limiting their efforts to the development of some single sense. What Pelmanism does is to consider the mind as a whole and treat it as a whole. It

goes in for mental team play, training the mind as a unity.

Its big value, however, is the instructional note. Each lesson is accompanied by a work sheet that is really a progress sheet. The student goes forward under a teacher in the sense that he is followed through from first to last, helped, guided and encouraged at every turn by conscientious experts.

Pelmanism is no miracle. It calls for application. But I know of nothing that pays larger returns on an investment of one's spare time from day to day.

(Signed) BEN B. LINDSEY.

Note: As Judge Lindsey has pointed out, Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For almost a quarter of a century it has been showing men and women how to lead happy, successful, well-rounded lives. 600,000 Pelmanists in every country on the globe are the guarantee of what Pelman training can do for you.

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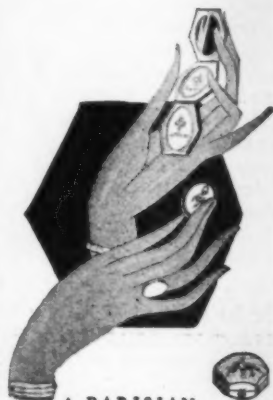
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We have lost the art of laughter in our blind egotism. Whatever touches our lives immediately takes on an almost tragic importance. Each contact adds a weight to the spirit until living has become so ponderous an affair that there is no time or place for so idle and airy a sprite as laughter.

Yet we crave the solace of its glad forgetfulness. We go long distances, sit through weary hours, spend our treasure in quest of it, only to be mocked by the crackling of thorns under a pot. For we would be children of Care and still dwell with Delight, which cannot be. Care lives in a guarded castle, while Delight is gipsy-free, sleeps in a flower, feeds on dew, rides a rainbow, knows nothing and pierces all wisdom, owns nothing yet possesses the earth.

Children know laughter—the simplicity, the elemental power whose expression laughter is. If we would know again the cleansing, healing power of laughter, we must become as little children. We must strip life down to its simplest terms of love and faith and acceptance. Laughter is not cheap. It is the rare essence of that most rare thing, simple living. It is the flowering of the matured spirit, the spirit strengthened and seasoned by the sort of courageous living that has dared to feel and to keep on feeling until pain ripened into peace. Then the soul was born again and knew afresh the care-free laughter of childhood.

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The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

That means soap and water—a clean skin, pores cleansed regularly of age-inviting accumulations. Beauty experts advise it. Skin specialists urge it—but always, of course, with the *Right Kind of Soap*. That is the important point.

So, largely on expert advice, more and more thousands of women turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive, used this way.

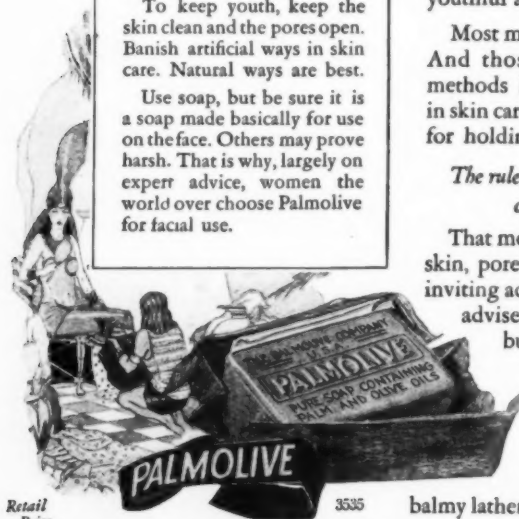
Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream.

Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in this treatment. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note the amazing difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.



Retail
Price
10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

The RED BOOK Magazine

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KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN, *Editor*

A COMMON-SENSE EDITORIAL

Reform

By BRUCE BARTON

AS we walked along the corridors of a factory, we passed a wiry man of sixty who gave us an apologetic little nod. Even this glimpse was enough to make me curious. There was mystery about him; he seemed to contradict himself in almost every feature.

His eyes were alert, but they had a hurt and baffled look; his firm step was a bit too firm in contrast with his drooping shoulders; the neatly brushed gray hair seemed to be trying proudly to pretend that it had nothing to do with the dandruff on the coat-collar.

As soon as he was out of hearing, I asked the owner of the place about him.

"Don't you remember him?" he said. "No, you wouldn't. He came before your time. But you must have heard of H—, of the H and B Company. His advertisements were in all the magazines twenty-five years ago. He made a fortune. Six weeks ago he came in here to make a loan, and I put him on the pay-roll. Not much of a job, but it's a living, and I couldn't turn him away. After all, he was a giant in his time."

"What happened to him?" I asked.

"The old story. Retired and tried to reform the world. Had a lot of grand ideas, and they busted him."

As we continued our trip through the plant, it occurred to me that my friend the owner is himself reforming the

world. He would deny it indignantly. He thinks he is just having fun, playing the business game. But the product he manufactures makes a tremendous difference to the comfort and happiness of the homes that buy it. And he manufactures it so efficiently that he has been able to reduce the price four times in the past six years.

When you add the total result of all such factories, and contrast the home of today with the home of a generation ago, you must admit that the world is being very decidedly reformed. And by the men who stay in business, not by the men who pull out.

The old idea was that there were two kinds of effort in the world—work and good works. That is true only in part. To be sure, many benevolent enterprises have to be carried forward outside of business. But business itself—year by year it is making a fairer, more healthful and more comfortable world. And those who quit it to embrace reform are in most instances casting aside the most powerful tool of reform.

"As for doing good," said Thoreau, "that is one of the professions that are full. Moreover I have tried it fairly, and am satisfied that it does not agree with my constitution."

But how much good Thoreau did just by being Thoreau!



THE SPIRIT OF THE GIFT

WITH the gift, however simple, goes the thought of the giver—the spirit of the gift!

Whitman's Chocolates in their time bear messages of infinite meanings. Social conventions permit them when costlier gifts are barred. They "speak a various language."

In our latest achievement we have enclosed a rich and rare assortment of milk chocolates in a package of quiet beauty with the pastoral name of *Bonnybrook*.

A golden box, with designs by Franklin Booth, suggesting the excellence of the chocolates.

Whatever your message or spirit of your gift it will be carried with grace and dignity by

Whitman's

BONNYBROOK MILK CHOCOLATES
Assorted Nuts, Fruits, Creams, Caramels

SOLD IN ONE-POUND AND TWO-POUND SIZES AT THE SELECTED STORES THAT SERVE AS WHITMAN AGENCIES



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The Patriot

By
Hugh
Wiley

Illustrated by
Charles Sarka

SURROUNDED by his ancient jades, seals and porcelains, Hugh Wiley now and then writes a tale of China in America that stands forth with all the glow of an ancient Chinese portrait; for after all, no other living writer of fiction has a deeper or a more sympathetic understanding of the Chinese motivations than he.



"Be not afraid," the girl said. "I shall protect thee through this night and guard thee till thou art well."

WHEN Fong Lin, son of General Fong, was five years old, or six by the Chinese counting, he journeyed forth from his father's house concealed in a leather sack on a salt-trader's donkey. "He will be a great traveler," voted the guests at the Celebration-of-returning banquet, which was held after the salt-trader, who had really kidnaped Fong Lin, had brought him back and claimed the reward.

"He will not be a traveler of any sort," his father contradicted, forgetting precepts concerning Low Voice, Perfect Way, Harmony of Words, to emphasize the expression of his hopes, and to enable himself to be heard above the din and wailing which came from the women's apartments, out of which three or four of young Fong Lin's careless nurses had been sold to the merchant class for discipline, and for cash enough to offset the reward item. "He will remain within these walls with his fingers crooked about his pencils until his instructors deem him qualified to win

his degree. He will participate importantly in government. He will be an honor to this house and to the line of Fong, and to his Emperor. Ascending on the Dragon, his bones will rest near mine in the grove of the Fong tombs on the West Hill, and his sons will bow low before the memorial tablets of his name."

"Or he might even go further," a dyspeptic guest continued the prophecy. "He might even become a character actor with a verminous group of strolling players, and at the apex of his career he might win the applause of his paid claque by his interpretation of the last two legs of the runaway camel in 'Stop the Retreating General.'"

When the subsequent exchange of courteous epithets had quieted, and after hot wine had been administered to the exhausted participants—"After all," a pacifist offered, "it is well enough for young Fong to be not too perfect. Better that he be similar to a human being, so that his brilliancy may still cast

some light shadow on the illumined screen of Perfection. The straightest trees in the forest are first to feel the ax."

"And even the highest towers touch the ground at one end," another false friend added.

A practical man who had enjoyed political favors, and reverses, contributed his bit to the fund of advice: "Teach him that the loudest applause comes from palms plated with gold—and if the eaves are low on the treasury gates, to bend his head."

But the father of Fong Lin, interpreting the last few cups of heated wine, was reciting poetry now, and there was a saying in the district that when General Fong Liu became poetic, the lantern-bearers rallied to rescue his guests and to save them for a kindlier fate such as poison, or boiling in oil, or Five True Loves.

Respecting paternal instructions, Lin learned to write: Two hundred and fourteen radicals. For each radical, ten or a hundred or a thousand-odd characters to be learned. For each character, three or four styles. Elegant phrases, pencils of the bristly hair of the sable whose elasticity might lend eloquence to thought. Scented ink, ground in a depression on an argillite slab inlaid in gold with a design of the Four Precious Things of the library.

On his sixteenth birthday his father said to him: "Gladden my heart with a poem. Four lines—the ideal length. Wit is exhausted by many words. If you cannot express your theme in four lines—you have no theme."

Remembering the proper bow, Lin left his father and repaired to his Finding Jade study, where he wrote a poem of four lines:

*False humility is genuine arrogance.
Man riding tiger cannot dismount.
Pathway to virtue is a desert trail.
Life is not printed in books.*

"The theme of my poem," Lin explained, when he had returned to his father's presence, "is a summary of the reflections of a dutiful son, written with the salt tears of regret upon the white banners of mourning, at the time of his departing from his father's house. The deeper emotions cannot be expressed."

"What is your authority for this sentiment?" General Fong inquired.

"Heart not smiling. Feet walking away—eyes not looking back."

The father of Fong Lin bowed, with some excess of flexure, to his son. "In more campaigns than you have years, I have commanded several tens of ten thousands. Under the imperial banners, I have led various armies to victory—and the edge of my sword offered perpetual libation to the soil of my country. I love this land; and here I shall die. I shall not advise you; nor shall I command. But when all the outer kingdoms have burned the guest-chairs, and when you at last put on the sandals of lead, know that the gates of this house shall open for your returning, and that rest awaits you at your father's side. Receive Heaven's Hundred Blessings, and may the Three Stars shed their light upon you."

From the Fong treasury, at midday, a servant brought Fong Lin a purse, and a tablet of gold upon which was engraved a passport—"Authority Bestowed by Imperial Decree." The tablet was three inches wide, nine inches long, thick enough to make it a good hammer—and using it as such, Fong Lin cracked his argillite ink-slab squarely in two with one blow. On the broken slab he left the gold tablet, and on the tablet he placed the purse of money, heaping above these three things the broken shafts of a dozen sable pencils. When this was done, enjoying finally the first deceitful flavors of his new cup of freedom, he walked through the several courtyards of his father's house and out of the Small Gate, where the world awaited discovery. "A wick is not a substitute for a walking-stick."

FOR five years Lin traveled the length and breadth of new districts, each farther removed from the place of his birth. He earned his rice, working at humble tasks with traders and caravans, learning many things, seeing new peoples, observing the changing world about him: Parasite Buddhist priests who had departed three worlds away from the teachings of the gentle Gautama of the Deer Forest near Benares. Mad Mohammedans, Christians hungry for treasures of earth, engaged in their ritual of rosaries, climbing their beads hand over hand toward their corner of heaven. Ringing bells. Other foreign devils engaged in the opium-traffic, mingling the stench of the poppy gum with the incense of their Christian altars, forcing their twin narcotics upon an unwilling people by means of cannon as well as of unclean cash.

But the land was wide, and now the plunging rivers and the rough barrier ranges had preserved some distant peoples in their primitive, unlovely state. Presently Lin saw that in spite of its dragging fears and superstitions, the world of man had advanced, and he began to question the accepted virtue of rugged and uncouth ignorance. Meeting a tribesman whose wives lived in a felt hovel with his cattle, Lin felt impelled to dwell in thought awhile upon the gentle possessions abandoned at his departure from his home, and he thought of thin porcelains, vermilion silks inscribed with beautiful characters from the pencils of Chu Yung, translucent jades. Now before him lay cold glittering passes clad with their eternal ice, troubled with moving snows, and with gales that left travelers rigid in death. This gave place to the Black Desert, for whose crossing the water-sacks were filled with ice. Here sands drifted above buried cities whose people and whose gods had slept through lagging centuries—howling sands and night-born wails of an unseen host, and clanging bells from temples long fallen into dust.

From the camel-drivers of a caravan out of the Tarim basin, Lin heard strange tales of the land they traversed, but all about him were sights and sounds which were stranger than the tales they told, and so he fled these unreal places and sought again the friendlier regions where sleep, instead of madness, came with night.

SOUTHWARD he roved, coming to a country whose grandeur became an element of constant terror. Along narrow trails where a slip meant a fall of a mile, with towering peaks another mile above him, he threaded his way through a land on edge, with roaring rivers below him, and booming glaciers above. The nights were zero, and the sun burned him through its daily course. But men lived in this land, for a cluster of bowels, sometimes a village, hung in each scar on the mountainside, and shrines to strange gods, monuments of man's fears and longings, were founded on the cleft rock of this shattered world.

He rested in a town built on the bar of a river where people of ten races mingled, speaking strange languages, and no man could understand him. He crossed the borders of this land through a pass nearly four miles high. In the snows of the summit his sight failed him. In the dark he fell from a twenty-foot ledge and tore the flesh from his knee. He made his obeisance to Death.

Hours later, a salt-trader awakened him and guided him through the glacial debris, below the snow-line, to sanctuary in a Nashi village where there were men who could speak his native tongue. His eyes were inflamed with an infection from the strip of fur with which he had shielded them in the snowfields of the pass, and the gangrenous tissues of his wounded knee spread to the healthier flesh.

For three nights he lay in a sheep-pen of rough pine boards, and on the third night of his torture a prowling dog, eager for a new and unusual feast, tore at his throat. He killed the dog with his hands, and at dawn he gave the edible carcass to a villager in return for a service to be rendered. "You must summon aid for me at once; otherwise after my death I shall lead one hundred evil spirits of the night to your house."

"I will bring the Tombas," the villager agreed. "They can cleanse your body of its evil, being priests all-powerful."

"Pay in advance, kill or cure," or intelligence to that effect was the edict of the Nashi Tombas, delivered by their business agent, who was a lay brother who sold prayers.

The bargain was concluded with the transfer of Fong Lin's thick fur coat, for which the Nashi priests conducted a ceremony calculated to rid the sick man of the evil spirits whose presence meant death. Drums and bells and prayers, incantations and candles, the smeared blood of sacrificial poultry, posturings before statues, ecstatic chanting priests, fanatic fingerings of the cold clicking beads of their rosaries, altar offerings of wine and rice to the placid images, rhythm and flaming oil, hypnotism and red-hot plowshares—all of this.

Then, with a final conflict between the lay brother and a mongrel dog concerning title to the sacrificial rooster, wherein the gods favored the dog, the Fong Lin case was closed.

"Wake up! You are cured!" A member of the throng sought to arouse the sick man; but Fong Lin, paying no heed, continued a maudlin discourse with some dread and unseen Messenger who had summoned him.

Until nightfall he continued his muttered protests, and then quite suddenly his troubled mind seemed to swim out upon a placid lake of consciousness, and he heard a girl's voice. "Do not be afraid," the girl said, and her voice, speaking Lin's native

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"Some of them, my father, yes; but I will not be associated with the gambling-house, the lottery, the opium-rooms."

tongue, seemed sweeter than the silver notes of a jade lute. "Be not afraid, poor broken one! I shall protect thee through this night and guard thee until thou art well. First—this robe against the icy airs, and now, over thy wounded eyes, this healing bandage. It drips with heated water, and the water is salt, and I tell thee, blind one, thou shalt see tomorrow's sun at its dawning. And here is a draught of sugared milk to give thee strength, and here, white rice—and in this warm bowl, a thick broth that is half flesh."

AT dawn when the Dragon of Light had ignited the glittering peaks above the gray gulf before him, Fong Lin learned that the girl had spoken words of truth, for he had regained his sight, and the reflected fires that glowed on the roof-spires of the world were as treasures of molten gold.

He looked about him and was troubled, for the girl had gone. Peace came again with her returning, and she was young and fair.

"Thy name?" he asked of her then.

"Yao," she answered, "and of that House, I am the Moon-flower, Yuey—the Spring Moon-flower, Chun Yuey Hua."

"Yao Chun Yuey Hua!" Repeating the name, Fong Lin made music of the several syllables. "Thou art a reason for living—and the scales of my life that were weighted with barren years are balanced by the light touch of thy fingertips."

"Enough—words will not mend thy knee. Here now are scalding cloths and healing ointments of balsam and benzoin and the thickened blood of pine trees. No bones are broken, and within a week thou shalt be well."

"Who art thou?" Fong Lin persisted. "And how camest thou here at the hour of my greatest need?"

"I sought thee through the North," the girl answered. "I followed thy track through the Black Desert. I trailed thee in thy wanderings through these mountains. Ten years ago—when we were children—we were married. I am thy wife."

Recalling the distasteful marriage arrangement accomplished

by his family without his knowledge, Lin reached for the girl's hand. "Moon-flower, had I known thee, I never would have strayed. Spring Moon-flower, thou hast filled this moment with ten thousand years of happiness!"

When Lin was well again, the pair journeyed across a snow-swept pass and down from the mountain fastness to a temperate district by the sea. Here, confronted by the old Problem of Three Pathways, saving face, Lin decided that a return to his father's house was a course in conflict with Right Conduct. Contemplating the future which his returning would impose, he revolted from the empty schedule, and with his decision made, he felt an added pleasure in his companion's complete approval of his course. "I care not if the way be rough," the Spring Moon-flower said, "nor if clouds hide the smiles of Heaven, if thou art by my side."

They starved for a while. Then in a great port where ships from the Western seas assembled to trade the products of far lands for the treasures of China, Lin listened to a labor contractor's lure, and within the week, in company with a hundred other deluded slaves, he and Chun Yuey, who was dressed as a man, were batted in the foul slave-pens of a ship bound for Callao.

Death had summoned half this company before the ship made port, but from the varying disasters of cholera and scurvy and the incidental menace of rotting food and a shortage of fresh water, Lin and his wife escaped, only to discover in their newer bondage a routine of keener cruelties in which, plainly enough, life could not long endure.

"An intelligent man bows to the will of Heaven."

THE old men of Chinatown in San Francisco, when it is worth while, will impart fragments of Fong Lin's biography up to the time of his departure from South America, but they are silent concerning the methods of his escape with Chun Yuey, and to bridge some of the lost years one must examine various printed sources.

"The popular idea that the first Chinamen who visited California were 'gold-hunters' is now said to be a mistake. They came from Peru in a vessel that put in at Callao for repairs while en route from New York to San Francisco in 1848. They were fugitives from their masters in Peru. . . ."

"The first emigrants from China to northern California were two Chinese men and one woman who arrived by the clipper bark *Eagle* in 1848. The men went to the mines. . . ."

Whatever inaccuracy is here, may be due to the fact that for two days in Yerba Buena, seeing other women in the little settlement, Chun Yuey discarded her male disguise.

R. B. Mason, Colonel First Dragoons, Governor of California, to the Alcaldes at Santa Cruz and Pueblo de San José, writing from Headquarters, Tenth Military Department, at Monterey, under date of February 3, 1848: "I send a military command, under Lieutenant Ord, of the army, for the purpose of arresting two horse-thieves and recovering the horses. . . ."

For a week in February, 1848, with Sutter's kanakas lived two Chinese, one of average stature and the other of smaller frame.



Gold! January 24, 1848.

Working in a near-by ravine after the on-rush of Chinese Mexicans, sailors and deserters from the army had run them away from Mormon Bar, without knowledge of the fifty-eight-pound gold nugget found in Anson County, North Carolina, or of the hundred-pound Russian lump, Fong Lin broke a record and a knife blade on a mass of gold so heavy that it taxed the combined strength of himself and Chun Yuey to carry it, at night, to a better hiding-place uphill from the advancing tumult. Nourished and fortified, however, by a strengthening diet of horseflesh, they made the grade. Thereafter for some months, until the second and third waves of gold-seekers had broken upon their hiding place, Fong Lin and Chun Yuey occupied themselves with the task of dividing a three-hundred-pound mass of gold into pieces small enough to be melted down in the crude furnace which Fong Lin constructed. Then when Yerba Buena, which had become



The leader of the seven bowed, and from an inner pocket he produced a slip of blue paper.

was upon that day when you won me from the claws of death."

"Some day, then, we shall return?"

Fong Lin answered her. "Some day we shall return."

The day of returning came more than once; and each time, for causes weightier than Fong Lin's longing for his native land, the day of departure was postponed.

The United States had awakened finally to the value of its new empire. Later when embryo kings of finance, seeking to bind the golden land to the body of the Republic with bands of steel, faced failure because labor could not be found to build their railroad, Fong Lin became the agency whereby thousands of his countrymen were imported to wield the tools disdained by addicts to a more spectacular heroism.

The road was built, and Lin's countrymen were rewarded with sporadic lynchings and a persistent campaign of persecution by mobs whose battle-cry was "Liberty, Freedom, Equality." Calm in each crisis, giving wise counsel to his fellows, Fong Lin realized at last the nominal peace that came with the slightly withered fruits of victory. He was established now on Du

San Francisco, added banking facilities to the rest of its advantages of civilization, the treasure was transferred, little by little, to where it could be held safely against the attacks of the Eastern hoodlums, Australian criminals, and the various other desperadoes who had thronged to new hunting-ground.

With wealth assured, Fong Lin considered for a while returning to China. Chun Yuey, beside him, observing the recurrence of periods of deep reverie, knowing full well their cause, at last questioned her husband about his moods. "Why art thou silent, dreaming with open eyes?"

"I see again the lanterns on the river and the white marble doorway to my father's house. I think of the land where we were born. I love that land, and with the marching years there comes a longing for the old scenes—and an impatience for the hour of returning. . . . A grain of sand can hide a mountain. It may be that through these years I have been even more blind than I

Pont Street, and his house was the scene of nightly councils attended by the more substantial members of his race. Full well they realized the evils which, promoted in the district where they resided, were charged to their countrymen. They remained silent, of necessity, in spite of the fact that renegade white men, profiting by these evils, were too often responsible for their development.

"The human race consisting largely of beasts," Lin reflected, "the use of opium will no doubt cease in the same millennium that sees an end of drunkenness and theft and murder among the superior moralists native to this Christian land. For that matter, if these Western lords of the Orient would for a little while cease to thrust the black drug down China's throat, our reform might be accomplished at an earlier date."

Fourteen hundred murders in six years, out of which three murderers were hanged by the process (Continued on page 114)

The Sex Stampede

What Is Its Significance?

By

Dr. William E. Barton

Pastor Emeritus of the First Congregational Church
of Oak Park, Illinois, author of "The Life of Lincoln."

THE most interesting fact in the social life of the globe is the permanent division of the human race into two sexes, approximately equal in number, and each necessary to the complement of the other. Sex, either in itself or in some of its many manifestations—the family, the home, education, life-insurance and all the rest—can never be very far from the center of the stage in anybody's thinking. Sex is responsible for the song of the bird, the color of the rose, and for much else that is beautiful, as well as for much that is ugly, in the behavior of people and things on this planet. I shall have occasion to say that, in the experience of most men, other motives than sex have a larger place than the novelists and scenario writers would seem to have us believe, but that statement can wait. What we are now saying is that sex is a permanent fact and an interesting fact. In the beginning God made them male and female, and He has continued to make them in that way. No one can ignore the fact, and it is something which should be seen in all its relations.

I have been reading more or less about sex in recent months. No one could avoid it if he read at all, and read what is now in process of printing. I suspect that I have read less on this subject than some people, for I judge that a good many people are not reading much of anything else. Some things that I have read appear to me to have been written by men of less experience than I have had, and some have approached the subject from an angle very different from that which gives me my point of view. It is a subject of which I am not wholly ignorant. I have married a thousand couples, more or less. I have had all the kinds of weddings there are, I suppose, except those that are performed in balloons or at county fairs. I have had jail weddings, hospital weddings, church weddings, home weddings, runaway matches and so on. I have married people to whom the experience was new, and people who had been married a good many times before. I have seen something of marriages. I have had weddings where everybody laughed and was happy; I have

Forty years ago Dr. Barton was a circuit-riding minister in Kentucky, and that experience of his young manhood quickened an interest in Abraham Lincoln as a human being that two years ago flowered in a biography of the Great Emancipator that will ever stand as a monument to its author's patience, devotion and research. Now Dr. Barton's wide experience of life, and his scholarship, linked to his deep human sympathy, understanding and tolerance, peculiarly fit him to write this article on a subject of the deepest significance to the elder no less than to the younger generation.

been at weddings where most people were in tears. If I do not know all kinds, I know a widely varied number of kinds.

I mention this because it might be supposed that I have had experience only with conventional and obviously respectable weddings. I have had my share of that sort, with the church altar banked with flowers and the organ playing "Here Comes the Bride," with ushers and bridesmaids and the maid of honor and the ring-bearer and all the rest. But I have had weddings in the lay cabin, and at the mine's mouth, and by the roadside. Experience alone cannot qualify a man to write on sex; but experience is one of the important elements in a man's equipment for the task I am assuming. I have been marrying people for forty-two years, and there have been a lot of them.

Furthermore, I am no stranger in the divorce-court. I have sat beside the judge while he heard a long day's grist of cases, and he has asked me in his chambers: "Doctor, if you have any advice to give me on any of these cases you have heard, now is your chance." Once, at least, and perhaps oftener, I have been a witness in a divorce-case, and in the case I happen to remember, I was a witness of importance. I was a witness for the applicant, and the divorce was granted, in part on my testimony. I have been called in counsel in many cases where divorce was contemplated, and with varying results.

I have seen generations of young people growing up to manhood and womanhood, and have observed their behavior toward each other. I have seen how older people behave, and that is sometimes quite as unedifying as what one may observe among the young. If there are matters of sex which lie outside my knowledge, as I think there probably are, I have seen enough to justify me in the possession of certain opinions which I intend to state in this article.

I am telling these facts in advance as a ground for my right to an opinion. I have seen as many aspects of sex as a well-behaved man has any right to see, and I have seen them

around the world. I have witnessed marriage customs and social observances in remote lands whose frankness would give one a start. I have gazed on the inhibited frescoes at Pompeii and in the museum at Naples, where one who is permitted to enter may discover how sex matters were conducted in the ancient world. I have traveled in the land of the Arabian Nights, and I did my first preaching as a circuit-riding parson in the backwoods of the Tennessee mountains. If I do not know something about sex it is because I have had my eyes shut; and this, I think, has not been true. What was visible of this and other matters I have observed.

I have said that sex is the most interesting social fact; I add that it is the most significant. I judge that sex is not a biological necessity. There are forms of life in which reproduction is asexual; there would appear to have been no inherent necessity for two different sexes among mankind. Indeed, there is more than one biological indication that Nature was at one time half persuaded to make us all of one sex, and with this in mind as a possibility gave to man the mammary glands which he does not need, and the prostate gland, which in the view of some surgeons and anatomists is another vestigial inheritance. But Nature reconsidered the matter in time, and instead of a race of hermaphrodites, here we are, in the garden, everlastingly patching fig-leaves together, and working hard to pay for them, and whether ashamed or not, we are inevitably conscious of the fact of sex.

There are a few facts about sex so elemental that many writers omit them or overlook them. A few of these I venture to set down, because they are so obvious that they are likely to be forgotten. Did not John Stuart Mill remind us that a fact is almost as good as disproved when all men accept it and it no longer has to be proved and fought for? These are the facts which everybody knows, but which seem to be overlooked in much recent discussion.

First, there has never been and can never be any fundamental change in the relations of the sexes. There is no way in which the woman can become the father of a child or compel her husband to give him prenatal care or to suckle him after he is born. No larger measure of economic freedom, no giving of the vote to women or denying it to men, can ever alter this basic fact of human life.

Secondly, it is physically possible for a man to injure a woman sexually, against her will, as a woman cannot, by physical force alone and against his will, injure a man. This is not to say that man is invariably the guilty or the more guilty person in matters of sex-irregularity; I have the impression that from the Garden of Eden down, woman has done the tempting quite as often as the man; I speak now in the bald terms of brutal physical force.

Other people are talking bluntly about these matters; I also will talk bluntly, and without circumlocution. I will talk decently, but I will talk plainly.

I come to my third general observation, which is, that when sex becomes a commodity, and has a price, it is the man who pays the price and not the woman. She receives the money which the man pays. This is a fact of tremendous economic sig-

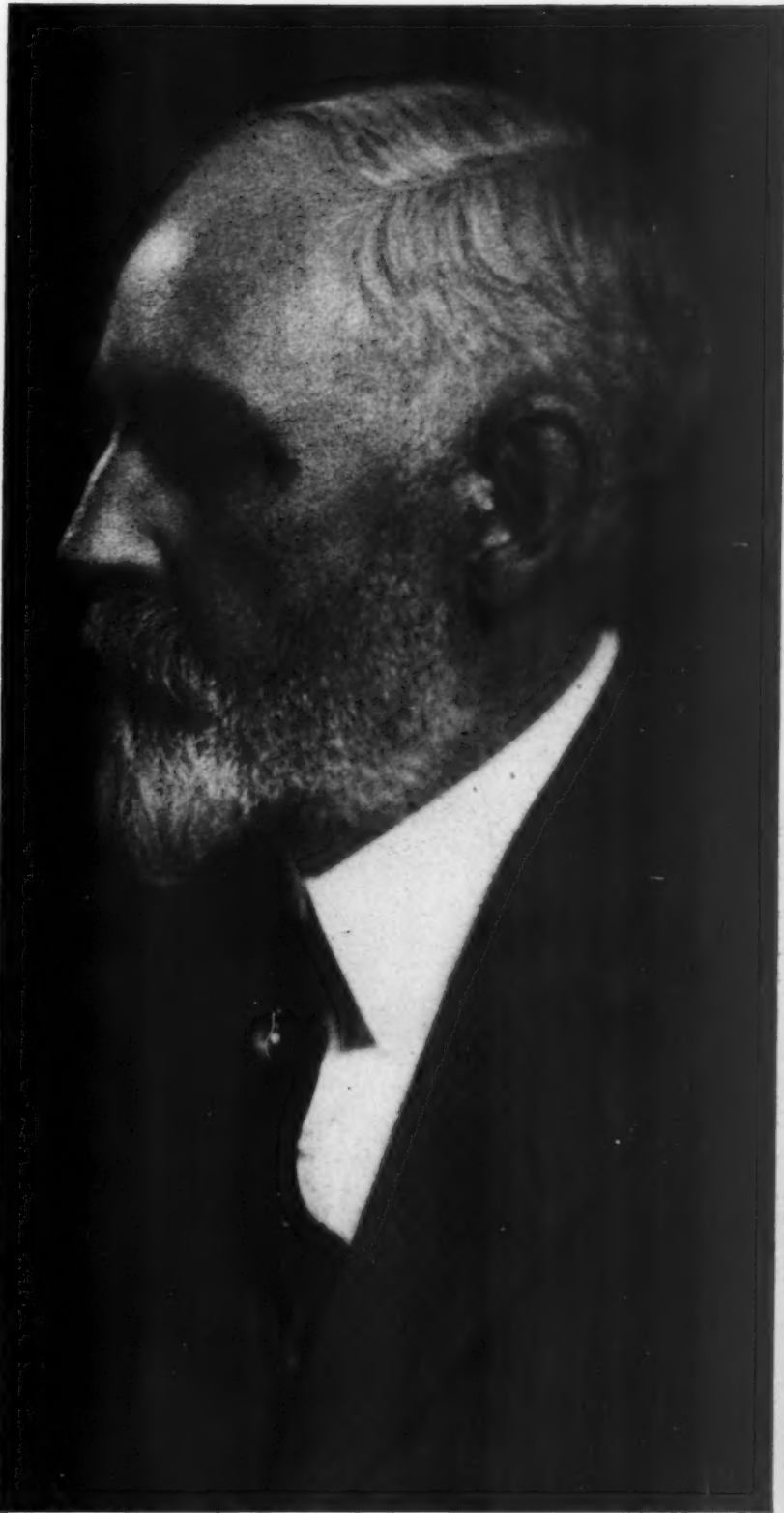


Photo by Harris and Ewing

THE REVEREND WILLIAM E. BARTON

In the course of a long and productive career, Dr. Barton has written much on ecclesiastical subjects, some notable works of a philosophical trend and some fiction; but he is best known, as a writer, for his able biography "The Life of Lincoln."



At the right is shown Dr. Barton at the laying of the corner-stone for the church described below.



Above is a bird's-eye view of the picturesque country where Dr. Barton began his pastoral labors.

nificance, and it reaches much farther into the heart of this question than most people imagine. I will give two illustrations.

In a vaudeville show not long ago two slapstick comedians came back in response to an encore, and as part of the business of their stunt held conversation for the entertainment of the audience. One asked the other:

"Do we have to respond to this encore?"

"Oh, yes, I think we'd better. The people expect it, and the boss will be sore if we don't."

"Do we get any extra pay for the encore?"

"Not a cent."

"How much do they pay you in this theater, anyway?"

"They pay me eight dollars a week."

"Eight dollars a week! Good heavens! How can a man lead a decent, respectable life on eight dollars a week?"

"He can't lead any other kind!"

Certainly, he cannot! But that is just the kind of life a woman might find it hard to lead on that wage.

The other happened thirty years ago in Boston one morning in a police court, when I was preaching in that city. Three women had been run in by the police. They were all charged with disorderly conduct, and of the same kind.

Said the judge to the first woman: "What is your occupation?"

"I am a milliner," she replied.

He fined her five dollars and asked the same question of the next. She professed to be a dressmaker, and he fined her five dollars.

The third replied: "I am a street-walker."

"You mean," inquired the judge, "that you go on the street at night and solicit men?"

"That is my occupation," she answered.

"Is business good?" asked the judge.

"It is not," said she.

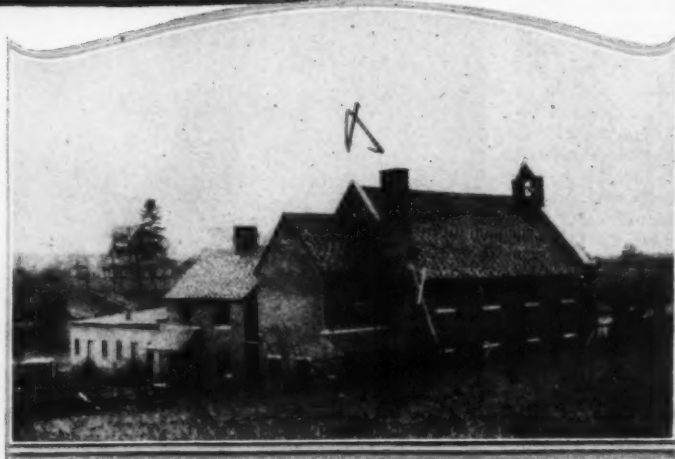
"What is the trouble?" asked the judge. "Too many amateurs," said she.

The judge dismissed her without a fine.

These illustrations may serve to emphasize what I must presently say in even more emphatic language: that while both sexes participate in sex relations, it can never be true, socially or economically, that they meet on a level. Of the millions of dollars that are paid in this commerce, all are paid by men and none by women.

Still again, while the single standard of morality is that which I teach as right, and I preach to men that they ought to be as

virtuous as they expect their wives to be, the double standard of virtue has some justification. A man can never know that the children born to his wife are his own; she knows. He believes that his children are his because he has faith in her; but she knows. He trusts her, unless he sits on his doorstep with a gun, and the reward he demands for trusting her while he goes



The new building for the church Dr. Barton organized in the Tennessee hills many years ago.

and fights his wars or tills his fields is that she shall be virtuous whether he is or not.

Furthermore, and as touching the single or double standard of virtue, while it is as great a sin for a son to become the father of an illegitimate child as for a daughter to become such a child's mother, the social difference is vast, and everybody knows it except those moralists whose adherence to the single standard has made them oblivious to the simplest and most palpable facts.

There can never be such a thing as sex equality. Man will always have to do the heavier and more adventurous tasks, and in these his associates mainly will be men; and woman will always have to bear the heavier burdens that grow directly out of the facts of sex, save only that commercially sex is an asset to her and a liability to man.

Over and over I have been appealed to by parents who opposed the marriage of their children. I have one answer which never fails: "Madam, if you had not done the same, your daughter would not be wanting to do it."

Now, of all that I have been saying, this is the upshot, that with all our talk about a new morality and a new view of marriage, and of new sex relations, there is not very much room for novelty in the essential facts of the whole business.

A hundred generations of college students may sing to the nut-brown maiden:

A ruby lip is, thine, love.
The lips that kiss thee mine, love—

but there are no very new methods of kissing ruby lips of nut-brown maids, whether the brunette complexion came from the sun



As a circuit-rider among mountaineers such as these, Dr. Barton began his work and through familiarity with human nature in its simpler terms learned so well to understand his fellow man.

These are some of the most obvious facts, and some of the facts that are least mentioned in discussions.

And these are permanent facts. Only in unimportant details will they change, have they changed, or can they change.

One thing more, and that will be sufficient for this present. The fact that any of us are now alive is proof that the father and mother of every man or woman of us were moved by powerful sex impulse and that the father and mother of each of these our parents was likewise moved, and that we are the product of a million successive such impulses reaching back, not simply to the relations of Adam and Eve, but as much farther as your doctrine of evolution disposes you to believe. *If for one single generation the sex appetite had ceased, or even greatly lessened, not a soul of us would be alive today.*

Punch had a famous bit of advice to those about to marry—"Don't." If we were moved by prudence only, all of us would have taken or would take that advice. The cares and perils of married life are so great that no merely prudent man would assume them. Passion rises above the banks of prudence and bears away all barriers on its tide.

Birth is hardly a circumstance, and death is hardly to be mentioned; but there is only one thing more solemn than getting married, and that is not getting married.

or the handbag, and whether the ruby lips were of their natural shade or touched up a bit with the lipstick.

I am a firm believer that matches are made in heaven, and that every young couple have a right to say to each other that no one in all the world, no couple, certainly, ever loved like this before. That is their right and privilege. But all the older people look on and smile. They think they know better.

There is that in love which takes both love and the object of love out of all comparison with things that seem like unto it, and sends it for analogies into other realms. The lover never compares his beloved with any other girl. Other people say: "She is like her sister." He says: "She is like a star." And he is right.

Other people say: "She resembles her mother." He says:

My love is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
My love is like a melody
That's sweetly played in tune.

Love is said to be blind. On the contrary, love discovers beauties that are hidden from any other eyes than those of love. And I believe with all my heart that the vision which love gives is the truest.

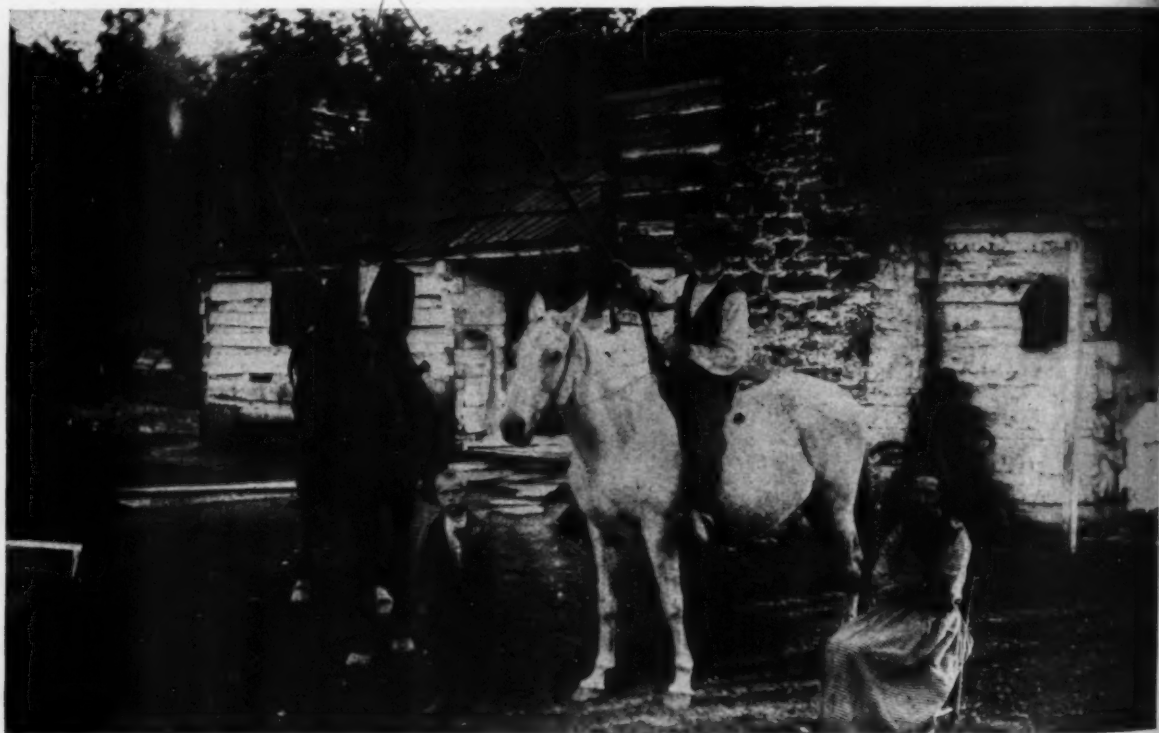
I have, as I have said, married something approaching a thousand couples. Whoever else thinks well or ill of me, my brides love me. And I look back and see them, in long procession, marching in to the wedding march of "Lohengrin" and going out to the crashing chords of the Mendelssohn, and I love them all. Yes, and they have turned out well. Don't tell me that the home has gone to smash. If I have married a thousand couples, I verily believe that nine hundred and fifty of them have lived happily. I should have hard work counting from memory as many divorces among them as I have fingers on my two hands. There have been more than that, no doubt, but I have known of very few, and I travel this country from coast to coast and find them everywhere, happy, influential and useful and with joyous memories of their wedding-day.

What young people want now is what young people have always wanted. They want to be married; they want love; they want babies. They want to pay off the mortgage and own the home. To be sure, they want to dance and to own a more expensive car, sometimes, than they can well afford. But the girls want husbands, and the boys want wives. And in the main they select wisely. When I see how many middle-aged people blunder when they are moving toward second marriages, I have great respect for young people.

There have been tragedies among the people I have married. And I am no stranger to the conditions of wrecked homes among them and also among those whom I have not married, but whom

part." Whoever says that this recognizes the wife as property and the husband as something else speaks untruthfully. More over the words are not the same. In the *habendum* clause in the deed the words are "to have and to hold, unto him, the said Richard Roe, party of the second part, his heirs and assigns forever." There may be something in the marriage service that implies the possibility of heirs, but there is no provision for assigns. Property implies something more than possession; it implies the right of barter, sale and exchange. Those who affirm that marriage implies a belief in property right, or that such right is implied whenever a demand is made for female chastity, are seeking, it appears to me, deliberately to discredit marriage and are not taking any too honest a method of doing it. There have been cases in which men have sold their wives; Thomas Hardy makes a novel out of one such case, real or imaginary. We read of something of the sort in the newspapers perhaps once a year. No such notion, however, pervades the popular mind. Marriage is not based on the idea of masculine ownership; nor does the demand or hope that women shall be more chaste than some men deserve to be thus flouted.

The vows of the marriage service are practically identical, except that by tradition the husband is expected to endow his wife with all his worldly goods, and that, as the service is read in some places, the wife is expected to promise to obey. It is many years since I have used the words "with all my worldly goods I thee endow;" and as for the word "obey," I never used



Typical mountain folk of the sort who taught Dr. Barton to understand the background of our best-loved national hero Lincoln, and which he presents so vividly in his great biography.

I have been asked to advise. I know married life rather intimately, and I believe in it, not only in theory but as a successful fact.

I have read, and that somewhat recently, and in more than one publication, that the institution of marriage, as known in our modern life, is based on the idea that women are property and men are not. In support of this affirmation are cited the very words of the marriage service, "to have and to hold." These, I am informed, are the very words employed in deeds of real-estate. To which I make a twofold reply. First, if they are indeed the very words used in such instruments, they are used in reciprocity in the marriage service: "I, John, take thee, Mary, to my wedded wife; to have and to hold from this day forward . . . until death us do part." "I, Mary, take thee, John, to my wedded husband; to have and to hold . . . until death us do

it but once, and then at the insistent request of the bride. No man whom I have married has ever shown any desire to have that word retained. The men I have married have mostly been gentlemen; and as for the girls, they have been lovely.

I want to give a few illustrations out of my own experience, but I am handicapped. A minister regards his knowledge of the domestic life of his people as most sacredly in his confidence. Most ministers or priests would go to jail rather than divulge their secret knowledge. And I have made it a practice to be very careful. About ten years ago I had a shock. One Sunday morning I used an illustration from my early experience as a minister. It was of a couple, both intelligent and upright, who drifted apart through a diversity of interests. He cared for a set of things and she for another. They had no children. And

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Sorghum-making: A scene still common in remote communities like those in which Dr. Barton labored as a circuit-rider.



A hand mill of the sort sometimes used by the people among whom Dr. Barton began his ministry.

they followed their own
pursuits and grew less and
less fond of each other
and then separated. I
spoke of this couple in
more detail than I will now
speak, because there were
some facts that lent them-
selves well to the uses of
my illustration. It was in
Oak Park, a suburb of Chi-
cago, that I used the il-
lustration. The man was
then living in Denver, the
woman in Boston. I had
not seen either of them for
years. Next morning I
went into Chicago and met
this very man as I descend-
ed the elevated stairs. Said
he: "If my train had not
been late, I was going to
hear you preach yesterday."

I was startled almost as
if I had seen a ghost, and
I resolved to be more than
ever careful. But I may
say about this very couple
that, after two or three
years of living apart, they
came together again, and
that I was privileged to
have a share in bringing
that event about. He died
about five years ago in a
Western city, and the wid-
ow sent for me to conduct
his funeral service, which I did.

They found that while they were not always happy together,
they were still less happy apart. And none of their neighbors
at the time of his death knew that they had ever separated.

One morning a member of my church drove to my study in
his car, and said: "Doctor, my wife and I are going to separate.
We just can't stand it any longer. She is going to see her
lawyer today, and I find has already been to him. I am going
to see mine."

I said: "Do not tell me
any more. Take me to
your home."

I got into his car, and we
met his wife just as she
was emerging to go to her
lawyer.

We three went inside to-
gether, and I said to her:
"Your husband has told me
nothing about the circum-
stances of this quarrel. I
will hear nothing from
either of you alone. If
there is anything that you
want to tell me, tell it in
each other's presence. But
if you, madam, have made
an appointment with your
lawyer, first call him up and
tell him you are not com-
ing. You will not need
him, at least not to-
day."

They told me a good
deal, more than enough, in-
deed. He had a hot
temper, almost violent. She
had a sullen streak, and
saved up microscopic faults
until she had a lot of them
on hand and then fired
them all at him. But they
were good people. And I
had been with them when
their baby died.

They were weeping before long, yes, and weeping in each
other's arms, weeping as they remembered the baby, and weeping
for everything unkind they had ever said to each other. They
are living together today, honored and respected. Does he
sometimes lose his temper? I am afraid it may be so. Does
she sometimes pout and nag him? That may be. But they are
a happy couple, notwithstanding, and a useful one.

A woman came to see me and told me a tale of sorrow. She
had left her husband; she could en- (Continued on page 166)



ONE must be the master of his art to be able to write, as Mr. Roche has done, such a swift, exciting, yet entirely plausible tale of mystery and adventure in modern New York as is this of "the Van Leyden girl" and Rance Rogers. But Mr. Roche is a master of his art, and never has he written a more enthralling tale.

Illustrated by
Lester Ralph

By
Arthur
Somers
Roche

A GENTLEMAN, yes; but down and out because of various failures to turn my talents to account. Desperate? Well, I'd attempted to hold up the jeweler Mannheim in his own store, had been captured on the spot, and now stood convicted before Judge Mantolini, awaiting sentence. It came—ten years in Sing Sing! And then into my dark despair came the voice of Judge Mantolini again: a brother-officer, he averred, had recognized me and pleaded my service overseas in extenuation of my crime; and—

"Sentence suspended," the Judge announced. I walked forth on the streets of New York a free man, but vastly puzzled. True, I had been decorated for service overseas, but of course under my own name, Rance Rogers, and equally of course I had given a false one when arrested. The recognition must have been in error, or there was something in this not on the surface.

How vastly much there was in this, and how deep beneath the surface, began to appear when I realized that I was being followed; and when, accosting my shadower and protesting, I was taken to a restaurant, well fed—and an amazing proposal was laid before me by this thin-lipped, hard-eyed fat man who gave his name as Johnson.

In brief, my suspension of sentence and release had been procured because Johnson wished to use a man of my sort. I was to go through a marriage ceremony with a certain young woman, was to receive ten thousand dollars and was then to get out—to the place farthest possible from New York. If I refused, the ten years in Sing Sing were mine. If I attempted any evasion or escape, I would be killed. And convincing evidence was offered me that these conditions would be enforced.

Of necessity I accepted—was driven to a house in Stuyvesant Terrace and on the way was given ten one-thousand-dollar bills. There I succeeded in winning my stipulation that I must appear with my strange bride alone before the ceremony, and receive her assurance that she was not being coerced. I was introduced to a girl of a singular and serene beauty—and her name was that of Ruth Van Leyden, the heiress of an old and well-known family.

As agreed, I was allowed to speak with her alone—and discovered with horror and amazement that she was, mentally, more than a child. This, then, was the reason she had been brought up in seclusion. But what could be the reason for her presence here, in the power of these scoundrels? And why this strange enforced marriage, to which she indeed offered no objection?

I decided to go through with the marriage: if I was to help her to escape, I must be alive to give the needed aid. The marriage was performed, by a clergyman also under some compulsion; and afterward there was the mockery of a wedding supper, during which Ruth conducted herself like a ten-year old child at a party, calling me "Jim" and the man Johnson "Uncle Ted." Afterward, determined to escape and somehow bring aid, though I knew the door was guarded, I was met by Ruth in the upper hall as I sought a trapdoor to the roof. She looked straight at me, but raised her voice as though she did not see me.

"Don't touch me! You mustn't! Uncle Ted! Oh!" The monosyllable was a veritable cry of innocence outraged. "The roof! Uncle Ted, he's going to the roof!"

In dumb, bewildered amazement I stared at her. From her came cries of vengeful rage.

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From his



I wondered what these women would think if they knew it was a man under ten years' suspended sentence who brushed by them.

"Kid," she whispered to me then, "for the love of God make your get-away!"

And into my astounded hand she thrust an automatic pistol.

"I nailed this when I hugged my dear uncle a minute ago," she

said. "Use it, kid, if they try to stop you, for they're all ribbed

up to send you out in the smoke. They're going to pull it now."

I heard Johnson on the stairs. "But you—" I protested.

"They think I'm goofy," she answered. "And you're too white

a lad for me to let them bump you off. If you hadn't talked to

me, told me what you really were— On your way!"

She pushed me into the automatic elevator, and I began de-

scending as my enemies reached the top landing. (The story

continues in detail.)

I WAS prepared, as I stepped out of the elevator, to fight my way past, or through, or over the two men whom I had seen, ten minutes earlier, guarding the street door. Not since the war had I held a weapon in my hand, but I would feel even less aversion toward using this pistol than I had felt during the great struggle. Duty had overcome my repugnance toward killing in the war; self-preservation and the desire to save some one who had, in the space of half an hour, become incredibly precious to me, had now overcome an ingrained horror of bloodshed.

I was as dangerous as any of Johnson's gangsters as I stepped into the hall. Fugitive from the law though I was, there was something of right upon my side; whereas those opposed to me had nothing to balance against their viciousness.

But the quick wit of the girl had offset any instructions that Johnson might have given to the men at the door. They too, in response to her cry for aid, had dashed upstairs. The way of escape was clear. Yet I hesitated for a moment, with my hand on the door-knob. Johnson and the others knew by now that she had lied when she had screamed that I was on my way to the roof. Still, they believed—as I had readily believed—that she was mentally undeveloped. Pressed for explanation, she could say that I had started for the locked door that led to the roof. Oh, I could trust her! If she had had wit enough to fool them as she had done, she would be able to extricate herself from her present position.

But unless I got away now, I'd never be able to escape. And unless I escaped, I could never be of service to her in the strange game that she was playing. And she must need help. A lamb among wolves was in comparative safety.

How I would be of assistance to her was beside the point. The vital thing was that I would never be able to examine into the "how" until I got clear from the clutches of my fat friend.

NO longer did I hesitate; indeed, I feared that my wrestling with chivalry had delayed me too long. For I heard the clump of heavy feet upon the stairs, heard a banister groan as a heavy body, turning at a landing, crashed against it. In one second more, my enemies would be at the top of the stairs, would see me from that first landing, and would open fire.

But in a second an active man may accomplish much. In that time, my reluctance finally conquered, I had passed through the door and out upon the sidewalk. I had no illusions as to my safety on a public thoroughfare. Johnson had told me that they would kill me, if they thought it necessary, right in front of Police Headquarters, and nothing had happened since this threatening boast to cause me to believe that he didn't mean what he said.

A running man might attract police attention in New York City, but if I didn't run, I would attract the attention of an undertaker. I chose the less dangerous alternative and darted west as fast as my legs could carry me. Children stared at me in amazement, and pedestrians of adult years stepped into the street to avoid collision with me. It was true that I had hastily jammed the pistol into a pocket, but a fleeing man inevitably arouses, in these days of gang warfare and brazen highway robbery, suspicion in the minds of every decent citizen. And suspicion gives birth to caution.

The way was clear enough ahead of me, unless a policeman should cross my path, but it needed no backward glance to assure me that death raced behind. Perhaps it did not follow quite as fast as I ran. Once, in heavy football togs, I had run a hundred yards in eleven seconds, and if the passing years had stiffened my muscles, fear loosened them today.

I bent over, expecting every minute that a bullet would hit me. But your gangster, ready as he is to do murder publicly, must always be assured of a way of escape from the scene of his crime. I had taken Johnson and his crew by surprise. They had no taxi, driven by a confederate, from which to shoot. They must rely, if they murdered me now, upon their speed of foot for safety. Or perhaps they were confident that they would overtake me, overcome me and silence me before I could utter a word that, repeated, might cause investigation to pry into the strange activities of Judge Mantolini. I wondered, even as I ran, about all this. Had I looked back, I would have saved myself this speculation, for I would have seen Johnson trip as he came through the door of the house on Stuyvesant Terrace, would have seen the others stumble over him, and would have known that no caution on their part, but happy accident, had saved me. But this I did not learn until later.

I turned south at the first corner. In the middle of the block I hailed a taxi.

"West Side Hospital—sick sister," I gasped. No use arousing the driver's suspicion when a word might allay it.

I MUST have been inspired when I considered the feelings of the chauffeur. For a policeman at the next street stopped our cab. He had seen my hasty progress, and his uplifted hand halted the machine. But the driver leaned from his seat.

"Hospital—sister dying," he explained.

The officer, a red-faced, kindly looking man, peered in at me. I have mentioned the sense of well-being that accompanies the donning of immaculate raiment. Had I been dressed in the shabby clothes which I had worn this morning, I would not have been able to summon to my features the expression of earnest appeal which the officer beheld now. Or had I been able to do so,

my disreputable appearance would have offset my histrionics. But he looked at my face, and then glanced at my apparel. Ready-made though the latter was, its expensiveness was obvious. Wealth and respectability, to the average person, go amicably hand in hand. And so the officer accepted my story at its face value. He stepped aside, and we proceeded on our way.

We turned the first corner, and looking back through the rear window, I saw that delayed pursuit was now in sight. Crispy, closely followed by Mehaffey, came into view. But I could see no other taxi which they might seize upon to follow me. If only I could reach the subway ahead of them!

At Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, the uptown traffic delayed us. I glanced at the taximeter; fortunately it was one that offered the cheapest rate. I owed the man only twenty-five cents. I opened the door and stepped out into the street.

"Sorry," I said, "but I think I'll make faster time if I double through the traffic and pick up another taxi on the other side."

He eyed with extreme disfavor the ten-cent tip I gave him. He had looked, justifiably, for a more munificent largesse. And he deserved it more than he knew. He had saved my life.

"Don't get run over, and don't get pinched for jaywalking," he ironically cautioned me. "At that, a guy as tight as you ought to squeeze through anywhere."

What a strange thing pride is! I was almost as much ashamed of being unable to fee properly my taxi man as I had been of standing before the bar of justice in Mantolini's court-room. I fear that not yet had I learned the distinction between honest pride and her false sister.

But my thoughts did not dwell long upon the disgruntled chauffeur. At any minute my pursuers might catch up with me. So, seeing a hole in the traffic, I darted through. The officer on duty frowned warningly at me, but did not detain me for a lecture. I crossed by the fountain over which the nude muse, dashed through another line of automobiles, and was inside the Plaza Hotel.

It was the fog end of the tea-hour, and as I passed through the little tables that heavy patronage had caused to be placed even in the corridor, I wondered what these fashionably gowned women would think if they knew that it was a man under a ten years' suspended sentence who brushed hastily by them. No even the gossip of the fashionable world could equal in savor the tale that I could tell. They might talk, in discreetly lowered tones, of what Mrs. Banker had said when she discovered that Mr. Banker had paid a hundred thousand for a bracelet which had never entered the Banker home. They might mention the divorce or that bit of bruited blackmail, but how pale these things would seem if I should pause beside them for a moment!

THROUGH the lobby, out into Fifty-ninth Street, and down into the subway I progressed. And I flatter myself that there was not a hint of haste in my leisurely stride, that I attracted no attention. If I had eluded Johnson and his men thus far, then I was reasonably safe. And as I sat down in the train, I decided that unless some one whose features were unknown to me had followed me, I was temporarily safe. None of that feeling which had warned me earlier today that some one spied upon me was present now. And so I was able to think of something other than the matter of immediate escape.

I had left in my pocket, after paying my subway fare, one nickel. It was up to me to plan how to change one or more of the thousand-dollar bills which had been given to me earlier that afternoon by Johnson.

For certainly I was going to use some or all of this money as the needs of the occasion directed. Not even the slightest scruple assailed me as I contemplated this. Not that I looked upon the money as a legitimate return for services rendered; but I needed weapons if I was to adhere to my hastily formed intention to rescue my wife from the clutches of Johnson. And inasmuch as this adherence was one which would never weaken in me, I could disdain no weapons placed in my grasp. And money, of course, was the first and most important weapon.

Without money I would be helpless. Perhaps, indeed, with money I would be equally helpless, but this latter I refused to believe. There was, too, a certain mirth-provoking element in the fact that the cash which my fat friend Johnson had so contemptuously placed in my hand, would be used against him. And I needed the slight impingement of humor upon the situation which this fact caused.

For there was little else humorous in my predicament. Indeed, as I thought of the danger to which Ruth had been subjected by her rescue of me, and from which, despite the assurance

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Carefully he counted out five hundred dollars. "If you don't like that, we'll call a cop," he said.

that my mind gave to my heart, she might have difficulty in extricating herself, my thoughts were grim.

Then, inevitably, as my mind pictured her lovely face, and as my ears in imagination reheard the crisp slanginess of her speech as she showed me a way of escape, I wondered who and what she was.

Obviously she could not be Ruth Van Leyden, unless rumor had been utterly false in its description of the cloistered life of the heiress. Where would Ruth Van Leyden learn to pick a gangster's pocket of his gun? Where would she have learned the underworld jargon that had sounded so amazing in my ears?

But if she wasn't Ruth Van Leyden, who was she? How had she been able to impose upon Johnson and the others? Why had she wanted to impose upon them? What desperate need

had made her impersonate a feeble-witted girl and intrust herself to the dubious mercies of these men?

Vague answers, that made her out as devoid of morality as the men whom she was duping, flitted through my thoughts. But I dismissed these conclusions. She may have feigned a cloudy intellect, but the sweet candor of those lovely eyes had never been assumed. If I had dishonorably played a part,—though I submit that this recountal does not completely divest me of decent behavior in the matter of my marriage,—why could not Ruth have honorably played a part?

But I shook my head impatiently. There was no use in speculating about the unsolvable. There were definite matters to be attended to, and the first was to supply myself with negotiable funds.



Once upon a time, armed with the consciousness of honesty, I would have stepped into a hotel or shop and offered one of my bills for exchange into smaller currency. And if a clerk or cashier had shown suspicion, I would have given him my card, and advised him to telephone to any one of half a dozen people who would have vouched for Rance Rogers.

But today, my nerves on edge, I feared that any question might shatter my mask of nonchalance. And banks, where the presentation of a bill of this size would cause no comment, were all closed, I supposed. I had not been in New York for many years, until poverty had recently driven me there, and I was not aware of the fact that many banks now keep open until late at night. But even had I known that a bank was open, I would have hesitated to enter one. I was learning the truth in the adage that conscience makes cowards of us all.

But there was one place, I thought, to which I could resort without danger. This was the pawnshop in Greenwich Village where I had pledged, shortly after my arrival in New York, my watch and a stick-pin. The pawnbroker had seen me when my linen had been spotless, and my blue serge suit had been decently cared for. That I should come to him now with plenty of money would perhaps not seem to him too remarkable a circumstance.

I was pretty certain that I had successfully avoided any possibility of immediate apprehension at the hands of Johnson, but I made certainty sure. At Forty-second Street I emerged from the subway, proceeded on foot, mingling with the crowds of late afternoon shoppers and homeward bound theater-goers, across town until I had reached Eighth Avenue. There, with my last five cents, I paid for a ride on a southbound surface car.

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His thick thumb was descending on the button even as I called a savage warning to him.

and that he had finally lent me one-fifth of the value of the articles, while protesting that I would bankrupt him, I could not see how he could forget the bits of jewelry.

Nevertheless, when, in answer to his request for the tickets, I told him that I had accidentally destroyed them, he professed complete ignorance of the transaction.

"But my name is Rogers, Rance Rogers," I reminded him.

"How can I remember names?" he objected. "People coming in all the time, and they think you remember them."

"But you must have a record of the loan," I protested.

"Anyone can come in here and say they've lost a ticket, and get a two-hundred-dollar watch for thirty dollars, if I believe all I hear," he grinned. "Suppose you sold the ticket to somebody else, what then? The buyer might come in tomorrow and present his ticket, and then I have to make good."

Now, the stick-pin, a modest pearl, had belonged to my father, and only acute hunger had made me part with it. The watch had a sentimental value too; a long dead aunt had given it to me on my eighteenth birthday. But beyond the question of sentiment involved, was my desire to change at least one

of the big bills in my possession. So instead of arguing—and a man who can out-argue a pawnbroker has not yet been born—I appealed to his cupidity.

"I've struck it lucky," I told him. "And I'm leaving town tonight. I'll give you my word that I haven't sold the tickets."

"What do words amount to—what good are they?" he interrupted with a sneer.

"I'll back mine with money," I replied. "Set what you think is a fair valuation on the watch and pin, and I'll leave that much money with you, to protect you against the possibility of anyone presenting the tickets."

He pursed his lips at this proposition. I am sure that he was convinced of my sincerity, and the opportunity to make a huge profit was too tempting. He looked up my name in the big ledger that he produced from a safe, and after consulting it went

Fourteenth Street I alighted and pursued a devious route until I arrived at the pawnshop, just off Sheridan Square.

Now, before I entered Mannheim's jewelry-store, I had contemplated the possibility of capture. So I had destroyed every scrap of paper that might aid the police in determining my true identity.

Among these various scraps of paper had been the two pawn-tickets that called for my watch and pin. But I thought that I had discovered a way to obviate any difficulty that might arise because of the loss of the tickets.

The fat clerk favored me with a sour smile of recognition. The grimace lost a trifle of its acidity when I told him that I had come to redeem some articles.

"My watch and stick-pin," I reminded him. Considering that he had groaned with horror at the modest sum I had requested,



into an inner room, whence he presently emerged with the two articles.

The sourness had completely left his expression now; the probability of profit sweetened his smile.

"This pin is worth easily two hundred and fifty dollars, and the watch must have cost one hundred and fifty," he declared.

And on the two of them he had lent me, while protesting that I would ruin him, exactly fifty dollars! But I couldn't afford to argue with him. I simply placed a thousand-dollar bill on the counter, and told him to take out four hundred dollars.

Cunning flashed in his eyes.

"You say you're leaving town? The police—they're after you, maybe?"

"Don't be silly," I jeered.

In answer he came around the counter and walked past me to the door.

"Suppose I call in the cop across the street? Would that be silly?" he asked.

"What's the idea?" I demanded.

He walked back to his place behind the counter. From a drawer he brought out some money. Carefully he counted out five hundred dollars.

"If you don't like that, we'll call in the cop," he leeringly said. And I didn't dare debate the question. But, as I left his shop, I told myself that if a usurer like this could best me, it would be well for me to watch my step if I again encountered Johnson.

Chapter Seven

WHEN thieves fall out, we are told, honest men get their dues—but I am inclined to doubt the statement. Rather, I think, do the informers, the jail and court attendants, the shyster lawyers, and similar traffickers in misery get their honest dues. For fear of the law makes one an easy victim of blackmail. The mere hint that he would summon the police had made me surrender a hundred dollars to the clerk in the



I could have answered with the merest gesture, for there, lovelier than she had been this afternoon, stood my wife.

pawnshop. I think if criminals realized that they had less to fear from honest citizens than from their own kind, they would hesitate at departure from righteous ways. Still, anyone silly enough to think that dishonesty affords an egress from trouble is hardly capable of weighing matters sanely. A criminal is a fool, and the statement includes myself.

I realized now that it would have been better to have aroused the suspicions of an honest storekeeper, than to have let the clerk in the pawnshop think doubtfully of me. For the clerk knew my real name. When I had pawned the watch and pin, I had not glanced into the future and foreseen that hunger would make a thief of me. Perhaps it might never matter that my name was known to the clerk, but I was beginning to understand the endless terrors that must confront the felon. However, the

mischief, if any, was done, and it was no use repining.

I walked past the policeman on the other side of the street, and mastered with difficulty an inclination to turn my face away. I felt an impulse to circle around him and break into a run. My forehead was actually wet with perspiration when I finally knew that he was a block behind me and that, absorbed in his own thoughts, he had paid no heed to me. Nevertheless I turned the first corner, turned

again at the next, and pursued a roundabout course to Union Square.

As I walked, I tried to plan a campaign. I was pitted against an unscrupulous and powerful group. This was obvious enough. Nevertheless I dismissed instantly an unworthy thought. This was that I should follow Johnson's instructions, and get out of town, go to some remote corner of the earth. Not merely pride held me back; it was not solely a hot wrath against the men who had dared assume that I could be bullied and bribed that kept me here—it was the thought of my wife. She had undergone a risk for me, a risk that, she had implied, she would not have taken had I not been honest with her. And, ridiculous though I told myself my feelings were, I loved her.

Again I wondered what manner of girl this was who would occupy my heart for the balance of my days. Certainly she was not the type of woman with whom I could possibly have imagined myself falling in love in the days before I had assumed an alias. A girl who showed familiarity with underworld speech and ways, and who had entered into marriage with a stranger without apparent concern! A girl who, because I was "too white a lad," would not permit me to be murdered!

She was as great a mystery as the activities of Johnson. Yet I loved her. And a disquieting thought came to me: How did I know that she would care for me? Everything that I knew of her, all that I could suspect, indicated that soft emotions were alien to her.

(Continued on page 139)

The MORAL REVOLT

By JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

For more than twenty-five years Judge of the
Juvenile and Family Court of Denver, Colorado

The fine achievements of Judge Lindsey in the rescue of unfortunate children and in many other lines of welfare work have made him a prominent national figure—made him known, moreover, as a humanitarian rather than as a judge. Because of this great and altruistic experience, these articles in courageous expression of his startling views and conclusions are of extraordinary interest.

THE doorbell rang loud and long one evening when I was congratulating myself on a hard day's work well done, and on the opportunity for a needed rest by my own fireside. There was emphasis and urgency in that ring; and I answered it with the feeling that my day was by no means over.

My visitor was an old friend—I shall call him John Comstock. He had backed me, in the past, through many a lively political fight; he had a right to call for aid out of office-hours if anybody had it; and that he had something heavy on his mind was instantly apparent.

"Ben," he said abruptly, "Agnes has been married, and without my consent or knowledge. I want to talk it over and see what's to be done."

"Agnes was his seventeen-year-old daughter. She was in her freshman year at a co-educational college in a neighboring State. I had known her since childhood. She had frequently visited my court, as many young people do, because of her interest in the work being done there. She was a wholesome, attractive girl, well balanced and yet high spirited. Knowing her as I did, I was not surprised at the news.

"She called by telephone an hour ago," continued Comstock as we made our way to my library. "They were married this afternoon. I don't even know where they are just now. She said they had been married in another town."

"And what did you say?" I asked.

He shrugged. "What could I say? I couldn't express disapproval; I didn't have the heart. I made the best of it—confined myself to saying that I was sorry she hadn't let us know, but that of course we would be happy in her happiness. She was happy, all right. You ought to have heard her voice—especially when I bucked up and tried to sound glad.

"But Ben, she's gone and married a fellow two classes ahead of her in college. They are only two kids. And for all I know, he may be some rotter. What does she know about men? How can she judge? You can annul this marriage, can't you, at my request, if this fellow doesn't measure up to specifications?"

"Yes, it can be done," I said; "but let's not jump too quick. I have more faith in your daughter's judgment than you seem

to have. Maybe this is the wisest possible arrangement. Agnes is a real woman; I can tell that from looking at her; and when the mating instinct is aroused, you've got to reckon with it. I don't think much of celibacy as a remedy for it. Celibacy often plays hob with people, and tends too much, in this age and age, to become a fake chastity.

"I was talking the other day with the dean of women of a co-educational college," I continued. "She told me she had observed that the young couples in college who were married were under less strain than other students, and that they were more successful and contented in their work after marriage than before. She said they had an increasing number of marriages between students, and that she considered it an excellent thing. She thought it a fine solution for some of the sex repressions and obsessions which are much too common among students in co-educational institutions—thrown constantly together as they are."

"So maybe Agnes has done just the right thing, after all. Certainly it is a lot better, other things being equal, if they marry early; and our modern civilization is doing a mischief to young people by making it almost necessary for them to put off marriage over an unreasonably long period. Some have suggested that the educational process takes too long; but even to shorten it a few years would not materially alter the situation. Early marriage is possible to a ditch-digger because he makes as much almost at the start as he will ever make; but it's a very different matter as you go up the rungs of the social ladder."

"Suppose, for instance, that this young man plans to enter a profession. That means that they would have to endure an engagement of from five to seven years before they could get married by the usual route, which you apparently feel they should have taken.

"If they are in love with each other, and in daily contact, that a reasonable demand to make on them? Would so long an ordeal of waiting be good for them? I think it would be the reverse. They will have better health, better nerves, a greater capacity to work if they are married. Assuming Agnes has chosen a man built after what the psycho-analysts call the 'father image,' I judge that she has probably picked

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THE doorbell rang, congratulating myself on the opportunity for emphasis and urging the feeling that my daughter

My visitor was an old friend. He had backed me, in fight; he had a right to have it; and that he had it was constantly apparent.

"Ben," he said abruptly, "without my consent or knowledge, it is to be done."

Agnes was his seventeenth year, a freshman year at a co-ed school. I had known her since she was a child, as many young people do, the work being done the girl, well balanced and young, I was not surprised at her.

"She called by telephone," he said, "as we made our way to the school this afternoon. I don't even know if they had been married."

"And what did you say?"

He shrugged. "What could I say? I didn't have the authority; I had only given my approval; I didn't have the authority to say that I was not happy, all right. You are especially when I bucked up and down."

"But Ben, she's gone and married. They are only children. He may be some rotter. What do you think she can judge? You can annul the marriage, if this fellow doesn't mean it."

"Yes, it can be done," I said; "I have more faith in your daughter."



Photo by Ralph Baled

Judge Lindsey is never too busy in his judge's chambers to fall to, wholeheartedly, in assisting those who seek his counsel.

winner. Let's assume that, till there is evidence to the contrary. If she has used you for a standard, you can depend on it that she hasn't gone far wrong."

"What I'm afraid of," he said gloomily, "is that he's some reckless young pup who may have simply taken advantage of her youth and inexperience and pulled her into this. It's taking a long chance on her judgment; the whole thing is so ghastly irrevocable. To think of her being tied up for life on a chance like that!"

"There is divorce," I suggested; "and until she is twenty-one, I can annul the marriage if annulment seems desirable. So don't worry on that score. How does your wife feel about it?"

"How does *she* feel? She's about prostrated! I may as well tell you, Ben, that she refused to come over here with me tonight, because of your companionate marriage doctrines. I don't exactly get you on this free-love and trial-marriage stuff myself; but it has put my wife regularly on the warpath. She belongs to a number of organizations, and she's helping out in the good work of censuring you."

"I'm used to that," I said.

"It doesn't matter with me," he went in. "What I'm concerned with now is not your theories but my facts. I'd feel easier if you'd talk with Agnes and this fellow and size things up. I want to know what she's in for. If I send for them, will you talk with them?"

"Certainly."

"All right," he said with satisfaction. "That's that. . . . Now,

here's another angle: I asked her how this boy is to make a living if he is a student. It seems he is doing some work and partly making his way, and that he gets a little money from home. His folks haven't much. In other words, he can't support a wife, and doesn't pretend to. Agnes wants me to keep on sending her the allowance she has been getting, so she can live on that. She says they will live just as they did before, except that they'll live together. Did you ever hear the beat of that? Think of that young pup marrying my girl and then coolly disclaiming all intention of supporting her. That was what made me maddest, I think. He must be a fool or a nut! Of course I didn't argue with her over the telephone; and I said I would keep on with the allowance."

"Cases of this kind are becoming more and more common," I said; "I saw a newspaper account of a similar case the other day. Her idea seems reasonable. I think you acted wisely. In a marriage like this there is one safeguard that I'd like to see offered. I'd like it to be possible for such a couple to come to me, or to some other judge designated by law, and say—in the event that they didn't make a go of their life together, and there were no children: 'Judge, we find we have made a mistake. We'd like to be divorced.'

"Wouldn't you feel safer if the step Agnes has taken were less irrevocable? You just said so, didn't you? Don't you feel that some easy and simple means of divorce would be a great safeguard for the happiness of these two people?"

"I certainly do," he agreed. "That's the trouble with the whole

confounded mess. They can't back out if they've made a mistake—or rather they couldn't if we didn't have you to fall back on in this instance."

"You see," I continued, "if they came to me under such conditions, and there were no children to complicate the situation, I could talk to them and question them, and reason with them; and perhaps I could give them such an understanding of each other that they could make a go of their marriage after all; and if I couldn't accomplish that, why, I could give them their freedom; and they would really be none the worse off for their experience. Perhaps their lives would even be enriched by it."

He struck his fist into his palm. "By Jove," he exclaimed, "that would certainly fix it. Why on earth doesn't society have a marriage law like that?"

"I am glad," I said, "that you don't find the idea as shocking as you thought it at first. The thing I have just outlined to you is the *companionate marriage* to which you and your wife are objecting."

"Is that it?" he exclaimed in astonishment. "Oh—that's different!"

"You can take comfort, then," I answered; "for it's practically what Agnes has at present."

"You see, I am not suggesting that society should establish companionate marriage, but merely that it recognize it—since we already practice it. We already have it; and we ought to recognize the childless marriage as a separate thing from procreative marriage, instead of stupidly treating them as if they were one and the same thing. We ought to recognize that regulations which are perfectly reasonable in the one are absurd and irrational in the other."

"In primitive society, of course, there was no such thing as a deliberately non-procreative marriage. But civilization, and our growing knowledge of physiology, has changed all that. Childless marriages are now as much a part of our system as are procreative marriages; but we still refuse to recognize this openly. It is new, and therefore in some way sinful. In practice it is respectable; but to acknowledge it would not be respectable. I repeat—we already have it."

"This is astounding!" he exclaimed. "Why, I never thought of that be-

fore. My wife and I couldn't afford a family till three years after our marriage. That was companionate marriage for three years—according to you; and then we changed over to the family basis. Of course. I see it now."

"And so you see," I continued, "companionate marriage, as I conceive it, as it has been explained time and again by sociologists, and as it has been discussed for years in the pages of the *Journal of Social Hygiene*, one of our outstanding sociological publications, is a state of lawful wedlock, entered into for love, companionship and coöperation by persons who, for reasons of health, finances, temperament, and the like, are not prepared, at the time of their marriage, to undertake the care of a family."

"One thing such a law would do, as I have indicated, would be to provide an easier form of divorce in companionate marriage than can well be allowed to people with children. That sounds simple and sensible, doesn't it?"

"Just wait till I tell my wife that we lived in companionate marriage for three years," he chuckled. After more discussion, which I don't try to set down here, he left.

Some days later I had an interesting conference with Agnes and her husband.

Their marriage is now established on a frankly companionate

basis. It promises to be a success. My friend John Comstock is delighted, and even Mrs. Comstock has ceased dishing resolutions concerning my views. Apparently we shall all live happily ever after.

Soon after this incident, I had a talk with a young woman whom I had known since her schooldays. She holds a responsible executive position in a Denver department-store. She has been married for a few years, has continued her work, and has no children.

She immediately opened a vigorous attack on my companionate marriage views. "I've always stood by you, Judge Lindsey," she said, "and I've been one of your staunch supporters against the attacks and misunderstandings of my friends. But I confess I can't follow you on this companionate marriage. How in the world can people be permitted to marry and unmarried in that fashion without the danger that they will use marriage as a means to legalize promiscuity, bringing together till they change their minds, and then going on to new unions? Or have I a wrong conception of what you really think about it?"



Photo by Ralph Baird

Judge Lindsey never forgets or is forgotten by the young people he has helped through the agency of his court.



Photograph by Ralph Baird

A recent photograph which shows Judge Lindsey busy in conference over an affair of mutual interest, with his clergyman friend the Reverend Fouse of Denver, Colorado.

"By the way, Edna," I said, "how many children have you?" She looked up in surprise. "What makes you ask that? Of course you know I haven't any."

"Such was my impression," I answered; "but I wasn't quite sure. How long have you been married?"

"Four years."

"No babies—in four years?"

"We couldn't afford them," she said defensively. "Larry was making just about enough to live on in comfort by himself. So was I. If we married, and I gave up my position, it meant that his income would have to support the two of us; and it couldn't be done in comfort. So we decided that we would both go on working till he was making more money. Another consideration was that my health was not quite up to par. It is all right now, however; and so is Larry's income."

"Oh—then you haven't given up the babies."

"No indeed. There will be some before long, I hope."

"Let me get this clear, for I am much interested. Did you and Larry talk this all over before you got married, or did you wait till after you were married?"

"Before—of course."

"In other words, you chose the kind of marriage you were to enter, didn't you? And then by previous agreement, the two of you continued to live after marriage much as you had before marriage—except that you moved into his apartment, and that you made a home together, and lived henceforth together. Am I right?"

She laughed. "I see what you are driving at, Judge. But that was real marriage. We loved each other, and we proposed to stick, and see it through."

"Precisely," I said. "You proposed to stick. Most young people who fall in love with each other propose to stick. They

have a similar vision of permanence in their relationship. Some guess wrong, and some guess right. But for those who guess wrong, marriage, as we have it, is a terribly irrevocable step. For such persons, it would be fortunate if there were a way of backing out. It would prevent many a tragedy.

"One trouble is that many of these young people are much more headlong than you have been. They don't use their heads. They acquire a baby just about the time they come to the realization that they have made a mistake—a sincere mistake, but nevertheless a mistake.

"Now, if you had made a mistake, and guessed wrong, you would have discovered it while you were still childless, and divorce would have been a relatively simple matter. A few years of childlessness have greatly reduced your risk in marriage. Moreover, in the absence of children, you and Larry have had a very fine chance to get thoroughly adjusted to each other. You will make all the better parents on that account.

"But tell me this, Edna: Why did you and Larry get married? Why didn't you just go on living in single blessedness? I suppose you know that according to orthodox beliefs, marriage is a religious state, a sacramental thing, ordained by God for the procreation of children. Since you and Larry were leaving out the children, why did you marry?"

"You know the answer to that as well as I do," she said.

"Of course I do. The answer—correct me if I am wrong—is that you wanted to be together, that you could not find the happiness you wanted in being merely engaged, that you endured just as long as you could the strain of resisting the force that was drawing you together—and then, since a *liaison* didn't fit with your notion of what was right and moral, you married. And you benefited very greatly by so doing, both in happiness and health. Isn't that it?"

(Continued on page 123)

Tommy Taylor

By
Zona
Gale

Illustrated by
Clark Agnew

THE distinguished author of "Friendship Village," "Miss Lulu Bett" (for the dramatization of which she was awarded the Pulitzer prize), "Mothers to Men" and many another well-loved book sends us from her Wisconsin home this sharply cut little fiction-cameo which tells so big a story within such brief compass.

WHEN Aunt Parmeter Taylor was dying, she said something which nobody could distinguish, and she died with the words locked by her lips. So her favorite nephew, Tommy, who had hoped to inherit some of her property, got nothing but the cherry chest of drawers which she had always said that he must have. He now had nothing with which to finish the home that he had begun to build while Aunt Parmeter's sickness was yet in its first stages.

From nine black windows and one black door Tommy's cream brick house looked over Belle Prairie—a shell of a house, its two great parlors, its dining-room, its library and its four "chambers" standing within their outer walls and their lath. But the kitchen was finished, and two low bedrooms and a loft overhead, and for six years the family lived there: Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Lucien, Amy and Jane.

Every time that Tommy went to the town, he heard the people say: "Wonder when Tommy'll get his house done."

Every time that Mrs. Taylor went to church, she heard the women whisper: "No signs of the house being finished yet, is they? Beulah Taylor, she wont lord it over us yet awhile."

And at dances, the young folk said boldly to Lucien and Amy and Jane: "Hurry up and get your house done, why don't you, so you can have a house-warming!"

These gibes the Taylors took variously: Amy and Jane with secret tears but unabated hope; Lucien sullenly, so that his birthmark looked purple; Tommy's wife with a head held high in public, an appearance of cheerful expectation before her friends; and toward her husband a neutrality in peace, but an occasional piercing thrust in moments of domestic dissonance. It was Tommy himself for whom the situation was both dart and poison. For though he was gentle and hopeful, yet when his crops failed for the fourth time, when investments stood still, when he faced a fifth winter behind the nine black windows and the one black door, he became unbearable about the house, and gave his family to understand that this ill-luck was in some direct way traceable to them. So his wife said placidly: "That may be—since we've a husband and father not like other folks." Then they had a black hour—Amy and Jane, pink, white and golden, feeling the need of golden feathers to match; and Lucien, who said that he was sick of being the joke of Belle Prairie, and flung out of the house, his birthmark glowing.

Now Tommy pulled down the burlap which they had hung over the door of the embryo dining-room, and he stalked alone through his naked rooms, large and lordly, high, and set with the hollow throats of fireplaces. Here he had dreamed of entertaining his neighbors about a freighted table; in the "study" were to have been ranged rows of bright books, and there he had meant to keep his accounts, which now he had in the back of the almanac. He tiptoed, as he always did in here, across the rough flooring awaiting its unaccomplished oak, in the two vast parlors. It was twilight, and from within these rooms the windows seemed like soft faces pressing from the outside upon his walls, and mocking him for his ineptitude. And his two hundred and forty acres waiting about the unfinished house which they had failed to promote, lay like dust whereon he had breathed in vain. Tommy Taylor, the gaunt brown man, with the carriage of a gentle-

man and a telltale looseness of wrist and indecision of gesture, stood up and beat with his fist on the top of Aunt Parmeter's cherry chest of drawers, which was indeed the only bit of furniture in the rooms on which a man could beat his hands.

"I'm damned," he said aloud, "if I can keep on like this!"

He unbolted the wooden door over the aperture which was to have been his front entrance, swung himself loosely down from the high lip of the threshold, and entered the night. At Belle Prairie the hotel-keeper lent him a little money; he made his way to the city a hundred miles away, and from there notified his family that he was going West. "I shall make the money to finish the house, or—" he wrote, and wrote no more. And though he wrote so inconclusively, and they thought that he would be back in a few days, he did not return.

Tommy Taylor stayed in the West for seven years. Meanwhile Lucien ran the farm, and made no more than would hold together the four souls and the four bodies. And this was tragedy, for there was Bethna, who waited for Lucien through those seven years, and would not come into the little kitchen to live with his family—no, not even if he finished off one of the chambers, as he hoped, in time, to be able to do. Amy and Jane reached their late twenties, and pink and white and golden though they were, not a boy on the prairie asked them in marriage.

For none of the boys, presumably, cared to be drawn into that great cream-brick web, looking so hopefully from its nine eyes for somebody to come and share the heavy burden of itself. There were Dan and Harvey, who "shone around," Belle Prairie said, longer than the others, and at last went off to the country seat and married school teachers. And after that Amy and Jane dropped out of the dances and seldom went in town. Mrs. Taylor was rarely seen, working as she did early and late in the kitchen and the lean-to, the spring-house, the smoke-house and the chicken yard, littered behind the rearing walls of her potential home. It was sometimes driving home in the buggy back of the old gray, she dreamed her old dream of the pair of grays which should come pacing up the maple-bordered drive to a comfortable porch, she said nothing, and merely alighted, a broad-backed shabby woman, at her kitchen door. But when she met her neighbors, she held her head high: "Good news from Mr. Taylor—yes. But he'll not be back for another year. No, we shall do nothing about the house till he's here."

Seven years. Amy and Jane were thirty, Lucien thirty-two, their mother toward sixty. Now the eaves of the house were showing their lack of paint, the shingles had many spots, and burdock and Bouncing Bet were netted before the front door. Walking at twilight under the apple trees about the house, the women heard passers say: "Tommy Taylor's folly."

Then, on a Saturday when the streets of Belle Prairie were filled, there he was back, shaking hands with everyone. Tommy Taylor, gentle and pleasant and glad. And when had he looked so prosperous, so distinguished, so well-dressed, so well-shod? His hands were loose-wristed and wandering as always, but his eyes were so clear and so hopeful, his carriage so erect, and his coat so well-pressed, that Belle Prairie said at its supper-table: "Tommy Taylor's come back, to finish his house."

At his own supper-table Tommy Taylor was being served to



They had a black hour, and Lucien, who said he was sick of being the joke of Belle Prairie, flung out of the house.

spring chicken perfectly fried; and to his family he was saying quite gently:

"No, I haven't got near enough to finish it, and I never would have had if I'd stayed there for forty years. But I've come to see that I've got a pretty good thing in this farm—no reason why I shouldn't make it pay now, and go on with the house, in a year or two. Once,"—he eyed his wife dreamily,—“once I thought of investing in a fruit farm out in the Bitter Root and sending for you and the children. I could see a fortune, right there. But I guess I can make the farm go now, if we all turn in—and then, in a year or two, we'll finish the house.”

At this Lucien, his son, began to laugh—flung back his head until his neck was long, and laughed very loudly, looking at the ceiling. After a moment of struggle, Amy and Jane joined him, and the laughter of the three, which should have been young laughter, free and wild, came from them shrill and gusty.

“The damned house!” said Lucien. “Damn it, damn it—”

He rose and caught the lamp and strode toward that door with its mock portière of burlap, and the girls sprang up and followed. “No, children, no, no!” said the mother feebly, and followed after them—her children in the thirties, laughing and laughing through the empty rooms, with the red glass lamp held high. And Tommy Taylor followed too, looking distinguished and prosperous and bewildered, his hands making wavering gestures

as he went through that “dining-room” where no neighbors came, that study in which he had no accounts to keep, and those parlors on whose walls the windows laid their faces, like something from without.

Lucien shouted: “It’s killed Mother. It’s robbed the girls. It’s done for Bethna and me—and what has it brought you? You’re a hopeful old man—”

The red lamp tipped, and his mother took it from him as she would have taken a danger from a child. And Lucien, standing as he was by Aunt Parmeter’s cherry chest, his birthmark red and twisted, flung up his arm and brought it crashing down on the chest’s flat top.

Something slid and thudded, dropped so sharply to the floor that they all looked down. The bottom of the chest had fallen out, and from under the lowest drawer another and shallower drawer lay tipping. It was Mrs. Taylor who drew it out and saw lying there, unwrapped, piles upon piles of neatly folded bank-notes bearing the heady yellow design of gold certificates.

“Tommy!” she said.

They squatted about the drawer and the red lamp on the floor. They lifted the piles, ran them through, estimated—twenty-two piles wide, ten rows deep, twenty twenty-dollar bills in a pile. . . . It was Mrs. Taylor who whispered capably:

“Eighty-eight thousand dollars.”

“Aunt Parmeter,” said Tommy, tensely, “Aunt Parmeter. She tried to talk when she was dying—”

They squatted there about this drawer which for twelve lean years had kept vigil in the cherry chest, that single waiting piece of furniture in the empty house, that lordly and empty house behind whose walls the family had starved and waited.

Like a coffin they bore the drawer among them into the kitchen, and there hid their treasure. Then they sat about, still whispering.

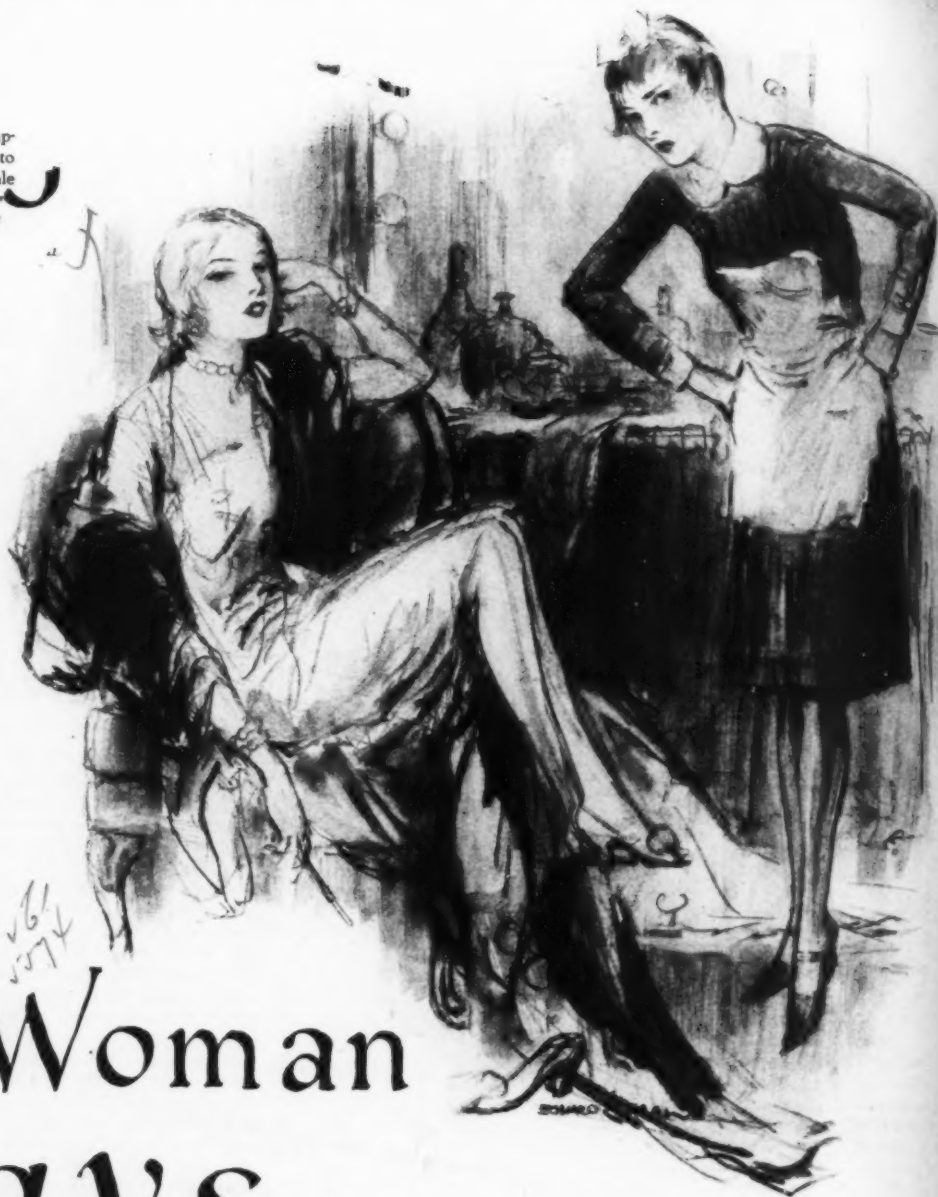
“We’ll finish the house,” said the mother, a deep breath waving her voice like ripe grain. In her eyes the rooms now spread warm, lighted, filled with neighbors; and she drove up to the door of her home behind a pacing pair, caught herself at that old dream, and came in a motorcar.

Tommy Taylor’s eyes were on the kitchen fire. His loose-wristed hands dangled from his knees. “Let’s sell the house to Matthews,” said he, “and your mother and I’ll take this money and go out to the Bitter Root and get that fruit ranch and staff over again.”

Tommy’s wife stared at him: Sixteen (Continued on page 138)

Fleeta said: "I suppose you want to be a sort of female Buster Keato— with your lace

In this, the last of Miss Dale's excerpts from the diary of a girl who would an actress be (in Hollywood) all comes out right, and as it should— and does, usually, even in Hollywood, that fascinating city of make-believe, the morning greeting of all whose inhabitants seems to be: "Let's pretend!"



The Woman Pays

By Virginia Dale

Illustrated by Edward Ryan

FEB. 7: Well, times have certainly changed with me since I last wrote in this diary, but what is a girl to do in Hollywood? Of course if I did not have ideals, I would not be having to do like I am, but I am happy to know I am not the kind of a girl which will sacrifice things like ideals. If I can only bear these changes, I suppose I will be a bigger and better woman. I mean I must simply consider everything I do out here as practise for my career, and the time when I will be the screen's most foremost vamp, as that is another ideal which I will never sacrifice. And if I am forced to do menneal work simply because I will not "pay the price," it is not my fault. So I am being a maid to Fleeta Lyons, who certainly has a terrible dissoposition even for a movie star.

I wouldn't of taken this mennel position except that she is a vamp too. At least she has gotten some people to believe she is, and I can't do more than merely guess how she has vamped her way around the studios to get such a reputation. She is the kind which would do anything to get along I am sure, as she would never have gotten along without. But anyway I thought that as long as word is around that I am not the kind of a girl which will "pay the price" and consaquentlly I am being kept from getting ahead, I had better get some kind of a position. And being a maid around the studios to a screen vamp would give me some ideas, I thought, for the time when I would be one too, only I should hope I will be a better one than this upstage Fleeta Lyons.

But so far I have not had one idea from Fleeta, and I do not think she has ever had one herself. She is the kind which has only one ambition, which is to lure men on. I would be willing to make my living by luring men on the screen, but I certainly would never lure in private life. Another thing which I will never do is have my husband for a director like Fleeta has

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She does not like it either, even though Rex King is one of the biggest directors on the lots.

She says "what kind of inspiration can a girl get from her husband?" and that often and often she does not give her best to her public because if she kisses her leading man with passion in a close-up, Rex King will raise a row when they get home; and if she does not kiss with passion, he will raise a row on the set. So I am sorry for her in one way, even if she has brought it all on herself, and I am grateful to her for letting me learn about not having directors for husbands.

Feb. 8: I am glad there is not much more "shooting" to do on Fleeta's picture, for with everything I am about worn out. It is a queer thing that being a maid gets you less money than acting being a maid, especially as if one is one, one has to think of everything yourself, and if you are merely acting being one, you are told just what to do. Such things is what is wrong with the infant industry. I have to watch Fleeta, whether she has enough powder on, and how is her hair; and that is the reason she advertised for a girl which has had experience acting like me. Stars very often do this, but the next time I do this, if ever, I will be with Pola or some one who is really some one.

Fleeta said to me today: "Well, I hope you are watching and can get some tips, though I suppose you want to be a sort of female Buster Keaton, with your face." Which shows what kind of a person she is. Of course she is merely being rude because

she sees all the men like to talk to me, and the way she vamps men when she is not acting should give her enough practise to be a lot better than she is.

I suppose everyone around here has noticed how much more oftener Rex King comes to his wife's dressing-room since I have been maiding. I am only afraid Fleeta will notice, for with her disposition she would do anything, and it would break my mother's heart if I should get mixed up in a scandal. But like the saying is, the wife is always the last one to notice such things, though I must say the wives in Hollywood are much more noticing than they are in Escanaba.

I remember how everyone at home knew right away when old man Grimble began stopping at that Mrs. Ponce's when she moved over on Port Street, and poor Mrs. Grimble never suspected a thing until he took all the money out of the bank and ran away, and Mrs. Ponce left a note pinned to the laundry bag for her sister. And even then Mrs. Grimble said there must be some mistake, which shows how different wives are.

Well, I hope Fleeta will not think I have any interest what so ever in her husband even if he is a director. Is it my fault if he sees the difference between us? Can I help it if he comes up to the dressing-room when he knows I am there as I know he does? I am not the kind of a girl which would break up a home, even a movie star's where it is not so important. So practically all I have said to Rex King is how Fleeta should ought to be the happiest woman in the world being married to him, but how some people do not appreciate their luck, and how she could possibly think her leading

man, which is Jules Fernandez, is interesting, is beyond me. That is all I have ever said.

Feb. 10: Well, I am certainly losing all my sympathy for Fleeta. There is nothing like being with a star to know all about them and to make you realize how they are just like other people if not more so. I mean they really do whatever they want to where other people might only want to do it. She says the reason which she wants Jules for her leading man in all her pictures is because they went to school together. Well, that was what Lita Chaplin and Merna Kennedy said they were at first, and look what happened. And anyway I do not think Fleeta ever went anywhere to school. I keep getting more sorrier for Rex King all the time, and it is plain he appreciates the interest of a good girl. As I said today, it is too bad he cannot be leading man and director too if he has to be a husband, and the poor man just merely looked at me.

Feb. 14: I had a beautiful Valentine from Avery today and he seems to have it more on his mind than ever that I should come back to Escanaba and get married. I know how it is in those small towns where there is nothing much to think about but getting married, which is so different from what it is here where everyone seems to think more about getting unmarried. Well, sometimes I wonder how it will all end between us. I think any girl has the right to do the best by herself, because who else will? I am the kind which would sacrifice anything for the man which



I put my hand on his and reminded him that there were a lot of other vamps in the world.

I finally married, but it would be foolish to sacrifice to Avery like saying, "Yes, I will marry," and then change my mind. It took me years and years to save enough money to get to Hollywood. If I had of only thought of it, I would have won a beauty contest which is what almost every one seems to have done before they came. But as long as I had to spend my saved up money to come here, I think I should not do any sacrifice like getting married before I am sure I want to.

So I simply wrote and told Avery I heard he was going to Lily Boham's to Sunday suppers and that was a queer thing for an engaged man to do. I just told him I had never gone to a Sunday night supper while I have been in Hollywood, and everyone knew that Sunday suppers in Hollywood are a million times more interesting than what they have at the Bohams. Of course I did not mention I had not been asked to any. It is the principle of the thing, and I think a girl which does not live up to her principles is simply terrible.

Fleeta is getting more awful everyday. She had the nerve to tell me today she hoped I was watching her and getting a lot of pointers, as very few girls had my opportunity. Can you imagine the nerve! I just said that what I saw had not seemed to help me much in my career, and she said was I going to be a female Buster Keaton with my face, and that would be "so wise" because the screen needed comedians that were girls. Well, she will sing a different story when I am a thousand times better vamp than ever she is.

I was telling Rex King today that what she had said about husbands and inspiration, and laughingly asked him did she think Jules would be a better director than him? I must say that Mr. King certainly seems to find my conversation interesting, and it is very nice to hold so many conversations with a large director like him. Of course I can't but compare him to poor Avery who is simply a small town boy after all. I suppose Rex King will be offering me a good part pretty soon now, so I will gladly bear all Fleeta's meanness as this may be my chance.

Feb. 15: Fleeta asked me today if I would maid her for her next picture, as we are almost through with this. She said that I was the only girl which her husband had never paid any attention to, and it left her mind free to give her best to her public. Well, I just looked at her and wondered how a woman could be so insulting. I could certainly of told her a few things but what would be the use? None are so blind as those which will not look, as the saying is. And who can blame Rex King for finding a little comfort in refined conversation when he can? All I hope is that nothing ever goes any further between us, as it would break my mother's heart.

Feb. 23: Just had a letter from Avery. He says it is simply talk about he going to Lily's to supper and can't I take a joke?



I do not see where the joke is for where there is talk there must be something besides a joke to start. If he wants to take up with a funny looking girl like Lily Boham, I am sure it is nothing in my life. I wrote and told him that from now on I would certainly consider myself as free as what he does, and that I would go anywhere I was asked. So I hope I am asked somewhere where he would not want me to go.

Feb. 24: He has asked me to tea! I was never more surprised in all my life. Of course it would be foolish to say that I have not noticed that Rex King is very interested in me, but I never thought it would lead to this. I think there is something terribly exciting in going to tea, which in the first place is such a refined kind of a party and it certainly makes it all the more thrilling when the man is married. Hollywood is so different

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Fleeta put in her ore and said she just knew he had "it," and wasn't he just the type for her next picture?

think of anything but just themselves. Well, I am glad I am not one which can be taken in by them. It will always be a satisfactishon to me to know that I have always been able to resist them and would not let any get fresh with me.

It seems that somehow Rex King has gotten the idea that Fleeta is in love with her leading man. He said that I was so bright, he was sure I had notised enough things to tell him the truth, which he simply had to know. Well, I am very glad he knows I am not beautiful and dumb like so many girls out here but have a head which I use, and I was very glad to know this even if it did seem queer for him to ask me to such a thing as tea merely and simply to talk about his wife.

He kept saying she was the only woman in the world for him, even if she could not act; and hearing a man rave about his wife is not very exciting for a girl. He said that Fleeta simply insisted upon having Jules in her next picture, and if he could only scare her by getting something on her that might make a scandal, she would love her husband more if for no other reason than for the sake of her public. And would I help him, he said. He said he would never forget it. Well, of course I merely felt sorry for him for being so much in love with a woman like Fleeta, so I said I was pretty sure she thought Jules was wonderful, as she had told me so many times. I said she said that he said she was wonderful too, and that once she had said that her greatest ambition was to have him her coe star.

At that, Rex King just had tears in his eyes. He said that that settled it, as if she had gone as far as to be willing to share starring honors, she was certainly sunk. And he looked so sad I put my hand on his and reminded them there were a lot of other vamps in the world and that my ambition was to be the screen's most foremost vamp myself. He said he

would not forget. So then he said he must go and I came home, and I am very much upset about it all. I guess I will write to Avery. Fleeta is not the only person who has a man crazy about her. Avery may not be a director, but he is a very nice boy.

Feb. 28: Avery is here. He said he could not stand it out in Escanaba another minute without me, and if I would not come back, he would come to me and go in the hardware business out here if I insisted. It is wonderful to have him around, and I explained how I was maiding to get real experients for my career as all girls do in Hollywood, and he thought it was wonderful. I told him all about the temptations out here too, but that I was just the same as what I had always been, and he said it was wonderful. I told him what good friends I was with Rex King, one of the biggest directors (Continued on page 133)

ferent from Escanaba in that way. At home married men are not at all interesting, but out here it only seems to make them more so. Well, I wonder where it will all lead to? What if he wants to star me and insists I pay "the price!" Of course I am not the kind of girl which that would come easy to, and I just shudder at the thoughts of anything so terrible. But what can a girl do against strong, wicked men?

Feb. 25: The tea is tomorrow. I hope no one at the studios today saw how much I had on my mind. Well, that is the way it goes out here where men are men. One day a girl is maiding and the next she is a star you might say. I wonder if Avery would ever forgive me if he ever could understand.

Feb. 26: I don't know of anything that is as different from what a girl expects as a man. They are so conseited and never

No other American writer on wild life has achieved greater distinction than that which has been accorded Mr. Scoville. Here once more he tells a tale of Africa and of those animals that, in many of their characteristics and impulses, seem closest to our human kind.

Children of the Wild

By

Samuel Scoville, Jr.

Illustrated by
Charles Livingston Bull

THE face of the precipitous *krantz* showed gray against the jade-green jungle which lapped at its base, while beyond its height the tawny veldt stretched away to the horizon. Euphorbias towered at the foot of the cliff like great candelabra, and there were giant lobelias red as shed blood, wild sweet peas, on which the ostriches feed, and vermilion gladioli, with scentless violets big as pansies showing against drifts of snowy columbine. Amid a riot of color and perfume, bulbuls, all Tyrian rose and turquoise, sang their gurgling songs, clapper-larks made little explosive sounds with their wings as they zigzagged through the soft air, while lute-green plantain-eaters hunted through the thickets, and African wood-doves called like whippoorwills from the tree-tops.

It was there on the *krantz* in a shallow cave all misty-purple with the pale blossoms of climbing morning-glories that two princelings were born one morning in December, which is mid-spring in South Africa. They were of the blood royal, for their mother was none other than the mate of a grim old leader of a band of chacmas, as Hottentot hunters have named the Cape baboons, or bavians, who make their homes on the sheer faces of those solitary cliffs in the jungle which the Boers call *krantzes*.

In spite of their royal lineage, the twins were as round and chubby and helpless as human babies at the same age. They would wrinkle up their sniffing little noses and whimper softly when they were hungry, and when their mother came back to the cave they would go "*m-m-m-m*," which means love and contentment in chacma language, as they drank deep from the unfailling fountains of milk which she provided. Then, when they were left alone again, they would curl themselves up in each other's arms in a round warm ball, and sleep until she came back.

As soon as they were born, they had begun to study those lessons in which all wild-folk who would live out their days must be perfect. Before their eyes were open, those chacma babies had learned not to make a sound when left alone, but to lie still and to keep on lying still, no matter what happened.

Before they could walk, they could climb up and down the sheer face of the precipice on which they lived, making use of a multitude of tiny finger-holds which human eyes would not have perceived.

They learned that a hiss in the grass, the flutter of wings overhead, a ripple in still water, all might mean death to little chacmas. They were taught, too, that for their very lives' sake they must pay attention to the slightest warning from any of the sentries who always guard a baboon band, and they learned to hide on the face of the bare cliff by fitting themselves into the tiniest of crevices or lying beside some rock whose color blended with their own.

Yet in spite of all their new-found knowledge, it was only the watchfulness of their mother which saved them from their first great danger. It was at the noon of a spring day as they lay sprawled out in the sunshine on the platform of warm rock which fronted their cave, half-hidden by the golden flowers of a trailing guinea vine, that a black spot showed against the blue arch above them. Farther up the cliff behind a jutting spur of rock their mother was digging for ground-nuts in one of the pockets of soil which showed here and there along the cliff-side.

Suddenly the speck in the blue grew larger until it became a vast dark bird hurtling down from mid-sky. High above the world this black eagle of the veldt had glimpsed with his golden telescopic eyes the two baby chacmas back of the trailing blossoms.

Like a flash of black lightning the grim bird spiraled down from the great height, and the air hissed against his outstretched wings as, with hooked beak half-open, and crooked claws spread wide, he swooped upon the unconscious pair.

Well it was for them that their mother was one of the wisest and wariest of all that chacma troop. As she dug, the shadow of one of the bird's great wings touched her head for a fraction of a second. It was enough. Her senses, trained and tautened by long years of dangers and escapes, recognized it as the shadow of death itself. Without even waiting to look up, with a single bound she sprang sidewise off the ledge to the platform below. Such a leap would have broken a man's legs, or at least would have sent him over the edge of the shelf all the way down to the foot of the cliff. A baboon, however, seems built of steel and leather, and this one struck lightly and clung like a leech to the naked rock. Even as she landed, with a lightning-like motion, she flung one astonished cub after the other into the cave beyond, where they struck the hard rocks with indignant squeals of surprise and pain, bruised but safe.

Then, for the first time, she looked up, her great dog-tened bared and grinning, and her steel-strong hands stretched out ready to grip the winged death sweeping down upon her.

There are few things which the black eagle of Africa fears, but there is a limit even to an eagle's courage, and an infuriated baboon many times as strong as a man, with teeth edged on the back like knives, and hands which clutch like iron clamps,

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evidently that limit. With a frantic flap of its wings the great bird checked its course and just managed to clear the cliff.

Even so, it did not go unscathed, for as it grazed the ledge, the right hand of the chacma shot out like the stroke of a striking snake and tore a mass of glossy black feathers from the eagle's broad breast, as the defeated bird with a scream of rage shot around a corner of the cliff.

Against the next enemy who invaded the *krantz* not even the strength and courage of their protector availed.

Once again it was high noon, and the vertical rays of the sun fell like arrows of flame across the veldt. In the cool depths of the cave the twins slept through the long hot hours while their mother foraged with the rest of the troop across the wide plateau which lay at the top of the cliff. Deploying out in open order, the band moved across the plain at a walk, holding their tails erect in a dignified and stately manner, and carefully examining every inch of the ground as they went, for scorpions, centipedes, bird's-eggs, beetles, bulbs and other baboon dainties.

Far below, the children of the cliff slept so soundly that neither of them heard a rattling, scratching noise which seemed to be approaching nearer and nearer to their cave—a sound which would have thrown any of the adult members of the band into a frenzy of alarm. At the foot of the cliff a pair of yellow-and-black weaver-birds chattered loudly; a pied crow zigzagged back and forth below the cave giving his guttural croak; and a pair of tree-shrews raced among the rocks chirruping in wild alarm. Earth and air were full of warnings; yet no shadow of approaching danger drifted across the dreams of the sleeping pair.

Suddenly, over the edge of the little platform which fronted the cave, a round, fierce head appeared, with eyes of molten gold, and open red mouth filled with fierce white fangs.

Up the slanting face of the cliff, which scarcely any other beast in all Africa save the chacmas themselves could have negotiated, a great leopard, seven feet from nose to tail-tip, had climbed. For a moment he lay flattened upon the level rock, his silken, golden skin blotched with charcoal-black rosettes like an Eastern rug, all velvet and gold. Then rising to his feet,



Too late the fierce beast realized his danger and tried in vain to stop himself as he reached the edge of the precipice.

he moved noiselessly on padded paws toward the cave, the embodiment of fierce grace and swift death.

Although the eyes of the cubs were held and their ears sealed in sleep, yet one sense was still on guard. Asleep or awake, the marvelous mesh of their nostrils filtered every telltale scent which drifted through the still air, and carried its message to their drowsy brains. When the raw, fierce reek of the leopard floated through the dusk of the cave, it aroused the sleepers like a trumpet-blast. Neither of them had ever smelled that scent before, yet some instinct deep in the very springs of life shouted to them through their slumber that Death approached.

With a sudden snap of their lithe muscles, the chacma cubs sprang to their feet and for an instant stared into the fierce eyes which glared at them from triangular sockets at the entrance of the cave. From the great cat's hot gullet came that menacing cough, which with a leopard means killing, and he moved forward with the stealthy sinuousness of a hunting snake.

Such a sight would have left human children helpless with



terror. Not so with those children of the wild. In the presence of danger the trained muscles of the little chacmas reacted automatically. Straight up the slanting wall of the cave each one flashed, gripping with fingers and toes tiny niches and projections of which no other animal could have made use.

With a snarl, which sounded like a blunt saw going through wood, the leopard sprang at the nearest. Cramped in the cave, he was unable to reach the full height of his spring, and his claws, like curved black sickles, raked the rock a full foot below the little chacma, who went on up the wall like a tree-toad until he reached the roof of the cave. There he clung to a tiny ledge whimpering with fright, while his little brother set up a high wail.

The baboon band were a good two hundred feet above where the twins had been sleeping, and at least that distance away from the edge of the cliff; yet the cry for help from her cub caught the ears of the mother instantly.

With a few swift bounds she reached the cliff and shot down its side, clinging, sliding, clutching, until by some miracle she arrived on the platform safely. Just as she reached it, the leopard backed halfway out to obtain more room for his next spring, while the cubs cried piteously.

At the sound the chacma mother seemed to lose all sense of fear, and gripping the leopard's long spotted tail, she pulled with all the strength of her steel-strong arms.

A leopard is perhaps the fastest fighter on earth, and so strong that it can break the neck of a full-grown buffalo or carry a man away in his jaws. Once face to face with the chacma, the latter would not have had a chance for life.

With a snarl of rage the great cat tried to move forward in the narrow passage and turn around in the cave. Although not a large animal, a baboon is immensely powerful, and this one was fighting not only for her own life but also for her cubs. Bracing

her handlike feet against the rock-wall, she kept her opponent from moving forward, struggle as he would, and when he relaxed for a moment, she pulled his spotted body partly out and drove her long canine teeth, edged on the inner side like knives, close to the gums in the great cat's flank and gave the high ululating call of a chacma in distress which every baboon who hears must heed.

The leopard screeched with rage and tried to back out of the cave. Once more the braced strength of the baboon held him helpless, and again her edged teeth ripped through his silken skin. Maddened by his wounds, the great cat struggled to rush out backwards. Suddenly the chacma gave way and pulled with all her strength.

The impetus of the leopard's own efforts, aided by the unexpected tug from the chacma, shot him clear out of the cave and across the narrow platform. Too late the fierce beast realized his danger and tried in vain to stop himself as he reached the edge of the precipice. With a final pull into which she put every ounce of strength in her powerful body, the chacma sprang aside and climbed swiftly up the wall of slanting rock as her cubs had done. Below her, with a screech of rage and terror, the leopard disappeared over the edge of the cliff.

A moment later there came the terrible rush of the whole baboon band summoned by her call, and half a dozen great males with the foam of their wrath showing against their black coats landed on the little platform ready to fight to the death in rescue of their own.

Their aid was not needed. Two hundred feet below, among the rocks which sloped away from the cliff, lay a spotted, motionless mass which a moment before had been vibrant with fierce life. Single-handed, the chacma mother had vanquished the terror of the veldt and freed her band from the Specter of Death which had long preyed upon them.

One of the jocks plunged toward her, his tail held firmly by companions on shore, and she was dragged to safety at the end of a living chain.



CHARLES LIVINGSTON CULL

SOON after the fight with the leopard there came a flitting of the clan. A four-day storm of rain and sleet sweeping down from snow-covered Kenia had beaten against the face of the *krantz* until one by one the caves and lairs of the band were flooded. As the storm broke, at some signal from their leader the whole band, fighting jocks, young bucks, and thin anxious mays, each with a baby astride her neck, moved down the face of the cliff and crossed the veldt to where Deep River roared like a lion between its banks. On the other side of the stream towered another *krantz* to which their leader planned to take them. Twenty feet from the bank a round rock showed black in the foam and smother of the current. Fifteen feet beyond was another, and the same distance out still another with a twenty-foot gap between it and the farther shore. Around these stepping-stones the wan water boiled like a caldron, and downstream saw-edged rocks showed through the foam like black fangs. With a deep bark the old leader halted the troop and eyed the distance like a broad-jumper about to take off. Then with a run and a tremendous spring he hurled himself through the air, struck the first rock squarely, clutched it fast with his handlike feet, leaped to the second and crouching like a panther sprang high into the air for the last jump of all. For an instant it seemed as though he would not make it, but he changed feet in midair like the crack broad-jumper that he was, shot forward and landed safe on the shore with a yard to spare. Barking and howling like wolves, the jocks and bucks followed him so swiftly that the air seemed full of baboons. Every one of them made the crossing without a mishap. Then came the turn of the mays, each carrying a helpless whimpering little cub astride her back or beneath her arm as she hurled herself desperately through the air. Slipping, clutching, springing, they reached the farther shore in safety—all but one. The mother

of the twins still stood beside the raging river and watched the others cross. It was evident that she knew only too well that no chacma could cover that distance carrying double. It was evident too that she found it as hard as would a human mother to choose between her babies.

Suddenly she stepped forward and unwrapped the clinging little arms of one of the cubs from around her neck. Perhaps there was something that she promised him in chacma-talk; perhaps it was only because he was a thoroughbred and the son of a chief. At any rate as she set him on his little hand-feet so close to the river's edge that the foam flaked his silky skin like snow, he stood erect with a certain pathetic dignity and without a whimper watched her go.

The stones were almost awash in the rising river as the chacma-mother took the jumps and reached the watching group on the farther side with one baby safe under her arm. Then, leaving her cub with the band, she turned to recross the abyss over which she had come, amid a chorus of barks and howls from the troop which sounded almost like a burst of applause.

The return journey was worse than the crossing, for by that time the bank was nearly level with the current. Without hesitation, however, she took the first leap, her springing body showing dark against the tossing foam, while from the farther bank a tiny figure stretched out small arms toward her.

At the first stone she slipped and nearly plunged into the river, but with a desperate effort saved herself and sprang bravely toward the next. This too just showed above the water, but she clung to it desperately and took the third leap and landed clutching and clawing on the last stone of all. From that one she sprang for the shore, but the effort was too much for her tired body, and next instant the roaring river was whirling her down toward the jagged rocks below. (Continued on page 164)

MR. HENOCH, a new name in these pages, has two major interests and a minor. The former are writing short stories and travel, and the latter is cold steel. And it is what he knows about the latter that makes it possible for him to indulge in the former. Could one's life be more pleasantly arranged?

Illustrated by
Ralph Pallen Coleman

The Pretenders

By Louis M. Henoch



LINCOLN HIGHWAY, *née* Main Street, smirked its prettiest the day Richard Barnum arrived in Lockport. The black-enameled Lizzies, parked diagonally along the three blocks of the thoroughfare's activity, tried to rear their tin hoods into some semblance of the haughty Rolls-Royce. Class A debutantes from the upper reaches of Indiana Avenue wore their eyebrow-pencils and lip-sticks down to the quick, for Dick Barnum had come back to the old home town a metropolitan success, shining in a nimbus of New York's approval.

The furore caused by the return of the prodigally greeted son was not limited to the fair daughters of Eve. Old Eli Knapp, the tight-fisted head of the First National Bank, stood him up on a street-corner for an hour, solicitously seeking first-hand information about the lurking vice of a great city, with detailed particulars of the exact locations where its lure could be avoided—all incident to a contemplated visit. Abe Livingstone telephoned a request that he come over to the Daylight Clothing Store in order that acquaintanceship might be had with ultra-advanced styles. Barnum's raiment outlived King Solomon, and he obligingly mannequined the tailored creation draped snugly from the square shoulders and melting into smoked pearl spats at the ankles. The new English collar and smart Roman striped scarf gave tone to a strong face habitually softened by an ingratiating smile. Abe mentally decided if imitation would do it, his waxen college youth nonchalantly posing in the show window would become a sincere flatterer.

In the evening Dick strolled over to the Elks' clubrooms, where he found a group of old friends enjoying the newly installed radio. An animated discussion was in progress. A few appreciative music lovers were loudly extolling the beauty and clarity of voice of Miss Gaugenslauber—courtesy of the East Pittsburgh Wet Wash and Laundry Company—while other dissentients insisted that the sounds were most certainly caused by static.

Stuffy Van Dusen, tenor of the Kiwanis glee-club, caught sight of the visitor, and suggested: "Turn off the air—here's Dick."

Barnum joined the crowd, and Van Dusen went on: "Tell us all about the perils of a great city—and incidentally you might give us a tip on the market."

The newcomer grinned and said: "Unfortunately I don't know all the perils, although a tip on the market is one of the worst. Sorry I can't pick you a winner, but we are not active on the floor of the Exchange. Stuyvesant Fiske and Company are bond brokers."

Stuffy volunteered: "Understand you're a partner in the concern. Pretty soft, I'll say."

"Hardly a full fledged partner," Barnum disparaged. "Just a junior member of the company."

The other switched the subject with the inquiry: "Don't suppose you've seen Nancy Cook in the short time you've been here?"

"Nancy Cook—who is she?" Dick asked.

"Live right in the same town and don't know her?" Van Dusen retorted. "Boy, you must room over in Brooklyn. Well, Nancy Cook is another one of Lockport's output who has gone down to New York and pulled its whiskers."

"Did I know her? Funny how a fellow forgets in four years."

"Sure you did. Lived out near the woolen mills. Her mother is a widow—teaches music. You remember Nancy: good-looking little light-haired girl, went with the Bucks, and that Fifth Ward bunch."

Barnum nodded. "I've got her now. Sang at the Granada a while, didn't she?"

Tom Bradley broke in: "Nancy doesn't have to sing in a picture-house now. She is a big hit—star in musical comedies. Last season was 'A Garden of Roses.' They say New York is wild about her."

The young men evidently found Miss Cook an interesting subject, but Barnum was beginning to be bored by the recital of her triumphs. However, he humored his friends by asking:

"What is she doing here?"

Stuffy sighed. "Only home on a vacation visiting her mother. You'll meet her at the Branch Line party tomorrow night, and then heaven help us poor small-time hicks."

Dick joined in the laugh and walked away.

The Branch Line ball was given in Concert Hall, over Kramer's farm-implement store. Nusbaum Brothers were coaxing notes from their reluctant saxophones, and the snare-drummer kept his regular vocation of tonsorial artist in the joys of syncopation. The Lockport Blues bleated a final despondent wail, and the dancers unemotionally waited on the floor, denying the excitement which they knew the players must give, under their contract.

Stuffy Van Dusen importantly negotiated his way across the waxed floor, conducting an attractive girl with sparkling blue eyes and a bobbed head of burnished gold.

Tapping Dick on the shoulder with all the authority of a traffic officer, he rather breathlessly said: "Miss Cook, let's go."



He ventured: "I'm not naturally taciturn, but it was too perfect to be spoiled by chatter."

said: "So you are Mr. Barnum! I have been trying to place you. I remember now. You lived on Maple Avenue, and chummed with Joe Bancroft and Stuyvesant Fiske."

"That's right. We finished the course at Lockport College the same time, and the three of us went to New York together. Stuyvie Fiske attended school here, and that is how we all came to be connected with his father's business."

"Isn't it fine to be back in Lockport? I always will love this town," the girl declared.

They had reached the anteroom but found it already preëmpted, and so he continued his search, which ended at a carpeted step on the entrance stairway.

As soon as they were seated, Dick inquired: "How long are you to be here?"

"About two weeks more," she answered. "'A Garden of Roses' is to go on the road—just the big cities, of course, and I must be back for rehearsals. Did you see it last season?"

He shook his head. "Unfortunately I didn't. I know you must be splendid in it. Tell me, how did you happen to go on the stage?"

The girl smiled in a friendly way. "The most natural thing in the world," she said. "Mother taught music, and I've been singing and dancing as long as I can remember. I had some early stage experience here in Lockport at the Granada. It was necessary for me to work, so I took up what I seemed best fitted for."

Dick started to question her further, but she interrupted him: "Let us not talk show-shop. I'm on a vacation. I'm dying to hear about New York. Been away a week, and it seems ages. Tell me about yourself. They all say you have done so well. Everyone knows of Stuyvesant Fiske; he's one of the biggest men in the country, and to think of you being a partner!"

Barnum flushed and stammered: "My name is not over the door yet." He seemed confused, started to say something, evidently changed his mind and joked:

present Mr. Barnum." He confidently took possession of the young lady with whom Barnum had been dancing, and announced: "I'm cutting in for the rest of this."

Dick placed his arm about the girl's slender waist and with the resumption of the brassy concatenation, started the acrobatics of a foxtrot. Immediately he realized that his partner's definite expression of rhythm was floating them through the broken measures. The very joy of motion rendered them mute, but he was aware of a charm of person, a confidence and poise which marked even the girl's silence.

The music stopped with a crash, and he guided her from the floor toward the hoped-for comparative privacy of an anteroom. As they were threading their way through the crowd, he ventured:

"I am not naturally taciturn, but it was too perfect to be spoiled by chatter."

Her reply was evidently in line with her thoughts, for she

"It's not up in the lights, as you say in theatrical parlance." Then more seriously: "I've a long way to go to reach the top. Naturally, Stuyvie Fiske has helped Bancroft and me to get our foothold."

"Isn't it wonderful, you an international banker, knowing the world's secrets, and—"

"I'm on a vacation too," Dick admonished. "The wonderful thing is that you and I are alive in the same world, and that we live in the same town. I certainly hope to see a great deal of you."

During the next ten days that hope was completely realized, and when the young man left for the East, he was solaced by the knowledge that Nancy Cook would soon be following.

Barnum arrived in New York on Sunday morning and went directly to the apartment which he occupied, together with young Fiske and Joe Bancroft. It was on the upper floor of one of those English basement houses just off Fifth Avenue, which parade their endless row of uniform brownstone fronts along the length of every street in the Fifties. Back in the mid-Victorian age a lack of imagination must have gifted the builders with but one pattern, and those days it was a wise latchkey which knew its own door.

Dick cut short the enthusiastic reception of his friends by the announcement: "Boys, I'm down for the count."

Joe sadly sighed: "Nabbed as he arrived in Lockport by one of the vamps who regularly meet the nine-twenty limited."

"No," Barnum replied; "it's Nancy Cook. You fellows remember her—lived out near the woolen mills. She's in New York now, prima donna in 'A Garden of Roses,' and I'm sunk without trace."

Fiske pondered: "Nancy Cook? I remember her—striking little blonde, with beautiful eyes; but I don't recall seeing her in 'A Garden of Roses,' and I went half a dozen times."



She went on: "No wonder you are beloved, for you are an inspiration for younger men."

Dick confessed: "I'm up against it, and terribly worried."

"Sounds like a touch," Joe murmured.

"Worse than that," the other went on. "You see, naturally I wanted to impress the home folks, so I was high-haiting the town—strutting my stuff all over the place. I'll be the rest of my life paying the installments on my clothes, and of course I admitted being a junior member in the Company."

"And he does this Prince of Wales stuff on sixty a week," soliloquized Bancroft. "He's paid for being an accountant, but some day his own books wont balance, and then heaven help the why-pay-cash boys!"

"It might be," suggested young Fiske, "that I could get Father to give you a partnership, if I happened to be on his visiting list; but at that, I'll bet I have enough drag with Gorman to have him put you out on the street selling bonds. Then it's up to you."

Barnum vigorously nodded. "You've got the idea, Stuyvie," he said. "You see, I'm hooked. It would have been all right for Lockport, but when I met Nancy Cook, I couldn't back down. She thinks I'm a banker, club member, man about town. I'm in so deep I don't know how to get out, and she'll be back on Tuesday."

"It might be good poker to discard the queen, and draw for a straight," dryly offered Bancroft.

"I'm perfectly crazy about her," protested Dick. "I'd make a clean breast of it, if I only knew how. As it is, you fellows will have to go to bat for me."

"All right," said Joe. "We'll stand by you. Stuyvie has promised to go to the front and get you an outside job, so you'll have a chance to be in the big money. Meantime here's my roll. The should last about ten minutes on Madison Avenue." He ruefully threw some crumpled bills on the table.

Fiske likewise disgorged a billfold containing currency and drew out. "I had started in to show the governor I could save money, but here goes. You might as well use my runabout too, as long as I haven't the price of gas."

"You'll be in luck if he doesn't take you on as chauffeur," said Bancroft whimsically. Then as an afterthought he added: "We might as well move out of here and turn the place over for your bachelor apartment."

Nancy Cook returned to town the following Tuesday, and found long-stemmed Russell roses with Dick's card, awaiting her in her room at the Claremont. That night there was a quiet dinner on the Rita roof, and an evening under the stars, with the pale silver moon gilding the scene. To be literal, one must recognize the interposition of canopied ceiling blotting out the heavenly constellations; but youth finds romance wherever heart radio-casts to heart its concordant beat.

But—love's young dream had an awful crimp put in it when the waiter added up the check.

A few evenings later, as they sped out Westchester way, the showy low-hung roadster—Stuyvie had shown rare discrimination in selecting a snug, narrow car—drew them closely together. Barnum was a clever driver. It was too dark to signal, so one arm was free. High point Inn ordinarily was supposed to be a rather long trip. This night it lacked all sense of perspective and fairly rushed forth to meet them.

The exclusiveness of its patronage was attested by the prices on the card. As the caviar, clear

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The lovers announced their engagement at a party in Barnum's apartment, and the couple were showered with felicitations.

broth, the furtive quail, broiled mushrooms, endive, Spanish melon, trailed their expensive course under the soft candle-light, Barnum was doing feats of mental mathematics best fitted for the service of his time-tried calculating machine.

He excused himself under the pretext of personally selecting cigarettes. But instead he went out in the grounds and walked toward the garage. Under a light, he paused to count his currency, and then hurried on to where the automobile was parked. He lifted the extra tire from its holder, called a loitering chauffeur into conference, exchanged the tire for a yellow-backed bill, and returned to the table. And Nancy, eying him with thoughtfully tender glance, saw only a serious-minded young financial genius.

As time passed, Dick found his position more complex and its explanation increasingly difficult. With summer waning, and separation in sight, the lovers announced their engagement at a party in Barnum's Fifty-fifth Street apartment. Stuyvie Fiske and Joe Bancroft were present, and Nancy had brought two girls from the company: Mildred Carroll, a vivacious, dark-eyed Irish beauty, and Evelyn Sweet, a lackadaisical peaches-and-cream beauty. It was all in excellent taste. His soft-spoken man

served a light supper. The company was congenial, and the young couple were showered with felicitations and hearty good wishes.

After the girls had been escorted to their respective homes, the three young men sat about the rooms talking over the success of the party: the beauty of the guests, the engagement. Bancroft summed up what was in all of their minds by the question:

"And now what are you going to do, Dick?"

NOTHING goads a man forward like driving necessity. Barnum had created a false position which threatened to engulf him, but he was not tamely submitting himself to be mired. On the contrary, the brokerage offices in the financial district were surprised at the long strides the young man was taking, and his accomplishments were the talk of the street. Dick did not lack courage, but heretofore he had drifted along easy lines. Now, under the stress of realizing his heroics, the tougher the sledding, the better he liked it; and he was traveling fast.

What bothered him most was Nancy. (Continued on page 118)



The Sleepy Black

Written and Illustrated by Ross Santee

BILL MASON was the name he was using when he come to work at the ranch. He came to the Slash M outfit in June. He broke horses for Dad Hardin until the latter part of August, and in all that time he never spoke half a dozen words to any man. Nobody knew where he come from, and nobody cared when he left—unless it was Dad Hardin, the owner of the outfit. And Mason never even waved old Dad good-by that morning he left.

From the saddle he rode, we figured Mason must be from the North. For it's seldom that an Arizona waddie ever rides a three-quarters rig. He was the best rider in the outfit, and he attended strictly to his own business. But because of that way he had, none of the punchers liked him.

"He shore gets on my nerves," said the horse-wrangler. "He's always lookin' at a man just like a cat before it jumps, and he never says a word. I thought at first he must be swelled about something I'd done. But he acts that way with everybody."

"He wont stay long," said Dad. "Another month or so, an' he'll be driftin'. I know the breed. There's something eatin' him inside." For old Dad Hardin knew both men and horses, and the tall, slit-eyed puncher who never spoke had interested him from the start. For Mason did have a way with horses. And to Dad Hardin, a man and horse were a good deal alike.

Old Dad was too old to ride with the outfit. But he still kept his mount of horses in the little pasture down below the house. The foreman would have turned them out if he dared, for no matter what the price of steers might be, Dad always fed his horses grain. And yet, except when Dad took an occasional ride about the place, they were never used, for Dad's horses were old and crippled like himself. But Dad always liked to have them near. And from that rawhide-bottom chair of

RANGING out from his home town, Globe, Ross Santee has punched cattle all over Arizona; and what he hasn't experienced of the desert, no one is likely to experience—and live. Last winter he holed up for a while to write and illustrate a group of tales of which this is the first.



his, old Dad could watch them all as he sat smoking on the porch.

On this particular morning Dad's rawhide-bottom chair was in the sun—the mornings are cold in Arizona, and the sun wasn't more than an hour high. The outfit had left at daybreak. They had rode north to gather horses, for the fall work was starting in a week. The ranch-house was strangely quiet after they had gone. A few stray cattle were stringing into the water corral to drink from the long concrete troughs that ran the length of the corral. Late in the day, when Dad had moved his chair back in the shade, the little crested Arizona quail would come to drink at the dirt tank out behind the house. Already some of them were calling from the hill.

Down in the bronc' corral, Bill Mason was working in a cloud of dust. Hackamore in hand, the tall, slit-eyed puncher worked afoot. From the swirling mass of horses that milled around the big corral he finally cut out a little black and drove him into a side corral by himself. The little black stood quietly as the tall puncher put up the corral bars. But as he came closer, the horse struck out with both forefeet.

"Now, Sleepy," said the puncher in a low voice.

Again the wicked forefeet struck. Slowly the puncher came on. This time the little black allowed him to stroke his nose. Quiet-like, the puncher slipped the hackamore over the little black's head and tied the knot. Taking down the corral bars, he led the horse outside to where the saddle lay. Rubbing the pony's back and patting him the while, he carefully adjusted the blankets before he eased the saddle on. The little black stood quietly through it all, and as the tall puncher swung up, he trotted off down the wash.

Dad Hardin watched them go until they were both out of sight. As they disappeared, Dad knocked the ashes out of his

pipe and said: "There's something between them two."

For Mason never used the spurs on Sleepy Black. He had worked for hours with the little horse before he ever saddled him, just trying to win his confidence. Sleepy never bucked with him. But for a long time Sleepy always struck with those forefeet of his when anyone came near: Sleepy hadn't forgotten the time he was branded, though that was four years ago and Sleepy was scarcely six months old at the time.

There was probably thirty colts in the corral the day that Sleepy was branded. Some was so scared they tried to jump out of the corral, but Sleepy wasn't a bit excited. Anyone would have thought that he was asleep until he felt the rope about his neck. And Sleepy didn't try to jump out of the corral. He just fought. Two punchers finally stretched him out between them. It was the horse-wrangler who burned the Slash M in his shoulder with the red-hot iron. When they turned him loose, Sleepy didn't run to his mammy like the other colts. The minute he was free, he charged. He pawed the wrangler with those wicked little hoofs of his and tore his jumper off with his teeth. Everybody laughed—excepting the wrangler. He was too busy at the time. But after the punchers drove young Sleepy off, the wrangler laughed himself. For aside from being scratched up some, and having his jumper tore to shreds, he wasn't hurt. But Sleepy gave up that sort of thing long before Mason ever turned him in as "broke."

When Mason turned that bunch of horses in, he quit, just as Dad Hardin said he would. Afterward, Dad often said he wished he'd given him the Sleepy Black, for Mason tried to buy the horse the morning he left. Dad offered to give him any other horse in the outfit, for old Dad liked the little black himself. But Mason never even answered Dad. And he never even waved old Dad good-by that morning, when he left.

When the young horses were turned over to the outfit, Joe Jackson drew the Sleepy Black. Just why the foreman ever gave him to Jackson was something we never could figure out, for to Joe Jackson a horse was just something to ride. "They're all alike," says Joe, "just waitin' for the chance to throw a man. You've got to have a horse afraid of you before he's any good. I don't want no pets in mine." Jackson was considered the best rider in the outfit after Bill Mason left. And when Sleepy threw Joe off at Seven Mile that morning, everybody

laughed—excepting Joe. Except for his pride, Joe wasn't hurt. And if it hadn't been for Joe Jackson's pride that day at Seven Mile, the chances are good he would still be riding the range some place to-day, and the Sleepy Black would never have become an outlaw. For the last thing Mason said before he left, was never to use the spurs on Sleepy Black.

"Must have caught Joe nappin'," said the cook. And the horse-wrangler nodded as he refilled his plate and watched Joe Jackson mount again, this time with a heavy quirt in hand. "Guess Joe'll take it out of him this time," said the cook. His mouth full of frijoles, the horse-wrangler nodded as he stood up, the better to enjoy the fun.

The Sleepy Black stood quietly while Jackson mounted the second time. And Sleepy, likely enough, would have trotted off down the wash.

But Jackson's pride was hurt. He wasn't asking any bronc's permission as to whether he could use his spurs or not, and again he raked the pony with the steel.

It was all strange to Sleepy, the stinging pain in his shoulders, the heavy quirt that burned him like a red-hot iron. He had never felt these things when Mason was on his back. And Sleepy did the only thing he knew. He fought. For the Sleepy Black was sure game. Head down, in twisting crooked jumps he did his best to shake this thing off his back. But Jackson was made of rawhide and rode as if he was a part of the horse. And every jump that Sleepy made, Joe Jackson swung that heavy quirt and raked him in the shoulders with his spurs at the same time.

"Look at that hombre ride!" said the cook; and the horse-wrangler swallowed hard—somehow his sympathies was with the little black. The Sleepy Black was bawling now at every jump—bawling like a mad steer. Long bloody welts was showing on his sides, for Jackson still swung that heavy quirt. "Oh, you ridin' fool," yelled the cook. But the horse-wrangler was cussing softly to himself. He wondered how much longer the little horse could stand the gaff. Blood streamed from Sleepy's shoulders now, where the spurs had hung. His breath was coming in gasps. But Jackson still swung that quirt. And then the horse-wrangler saw that Jackson was bleeding too. His face looked chalk white against that little patch of red that trickled from his nose and mouth. And his body was slanting strangely to one side. But the Sleepy Black fought on. . . .

None of the Slash M punchers could ever tell just how it happened. But Joe Jackson never rode again. Some of the punchers thought a flying hoof had struck him while he was on the ground, for Sleepy had pawed him before the outfit drove him off. But the horse-wrangler told old Dad he thought it happened before Jackson ever hit the ground.

The scars on Sleepy's shoulders healed soon enough. But Sleepy never did forget that ride. From that day on, he always fought when any man came near. It

(Continued on page 106)



Rose Smiles



Rose Smiles

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The New Woman in the New World

By Mrs. J. Borden Harriman

Rarely is it the privilege of a magazine to present to its readers so vitally important a series of articles as these. Mrs. Harriman has for years known all the people important in politics and in social advancement, and now with sympathy and understanding she contrasts the youth of today with that of her own girlhood days.

Courtship and the New Youth

"YES, it is seven years since I saw him last, but he writes to me every week. That's my hope-chest over there—it is brimming over, and ready whenever he sends for me."

Anne was twenty-seven, pretty and intelligent. The man of whom she spoke was a British naval officer, and they had met and parted during one short spring stay in Bermuda, where Anne had been invited to go by her more affluent relatives. Being only in my early 'teens, that seven years' separation seemed a lifetime to me. Seven years! Seven long years in which they had never seen each other, during which their only contact had been through letters. Years in which Anne could have met and had flirtations with ever so many other men, and in which her fiancé could have, or must have, met so many other women in the different ports at which he touched.

"But don't you sometimes wonder if he ever will send for you?" I couldn't help asking in the impetuous incredulity of youth. "Don't you sometimes fear he will forget?"

"How could I doubt him when I love him?" she shot at me, looking out with her gentle brown eyes from a drab monotony of experiences—teaching little girls their scales, playing Schumann at church entertainments, running tucks in fine linen, and reading to an aged aunt. Undisturbed by any restless eagerness for excitement or for social gayeties, Anne was contented, blissfully happy in her absolute trust—a contentment and trust which, as I look back, seem so much more wonderful to me now than they did then. Yet as I think of Anne's life, so different from that of girls of the present,—with their freedom for hectic pleasures, their restlessness and impatience, their innumerable flirtations and hasty marriages,—it was more typical than an outstanding exception in a time when the relations of young people were more restricted and guarded, and when the approach of the sexes and courtships were so vastly different. An engagement of seven years, during which their wooing was carried on through love-letters! Can anyone imagine such a case today when many girls feel neglected unless they have successive ad-

mirers, and boast of their superficial affairs and many others of marriage?

Anne's fidelity to her absent sweetheart, her patient waiting stand out in significant contrast to the promiscuous mingling of the sexes and the too trifling regard for the obligations of marriage on the part of so many young people now. While the younger generation has advanced in many ways over the preceding, while there is much in the new freedom which is for their own development and happiness, there was in Anne's romance—and in many others of the time when I was a debutante—much that was idealistic, spiritual and beautiful which many of our modern young people have lost. If we have thrown off many evils and inhibitions of a time when women were repressed and when many men regarded their wives as chattels, there is yet much that was fine and exalted in the older conceptions of love and marriage which, if we are to find our balance and work out of the present chaos to some constructive basis, must be regained.

If Anne's loyalty during seven years, when she might have had her pick of many other men, was impressive then, how much stranger would such a case be now when many girls become engaged or marry after knowing a man three weeks or even three days! Now a girl of such constancy would be something of a prodigy! In Anne's time transient love-affairs and hasty marriages were far from being the rule. Courtship was a matter of slower and more romantic progress, and the loophole of a possible divorce was never thought of in the same breath as marriage. Young men too, I think, regarded marriage more gravely and with a deeper sense of responsibility, and were much less frivolous and superficial. How many girls, if they waited during a seven years' engagement, could be sure of the return of the youths of the present?

In Anne's case her loyalty was rewarded. Her lover didn't wait for her, but came. Once more stationed at Bermuda, they were there after a three days' honeymoon snatched from his leave.

It was years and years later that I saw them again. In the

X



*A photograph
by Harris and
Ewing of a social
leader who has
achieved much
outside that field
—Mrs. J. Bor-
den Harriman.*

*Unusual indeed
is Mrs. Harri-
man's combina-
tion of vast social
and public ex-
perience with the
literary talent
here manifested.*

mand of a ship, Anne's husband was with the North Atlantic fleet, and they had had two children. Had Anne's dreams of romance, nurtured so faithfully, been fulfilled? I must confess she looked worn and weary for her age. She admitted her husband was exacting and difficult, yes; but she was happy. She was happy in sacrificing herself for those she loved, and satisfied in the fulfillment of the dreams of wifehood and motherhood which had been packed with the linens and lavender in the hope-chest long before. For with Anne marriage had not been merely the consummation of a physical attraction; children, and all the obligations involved, had entered into her conception of the step she intended. Unlike so many modern girls, it had meant for her the fruition of her woman's destiny—living up to her obligations to society and the race in raising children, with the sacrifices and adjustments which must enter into a permanent marital relation-

ship. Those things, when the first glamour of romance paled, when her husband became less of a hero than he had been during the years of idealized absence, made her content to sacrifice herself for the greater joy that comes when people adapt themselves to an association based on mutual sympathy, forbearance and helpfulness. Which is what seems so lacking among young couples now.

Anne was willing to make the best of the exactions of the man she married, and whatever her worries and trials, their affection remained. Her husband was absent from her a great deal of the time, but their devotion was kept alight, as it had been during their engagement, by genuine love-letters—not the hastily dictated word that so often substitutes today, letters without sentiment, as cold and trite as business communications, as casual as information about financial *coups*, the state of the weather or inquiries

about health; not long-distance telephone-calls or laconic telegrams and night letters.

As the writing of love-letters has today become almost a lost art with the young, so has it with married people as well, most of whom employ the modern method, which is most significant of the spirit of haste and materialism of our age, so different from what it was thirty years ago when the average young lover in his own crude way would often imitate the passionate examples of

Abélard or Keats in pouring forth his heart on paper; when a young girl, her imagination fired by the poems of Tennyson, Adelaide Proctor or Ella Wheeler Wilcox, would write to her fiancé in the ardent language of poetry; and when husbands and wives, separated by distance, confided to each other intimate details of every day and so kept close together no matter what distance separated them. Those were days when the young lover approached a girl in something of the spirit with which Charmides addressed his goddess in more ancient times, when the young maiden, withheld from crude familiarities by reticence and a charming modesty, possessed something of the mystery and allure of the immortal *Guinevere* or *Juliet*. Then the luster of poetic imagery, idealization and romance often transmuted a physical attraction into something exalted and spiritualized.

There may have been considerable false sentimentality, but there was also much that was real and ennobling, and the passing of which one cannot but regret now when our overly mature-minded moderns consider it smart, glibly to discuss erudite psychologists and pathologists and to psycho-analyze their feelings and attractions until there is no romance left. It was not that the olden love-letters were all gems of literary or of passionate art. The important thing was what they signified—the engrossment of one human being in another to the exclusion of pleasures or business, a seriousness of thought and regard, a giving of time to the welding of ties of sentiment which could bring and hold people together over a lapse of seven years—or a distance of seven thousand miles.

Today the average girl, if left by a fiancé for a period of any length, would console herself with a procession of tran-

sient companions at dances and night-clubs. And how many wives, left alone as Anne was, would be content with their children and their home? Anne always remained close to her husband. Letters written in all parts of the world, telling of his impressions and experiences, took her with him on his journeys in the British navy. And a pressed spray of florifondia from the British West Indies, wistaria from Japan, a pale-gold faintly aromatic acacia bloom from the Orient, was often an eloquent

postscript to what the absent husband's heart felt. Anne never thought of going out to parties with younger men, and certainly she never became lonely or discontented that she thought of divorce. Yes, letters can be very potent; and in this age of freedom for women, youth in revolt, of jazz, the automobile and radio, we have lost much in seriousness and tenderness of sentiment. There must be thoughtful regard, and those things of the spirit, if the first attraction of youthful passion is to develop into a lasting love, and if marriage is to remain happy.

I know a girl who was wooed by an Englishman solely by letter after their first encounter on an ocean steamer. When his answer was "No," he asked that they continue to correspond as friends. Those letters she found interesting, more so than she had at first appreciated, and through them she came to know the man far better, I am sure than any "flapper" can know a modern "Twentieth Century Limited" wooer after a three day, or a three weeks' acquaintance. After five or six years the war came, and the realization that he was under fire, and that consequently the weekly letters which had come to be so much a part of her life might cease, made Millicent stop to consider. What he had come to mean to her through the courtship came to her in a swift illumination. The thought of how deeply he had touched her heart filled her with happiness and anguish. She finally sailed for England, and after she had seen him at two or three of his leaves from the front, they were married.

Millicent has told me of the agony of those first years, when brief, censored and irregular letters from the trenches told of the fighting, of his love, of his happiness in having won her. At intervals he would return to



Photo © by Brown Brothers

Mrs. William Waldorf Astor, who dominated the "Four Hundred" of New York society when Mrs. Harriman made her debut.

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Photo by Henry Brothers

Mrs. Harriman was an early and ardent advocate of Wilson's candidacy. She is here shown making one of the speeches which did so much for his cause.

England for a too-brief visit—wild and ecstatic hours which impending separation made more bitterly sweet and which brought them more closely together. Always, when he departed, Millicent would go to the channel port with him and watch his ship until it was a fading speck on the horizon. One can imagine her standing there, and can somehow feel what was in her heart. And thus she is something of a symbolic figure in a day when the giddy flapper, scoffing at all poetic sentiment as old-fashioned, engrossed in her merry-go-round of dizzy pleasures, becomes engaged with the reservation, mental or cynically expressed: "Well, if my marriage doesn't pan out, I can get a divorce."

Happily, Millicent's husband was never seriously wounded; and today, with several lovely children, they are living on an estate in one of the most delightful parts of England. When one regards the frivolity, the mad pace of so many of the younger generation, when one hears of girls going unchaperoned to parties where they drink cocktails, dance and publicly flirt until all hours of the night, when one is told of the immature courtships, heedless marriages and divorces of girls under twenty, and considers the reported increase of marriages of girls to elderly men for luxuries and an avaricious anticipation of alimony, it is refreshing and comforting to think of Millicent and the husband who by tact and persistency finally won her. And in this whirligig of our times a visit to such a couple, so securely settled, serves to give one a sort of basis from which to judge both the past and present, and find an appraisal of relative values. Yes, they possess something that the young of today must get back to.

The two cases of Anne and Millicent are hardly comparable, as the latter was an exceptionally beautiful girl, with scores of suitors, possessing everything she could wish for, while the former's life was distinctly colorless. It took a great cataclysm to shake Millicent out of her passive enjoyment to an appreciation of the value of a persistent love which she had awakened. But both incidents serve to illustrate something of the elements which entered into the courtship and marriage of the fathers and mothers of the more sophisticated children of today—of the more

mature and serious budding of romance under the power of the written word, and when girls' conception of love and their anticipation of marriage were so much more securely grounded in ideals of fidelity and permanence.

Girls watching for the postman with tremulous expectancy, and slipping away to read the inviolate words far from prying eyes—in contrast with those of the blatant present with whom "the more, the merrier" seems to be the rule—treasured their letters from the one man on their horizon and filled their hope-chests in the joy of a sacred and cherished constancy. Burying one's face in bouquets of luscious roses while hunting with nervous fingers for the donor's card—such things played leading parts in an old-fashioned romance. Sometimes one wonders if all that is gone forever in this day of speed.

There were, moreover, successful and highly romantic rapid-fire courtships in the past—though they were the exception.

It was on the Twentieth Century Limited, and he was bound for Chicago. Just before the train started, a young woman, dressed all in a fawn-color that harmonized with her fawnlike eyes, took the opposite seat. He fancied her appearance at once, and then found himself during the next hour or so strangely drawn in her direction. She seemed so quiet and retiring that his first surmise was that she must be a governess. But no; her clothes, although inconspicuous, were too scrupulously in the fashion, from the velvet toque that framed her appealing face to the tip of her patent leather shoe.

His chance came when, turning abruptly to look out of the window, magazines, books, knitting and other sundries were avalanched from her lap to the middle of the aisle.

"How like me!" she smiled, as he fished for the last and most important possession, her purse. "My brothers always tell me I should be followed by a little dinky to pick up what I drop."

When dinner-time came and they were sitting opposite each other at a small table, they felt as if they had always been friends. It was one of the things that just happen, natural, unaffected; kindred spirits, kindred minds, drawn together. There

was nothing forced about it, not the least inhibition of strangeness or self-consciousness.

Just as the train made its last stop next day before Chicago, he asked her to marry him.

"But how ridiculous!" she said. "I don't even know your name."

"It's Jack Hemmingway; and yours?"

"Hope Hale," she answered.

She promised to write to him, as he put her on her train that afternoon for Minnesota. She did. And a few months later they were married.

That was more than twenty years ago. And they have "lived happily ever after."

Other cases there were, too, where "love at first sight" and marriage in haste did not mean repentance at leisure—where love for an hour was indeed love forever.

My friend Prof. X had letters of introduction to a family who lived in the outskirts of Boston. He was bored to have to deliver them, but finally felt constrained to do so. He hired a horse and buggy and asked a friend, whom he had invited to go with him, to wait outside, as that would give him an excuse to make his visit brief.

Impatiently chafing, the friend waited and waited. He waited three hours. And when Prof. X did come out, he informed his friend that he was engaged to be married.

To the daughter of the house those three hours were like *Othello's* recital of his adventures to *Desdemona*—she was so enchanted by his tales of travel that she fell in love at once. But after marriage she found that in reality she had won no *Othello*, and they settled down to quiet domesticity.

I know a man who has loved a woman faithfully for twenty-five years, and in all that time he has not missed writing to her a single day. Both are married; both are Roman Catholics, and so will probably never be completely united. Intelligent, high-minded, faithful to the tenets of their creed, believing in what many consider anachronistic ideals of morality and fidelity, their affection has reached a plane where they have ceased to chafe against the impediments preventing a more intimate relationship. And they have attained a happiness, a mental comradeship and spiritual union, deeper and more lasting than is possible with many a modern wife who follows the more lax code which teaches that self-indulgence and freedom are paramount to any obligations to society and children, and who permits herself to be swept from her home by any emotional change of wind. The love of those two people, deepening and ripening with the years, has bridged the chasm by a daily interchange of confidences expressed, beautiful thoughts materialized.

Of course, of the couples who wooed and were won to each other through the more tangible and beautiful courtship of letters, comparatively few achieved real heights of literary expression. But the motive and feeling were there; and if few were capable of putting into words the poetry and passion of the letters of Abélard to Héloïse, or of Keats to Fanny Brawne, the lovers of that time accomplished their ends. They took the time and pains at least for telling what each felt for the other; they came intimately to know one another and developed together; and they could, as many did when their own vocabulary failed, quote Tennyson, or Shakespeare's impassioned passages between *Julius* and *Romeo*. And between people who thus corresponded there was much of the glamour and allure of those immortal lovers.

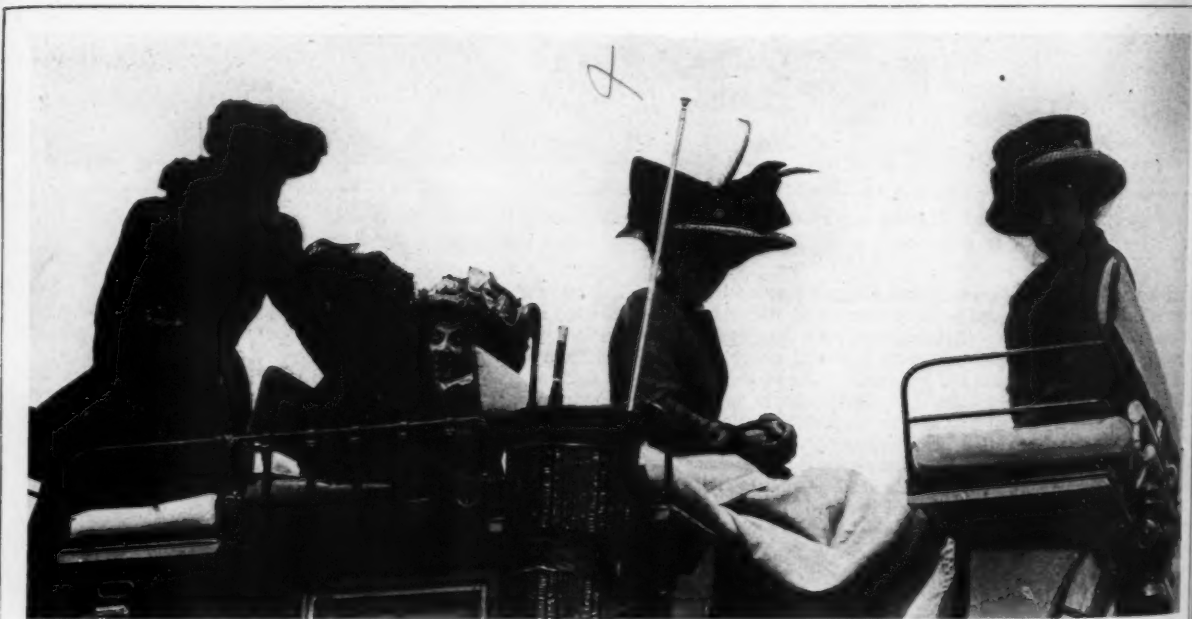


Photo © by Brown Brothers

A coaching party of New York's most exclusive set in the old days: Mrs. Marion Storey (standing), Miss Osborn, Mrs. A. Alexander, Mrs. Marion, Mrs. J. Borden Harriman.

That had been, surely, as lightninglike a falling in love and quick courtship as you may find anywhere today. But there were elements to it—depths of passion, sincerity of regard and common interests—that you do not find in current marriages whose hurried pace leads to the divorce-courts. After marriage there was no continual chasing around; they did not turn their home into a sort of amateur cabaret with the constant giving of such parties as are aptly pictured in the flapper novels of Mr. Scott Fitzgerald. Rapid as had been their wooing, their love was real, and with mutual interests they grew closer together as the years passed. She was contented in her home, while the Professor had his classes in college, and it was only after their children had grown up and settled down themselves that they went out together into the world in their quest of the "isles of the Hesperides" and to renew their youthful romance in strange lands and strange adventure.

The modern courtier can't wait to write. He must telegraph an expression of what he is feeling on the instant or else not at all. And as against the delightful if sometimes overlong epistles of a former day, some such conversation as this takes place—

"Hello, old thing! How you feeling? How about dinner and stepping out tonight? You're not feeling well? Oh, snap out of it. Be yourself! Well, if you can't come, I'll get the *Clay* blonde. You don't want to lose me to the blonde, do you?"

"But I can't drag along a dead one."

"Well, I thought you might change your mind. Make it snap! I'm waiting, and I won't wait long."

In this the one compensation is, barring a chance listener, that there is no likelihood of an interchange of evanescent musings being given to posterity should one or the other ever achieve greatness!

To one who has known the charm of courtship in the past

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Photo by American Red Cross

Mrs. Harriman (in center) with the group of American Red Cross ambulance drivers of which she was in charge, in front of their garage in Paris, 1918.

very-long-ago—and I could recall story after story of romances pungent as musk and delicate as rare old lace!—there is something shockingly appalling in the crudity, the coarse familiarity, the sheer slang and vulgarity on the part of some supposedly in love today. To make clear what I mean, I might illustrate by an analogy. To one who has observed two generations in love, there is as much difference as there is between a landscape by Corot or Millais, with all their rarefied and idealized charm and delicate tones, and a slap-dash cubist canvas. Manners have changed for the worse, yes. And in the long run, must not external manners somehow affect, if not morals, at least the niceties of sentiment and feeling?

I repeat that I believe there has been a general improvement of morals—due to enlightenment and the freedom and opportunities given girls—among the majority of the young. But among an element there has been an unmistakable degeneration, especially in the relationship of the sexes and the conceptions of love and marriage. In individual cases—and I am now speaking of young women—modern ideas of freedom have been carried to such flagrant excess in actual practice as would have horrified society a generation back. In contrast with my friend Anne and her seven-year engagement, and Millicent's lovely romance, certain modern girls make themselves scandalously conspicuous.

They are modern as—Faustina. But even in dissolute Rome and in Greece in its decline, where domestic virtues were highly honored, such women were regarded with dismay as exceptions, and as such were recorded by historians. Fortunately they are also exceptions today. But extreme cases as they are in comparison with the great majority, they seem to illustrate to what looseness a too unrestricted freedom may be tending. And that, after their escapades and shocking behavior, they are still received socially and are still tolerated and not ostracised as they would have been twenty years ago, indicates a laxity of standards generally.

When they speak of flappers,—a term I don't like,—I think of Jessica. The slang term *flapper* comes, I am told, from the German word "*Backfisch*," describing the flapping little fish in a net which are to be thrown back into the ocean, and was the equivalent

of the American "squab" and "chicken" applied to very tender young things a few years ago. Jessica used to remind me, in fact, of those little silvery minnows. She was so diminutive and flexible and nervously agile, always on the jump; you could never put your finger upon her. She was attractive in her feverish, restless way, always looking for a "kick," as she put it. Her family were conservative; and Jessica, the youngest daughter, was the antithesis of everything they believed in and stood for. She was flippant, slangy, with a cold, sharp wit. An unconscious egotist, and at bottom selfish, yet she did have charm. Some way in advance of the postwar flapper, she was a precursor of the extreme type. She read everything and seemed to believe in nothing, except in her own self-gratification. The most important thing in life seemed to be having a good time. She was vain, craving attention and utterly fickle, maybe not so much malicious as just heedless. She fascinated boys by her mercurial temperament, her being "a good sport," as they put it, and her acid wit.

Hedged in at home from too flagrant flirtations, she broke loose when she went to Paris shortly before the Armistice. War work in those somber days was, to her, just having a lark. What havoc she played with the hearts of ever so many nice young soldiers, who took her blandishments seriously, one can't know. She carried on her lovemaking quite publicly and coquetted outrageously, and constantly had a number of men "on the string." She scandalized people who knew her family, by her indecorousness and the immoderate way she drank cocktails and wine. She was seen everywhere, always with a group of admirers about her; one wondered if she ever rested. "Boys are nice things," she breezed to a friend who remonstrated with her. "But they take themselves so seriously! Falling in love—it's like a cocktail—if you don't let it get under your skin. The more, the merrier, and there's safety in numbers!"

Jessica had the "slim boyish flat form," but with the appeal of a cajoling femininity. She could do anything that a boy could, she would often declare, flinging reserves to the winds. One couldn't help contrasting her with her grandmother, a sweet old lady of the old school, compared to whom Jessica was truly an offshoot of the new age! "One (Continued on page 134)

Golden Pajamas

By James Francis Dwyer

Upon the golden silk
tinkled gold coins.
The girl passed John
Dreve....Sunbeams
pointing accusing
fingers at the coins.



A SILENCE crept along the fashionable beach, a silence that gobbled up the tattle clamor. Fat gossip, pyramiding in the morning sunshine, was beaten flat.

John Dexter Dreve, one time of Dreveton, Virginia, felt the massed muteness. Without turning his head, he knew what had brought the sudden hush. The much advertised "Venus du Lido" had at last shown herself upon the plage.

The girl possessed a God-given slimness, a sweet, supple slenderness that suggested spirituality. A boyish form, bosomless, seemingly wary of sex proclamations. A form that appeared to juggle with gender, evade it, mock it as something that need not be aggressively advertised.

Into her walk came an undefinable something that thrilled the brood of Midas lounging in the sunshine. A fleeting, teasing, deliciously disturbing something. To Dreve it brought flashing thoughts of Salmacis, of the graceful Endymion, of the shaded groves of Argos, of Cyprian legends. Yet she was audaciously modern.

A cold, calm face. Boredom and contempt throned upon it. Eyes unusually large, honey-gold, and curiously unseeing. The mouth a trifle long. Cinnamon-tinted hair, crisp like the hair of a young god. Curls, alive, tremulous, lifting themselves by the fingers of the scented breeze to look at the sea of cobalt blue.

The graceful form in golden pajamas—golden pajamas in every seam of which genius had built itself a little resting-place, golden pajamas fashioned by dreaming, sensuous fingers.

Upon the golden silk tinkled little coins. Gold coins—crocus-flushed, quince-yellow, marigold-hued. Coins of the dead centuries, pieces that had eluded the dust-heaps of time.

Coins that had been treasured for strange reasons. Payments

for great love, for treason, for infamy. Coins made curiously indestructible by the services for which they had paid. Gold *staters* of Lydia! *Mohurs* and *dinars*. Regal coins of the Brutti showing Thetis astride a sea-horse. Rare Persian *darics*, double *shekels* of Sidon, *tetradrachms* graced with the splendid head of Athene, glittering *deniers* and *bezants*. Beautiful pieces stamped with the beardless Dionysus, Attic *octadrachms* depicting the leering Silenus and a trembling nymph. Priceless coins, museum-sought, unique!

The girl passed John Dreve. Her big lazy eyes rolled over the handsome exile from Virginia. Tinkling like huddled fairy bells, she passed in the silence bred of wonder. Sunbeams pointing accusing fingers at the coins, the coins spurring fiery indignation. What if they were the hoarded payments of lust, of treason, of infamy? They had lived through the strange fortunes gained from the deeds they paid for, lived through the change of centuries. Caressed and cherished, nestling in warm treasure-crocks, sleeping on white bosoms, now flashing in the sunlight on silken pajamas!

The gossip-eating silence held like a tense strand of crimson silk. Unblinking eyes on the girl, eyes made lidless by curiosity.

A maid trailed the girl, a maid Abyssinian-black, Cimmerian-shineless. A portentous black that suggested flesh and bone of

FOR this story of Dreve, that romantic Virginian exiled to Europe, Mr. Dwyer goes to Venice. A month or two hence, the beach of which he writes will be peopled with Americans—and if they do not see there a girl in golden pajamas, they'll see others no less astonishing.

Illustrated
by
Dalton
Stevens

mon gilded folk were in their ranks. They surged around her, offering striped umbrellas, air-beds on which she could float out to sea, limonatas, bonbons, strawberries, everything!

The black gorgon met the attack. Her defense would have made the Swiss Guard ashamed of their protective efforts. She was bribe-proof, contemptuous regarding titles, amazingly vigorous in repelling gate-crashers. The girl's privacy remained unviolated.

But the desire for acquaintance grew. Deft tongues broidered the tales concerning her, made them *cliquant*, intriguing, deliciously naughty. The girl was a princess one moment and a peasant the next. She was rich; she was poor. She adored men and hated them. She was Russian, French, Roumanian, Armenian, Italian and American. The *Compagnia dei Grandi Alberghi* was paying her five

hundred dollars a week to stay at the *plage*. More! A thousand—five thousand! Why? Because! Ah, because! She had made insolence a lure. Turned contempt and boredom into priceless provocatives.

John Dexter Dreve was strangely interested. The deep buried corpse of a dead memory had stirred faintly at the first glimpse of the girl—a memory so far off that it seemed pigeonholed in a former existence. Yet Dreve encouraged it, held out crumbs to it. Tried to bait it from its hiding-place by frequent views of the girl in the golden pajamas. Daily he watched her pass. Listened to the tinkle of the applauding coins. He damned the teasing memory after each glimpse of her. Why the devil did her face plague him? Where, how and when had he seen her or some one like her? No, it must have been the girl herself. There was no one else in the world like her. No one! She was a stunner, as the monocled Englishman had observed.

Then, on the fifth day after the girl's arrival, Peter, the woolly-headed negro who had followed John Dexter Dreve into exile, startled his master. Peter had laid out Dreve's dinner-clothes; then, without any warning, he fired a crammed blunderbuss of gossip at Dreve.

"Dat girl as wears de golden piejimmies an' all de little coins on 'em hab a nigger maid from Virginny," said Peter quietly.

the same hue. Laden with cushions and rugs was the maid, cushions tinted jade and topaz.

The girl in the golden pajamas pointed imperiously to a spot on the shimmering sands. The maid dropped on her knees and deftly arranged a resting-place. Slowly and gracefully the girl settled herself; then the tongues were unleashed. The tattle barrage rose again. Stridulous, slashing, merciless. Scandal, prancing on giraffelike legs, galloped up and down the beach—scandal built around the girl.

A monocled Englishman sitting beside John Dexter Dreve unloosed a long-held breath as the girl rested. "By the living Lord Harry, she's a stunner!" he cried. "Never seen anything like her in my life!"

Then the siege began. The Lodge of the Let's Get Acquainted, the Society of Amicable Asses, the Brotherhood of Friendly Boobs, moved to the attack. Princes, counts, knights and com-



Dreve wheeled upon him. "A maid from Virginia?" he cried. "I thought the maid was a Senegambian. She speaks French to the mob that try to get acquainted with her mistress."

"Yes, Mr. Jack, but she's from Virginny," asserted Peter. "Mo' an' dat, she's from Richmon'. Her mammy worked fo' yo' mother befoh you was born. An' she didn't work long neither. Nobody could fool yo' mother. Miss Sally jest tossed her out as a wuthless good-fo'-nuffin."

John Dexter Dreve was greatly intrigued. "But are you certain, Peter?" he demanded.

"I's certain," said Peter doggedly. "I'll tell you, Mr. Jack. Yistiddy I spoke to her on de beach when her young lady was in de hotel. I says to her, I says: 'Aint you Mirandy Spriggins o' Richmon'?' I says it polite to her, an' she snaps back in French like this: 'Jay nay pawl paw Anglay.' I grinned an' said back to her: 'You sholy could pawl American, Mirandy, when you lived out near de Ol' Soldiers' Home at Richmon'.' Den she got mad an' gave me a lot o' French in a hurry, tellin' me she didn't speak anny langwidge dat I knew, an' didn't like speakin' to me anyhow."

Peter paused, and Dreve prompted him. "What then?" he asked.

"Why, I went an' lost my temper, Mr. Jack," said the negro

apologetically. "You see, I knew her as well as I know you. I says to her, I says: 'Why, black gal, I knew yo' mother an' yo' sister Petuny, an' yo' brother Andromedy, who got inter jail fo' stealing one of Cap'in Huddlestone's hogs, an' yo' other brother Hasdrubble, who was near lynched fo' puttin' a log o' wood in front o' de Floridy Special as she was pullin' out o' Richmon' jest because a nigger porter wus on de train dat he didn't like. I shouldn't have said all dat, Mr. Jack, but dat black gal jebberin' French at me sort o' got me all riled up."

"It was a rough method of renewing an acquaintanceship."

"Yes, Mr. Jack," said Peter.

"And what happened then?" asked the Virginian.

"She got mighty sensible den," growled Peter. "She said: 'Don't speak so loud, nigger. You yell out like de white man dat nounces de trains at de Southern Depot back home.'"

"And were you friendly after the little passage at arms?" questioned Dreve.



The bullet went wide as Dreve avalanched upon the attacker. The fellow went backward. Dreve's fingers throat-hunting.

"Sholy," answered Peter. "Her an' me talked quite a lot. Her mistress, de woman as wears de golden piejimmies an' all de little coins, is from Virginny too."

Dreve, speechless with astonishment, stared at the negro. Again, within the secret cells of memory, that long-buried corpse stirred faintly. Peter, seeing that his report was receiving attention, went on without any urging. "She's from ober near de Blue Ridge," he chanted. "She's married, so Mirandy says. Married to a feller as plays all de day at de baccara' tables. A big feller as ugly as de debbil. He loses all de money dat de lady earns. Every cent o' it. He's a count or somethin' like dat, an' he doesn't wish dat maid or dat girl as wears all de golden coins to say dey is American. Dat's why dey talk French all de time. But dey is Americans, Mr. Jack. I knew Mirandy Spriggins' mammy befo' you was bo'n."

John Dexter Dreve, suddenly awakening to the fact that he was greedily drinking servant gossip, waved Peter from the room.

The Virginian was strangely startled. An imp hidden in the deep recesses of the brain taunted him. He wondered what it was that led him forward, seeking, striving for a solution to some puzzle he was only dimly aware of.

Virginia came very close to him in the moments that followed Peter's story. Mentally he galloped from Harper's Ferry, where the Potomac crashes proudly through, down the Blue Ridge to where roaring Roanoke sits among its crested hills. He found himself repeating Peter's words as he sat at the dinner-table. "She's from ober near the Blue Ridge,"

had said the negro. The words stirred Dreve in a curious manner. They bred visions of home—of Richmond; of Dreveton! The old home made wonderful and enchanting by memories of fair sweet ladies and gallant gentlemen. Over the chatter all about him he heard the negroes singing the Odyssey of Noah, one of their beloved chants:

*When Mr. Noah stepped
outer de ark
He foun' hisself in Cap
Dreveton's park,
An' de old Cap said to
de nigger groom:
Bring a big mint julep
from de dining-room,
An' if de gemman likes
to stay,
He can eat baked ham
in de Dreveton way.*

Appetite left John Dexter Dreve. He walked down to the landing stage, took a gondola to the City of Purple Dreams and landed at the Riva degli Schiavoni. . . .

The coin-dealer lived in a little street leading from the Merceria to the Church of San Giuliano, a street in which once resided the debt-exacting Shylock who desired his sixteen ounces of flesh from Antonio's body. A mean, evil-smelling street, full of dark burrows in which queer folk carried on small and seemingly unprofitable affairs.

The dealer in coins was a very old man with keen black eyes. He watched the strong fingers of John Dexter Dreve as they strayed over the faded plush of the coin-trays, touching a piece here and there. Presently the old man broke the silence of the little shop.

"You know coins," he said in a queer whispering voice. "You touch them as if you were trying to find out why they have been preserved."

The Virginian smiled. "I think there must be reasons," he said quietly. "Just now I want a coin with a past. Do you understand?"

The coin-dealer nodded. "Your hand has come back a dozen times to a piece that I'll wager has a history," he whispered. "I mean the *zecchino*. It—it is a coin that I love. Each time that I handle it I feel that it whispers to me."

He paused, watching the tall Virginian; then, finding encouragement in the face of his visitor, he went on: "All my life I have handled old coins," he murmured. "Old coins that have been treasured for reasons that we will never know. They speak to my fingers. Once—listen to this!" He came close to Dreve, his lean bald head thrust forward. "Once I had in this shop a silver coin that was worn smooth. There was no mark upon it to show where it was minted, or by whom, but—but I knew that it was a wonderful coin. I knew! It made my fingers thrill in a strange manner when I touched it. It made me dream. Listen to me! Into this shop came a man who knew coins. He touched it, and it spoke to him. A dozen times he put it down; a dozen times he picked it up; then he asked the price. (Continued on page 108)

We Live but Once

By Rupert Hughes

The Story So Far:

VALERIE DANGERFIELD had always had whatever she wanted. Now, when this handsome stranger so intrigued her with the shadow of sadness on his face, she sought to have him also. At a musicale she was introduced to him and learned that his name was Blair Fleming—and met his silly over-dressed wife Amy, and thought she understood that look of tragedy in his eyes. Later Mrs. Fleming invited Valerie to a week-end party at the mountain resort of Arrowhead Lake. And Valerie so contrived it that she should drive Fleming up the dangerous mountain road in her own car the evening after the others had assembled. Halfway up the difficult ascent they were caught in a terrific cloudburst, and barely escaped going over the precipice. All that night they sat side by side in the storm-girt islet of the car. And when daylight and cleared skies woke them from a doze, they found the crippled car immovable, and were forced to trudge up the muddy road toward their destination.

Amy, however, could make little complaint, for Valerie inadvertently and unobserved came upon her foolishly philandering with an Englishman, Jimmy St. John—and realized that Mrs. Fleming was in no position to attack Blair and Valerie for their adventure. . . . It was the following morning, as the various guests were packing up and saying good-by, that Fleming, passing Valerie, groaned without looking at her: "I love you! I love you!" And afterward Valerie answered him:

"I heard you. It made me very happy. For I love you!"

Later Valerie met Blair and delivered her ultimatum:

"If you love me enough to get free from your wife somehow, then I'll know you love me enough to deserve my love."

Blair did his best to present Amy's side of it—she was not to blame for the temperament she had been born with, and the affair must be arranged so as to hurt her as little as possible. And Valerie, counting on Amy's flirtation with St. John, thought it could be managed without much difficulty. But—Amy had already broken with St. John. So it happened that when Fleming took up the matter with Amy he found her difficult. Presently, indeed, she won from him a promise not to abandon her.

Finally Valerie, with the help of her aunt Mrs. Pashley, hit upon a plan, without Blair's knowledge, to buy Mrs. Fleming off. Blair had tried to bribe Amy with a trip to Paris, where she was to obtain a divorce, and had failed. Now Valerie, who had some twenty-five thousand dollars in her own right, made the same maneuver. Mrs. Pashley asked Amy to tea and invited her to make a trip to Paris with her—painted the delights of Paris in alluring colors. Then Valerie came forward with her offer of the handsome sum she could contribute. Amy made no promise, but

Mr. Hughes here brings to its conclusion a novel that, if the many letters which come to us are to be accepted as an indication, has been followed month after month with rapt attention by thousands of absorbed readers. And to those readers the dénouement of the story will be no less surprising than was the original project of Valerie to secure unto herself, at whatever hazard, the man she loved.

Illustrated by
Will Foster

accepted the fine diamond Valerie offered to bind the bargain. And she went home with a very pleasing little plan decided upon: she would accept Blair's previously proffered Paris trip, and his money to pay for it; she would also accept Valerie's jaunt to France, and her money; and then she would calmly decline to obtain the divorce! (The story continues in detail:)

WHEN Amy reached home she was in a turmoil of ecstatic hatreds; she had seen a series of triumphs over the people who had conspired for her ruin.

That big diamond was her co-conspirator and her most amusing comforter. It seemed positively to giggle with light. It set her to giggling so that she could hardly keep her face straight long enough to pay the taxicab driver.

She went about the house singing. She began to despise all her knick-knacks, to realize that they were unworthy of her. They were probably not at all what the French would have chosen. She would soon know what the French would have chosen. She tried to remember a few French words. Her vocabulary was small. It included *oui* and *au revoir*, *risqué* and *demi-tasse* and—and—oh, yes, *ennui*.

That was the word that expressed her opinion of her life up to now. It had been one long stretch of "on-wee."

She must get a French teacher, and a steamer-rug, and—she could hardly wait for the steamer to leave the dock. The house was stifling her. The town was a prison. To see France—to *belles France! Parez! Vive la something! Vive la everything!*

To think that only last night she was clinging to her husband as if he were the last man on earth, and had shriveled up inside when he invited her to go to Paris alone! Well, she would go, and she would have a good time. Married women, she understood, had more fun than anybody else in Paris. She would find as she had never flirted before—not even with Jimmy St. John.

His name gave her a little pause. There was a catch in her laughter. It had hurt when he gave her up. She had never quite got over it. And he had loved her in a way, after his fashion, loved her so much that he wanted her all for himself. It was pleasant to think that somebody had wanted her all for himself. And she had been insulted by his love! She had scratched and bit!

At the very time when her husband was out in the moonlight making love to another woman, Amy had been fighting off the caresses of Mr. St. John, who pronounced it "Sinjun."

Well, that would never happen again. While she was abroad, Valerie and Blair would be carrying on shamelessly, no doubt—but—well, let them! She would be carrying on a bit too.



"No, but—well,
you see I have
reason to believe
that Mrs. Fleming
misses you—is
pining for you—"

Then she would come back and laugh at them. She would continue to carry on, but she would never let Blair go. She hated him now, hated him well enough to deny him his freedom. She would never live with him again, but she would see that he never married Valerie Dangerfield. Let them wreck their reputations all they wanted to. She would never let them redeem them.

She stopped short in her rhapsody, realizing that she had not yet given Mrs. Pashley and Valerie her definite answer. She ran to the telephone, dialed the number and gave her name to the butler. Very promptly she had Mrs. Pashley's voice at her ear.

"Oh, Mrs. Pashley, I left your house in such a hurry that I forgot to give you an answer to your invitation to go to Paris with you."

She reveled in the anxiety of Mrs. Pashley's tone:

"And have you made up your mind?"

"Yes. On thinking it over, I have decided that I cannot afford to miss the opportunity. It was wonderful of you to invite me

to be your guest, and I accept with ever so much pleasure. And will you tell Miss Dangerfield that I accept her—her proposition, and as soon as—I hate to speak of money, but—well, you know, beggars can't be choosers. So when she is ready to give it to me, and when you're ready to sail, I'm ready."

"That's splendid!"

"I'll have a good talk with my husband tonight, but, of course I won't tell him of Miss Dangerfield's share in the trip."

"Of course not."

"Then it's all understood. And I can't thank you enough. G-o-o-o-d-by!"

"Good-by!"

As she hung up the telephone, she could imagine what was happening in the Pashley home. She made a face at the transmitter and laughed so hard that she fell over into a chair. She guessed the truth—that Mrs. Pashley poured out the good news to Valerie, and rejoiced with her in their ability to wind Amy around their little fingers.

But she did not guess that Valerie turned serious after the first rapture in the success of her scheme, and was smitten with an intuition of just what was in Amy's mind. How women know women!

"Well, you're in for it," Valerie said. "You are going for a long buggy-ride with Mrs. Fleming. God help you! But when it's all over, when she's enjoyed your hospitality and spent all the money I have in the world, what's to prevent her from deciding not to get the divorce after all?"

"Make her sign a contract or a bond or something."

"I doubt if a contract to get a divorce and give me her husband would hold good in law," Valerie pondered. "And her bond would be no better than her word. I wouldn't trust that woman in anything except where her selfishness was concerned."

"But wouldn't her selfishness make her give up the husband that doesn't want her?"

"Not if she felt that she could wreck all my happiness and his by hanging onto her power. My only hope is that she hasn't brains enough to think of it, for if she does, she'll play a trick on us, as sure as fate."

With huge effort she dragged the fainting wretch in, extended him on a couch and ministered to him.

Chapter Thirty-four

GALES of laughter had swept Amy's heart after her conquest of Valerie and Mrs. Pashley. She had danced about the house, and gone through her wardrobe like a spring wind, tossing away dresses, shoes, hats and other properties that were unfit for a lady Paris-bound.

She had pondered whether to rent her house unfurnished or furnished. She was tempted to have an auction. Auctions were thrilling, and she had just auctioned off her husband at an immensely better price than she could ever have got for him on the open market. When he reached home, she would have the delight of telling him so. She would draw herself up to a mental height of at least seven feet and look down at him with the curled lip of scorn. And she would say:

"Well, she bought you, Blair. You're her little white slave from now on. You are worth nothing to me, but I made her pay a whacking big price for you. Pretty good for a secondhand article—an old used car like you."

No, she must not mention that. In the first place, Blair would go into a fury. He would refuse to be sold. He would call up Valerie and break with her.

Then there would be no Paris, no divorce, merely a settling down into the dull old rut. Now that the dream of France had flashed through her soul, she would never be content with a reversion to an existence whose dreariness she had not realized till now. The radiance of Paris had done for her soul what the knowledge of Valerie had done to Blair's soul. It had rendered the past intolerable as a picture of the future.

No, she must not risk Paris by telling Blair the truth. She must hide from him even the ring, for though he was usually as blind as a bat to anything new she wore, that diamond would pierce even his eyes, and he would ask about it.

There was a further reason, a final reason, for keeping Blair in the dark, a most essential part of her revenge, which was to come as near as she could to impoverishing both Valerie and Blair. She had already half-decided that after she got to Paris, she would write or cable Valerie that she had spent all her money and must have more or she would not go on with the scheme. She might work that oftener than once! She did not call it blackmail, but it amounted to that.

When she had taken the last cent that Valerie could raise, it would be time enough to cable over: "I have changed my mind and decided not to get the divorce, and what are you going to

do about it?" They could never sue her for the money, and she would never dare to publish the story, or even talk about it.

Taking all that she could extract from Blair had yet another justification, and a most virtuous one. Every dollar she got from him was one dollar less to be spent on Valerie. His money would go where a husband's money should go, into the hands of his lawfully wedded wife, and would not be squandered on an unscrupulous home-wrecker who deserved everything that was going to do to her.

No, indeed, she must not let Blair imagine for a moment that she would have anybody but him to look to for a single penny.





When she heard his car drive in, her heart began to beat with stage-fright. Would she be able to remember everything, to remember especially what to forget?

She forgot all about the ring until she started downstairs.

She paused long enough to twist it from her finger, and look for a place to put it. Women nowadays have no place about them to hide anything. They do not even hide themselves. The ladies of an earlier day dropped things down into their bosoms. But if Amy did that, the ring would simply go right on through to the floor.

A pocket in a petticoat was a thing she did not have, for she had no petticoat. She could not stick it in her stocking, for her stockings were as transparent as nothing at all.

Yes, there was one place. Seeing Blair waiting in the hall, she turned her back modestly, tucked the ring into the hem of her stocking and rolled it under, for she wore no garters. Then she turned back and explained to the prospective stranger below, with a blush and a faltering voice:

"My stocking was coming down."

Then she remembered to draw a long face and descend the steps

in a funeral march. Seeing her once more in the blues gave Blair's heart a wrench and made it impossible for him to carry out his own plan, which was to march up to his room and begin to pack. He waited speechless while she greeted him with a dismal: "How do you do, Blair. Will you come into the drawing-room, please?"

Staring at her as she led the way, he wondered if she had gone quite mad with grief. When she sat down primly and motioned him to a chair, he wondered if she were going to pour tea for him.

"Blair, dear, I've been thinking over all that has happened and all that you said last night," Amy began with labored gentleness. "You broke my heart, and I've cried till I can cry no more. Now I am going to try to be brave. My one ambition has been to make you happy."

She overplayed the scene, and he could see that she was acting and acting badly.

"Oh, cut the prologue and come back to Hecuba."

"I don't know the lady," said Amy, "or is that your pet name for—"

"Stop it, Amy, for God's sake! What are you leading up to?"

This angered her, for it robbed her of a fine speech that she had been rehearsing all day. Still, since he insisted, she would let him have the end of it. She held herself under admirable control as she meekly reminded him:

"Last night you advised me to go to Paris and get a divorce. Remember?"

"I do, indeed, and I remember your flat refusal."

"Well, I've changed my mind."

She usually did, but he was none the less dazed. He gasped:

"You have?"

"Yes," she sighed, trying to look as much as possible like Saint Cecilia in the panel on

the wall over the piano, and lacking only the tilted halo. "Since you seem to have your heart set on being rid of me, I am willing to sacrifice myself for your greater happiness."

His eyes narrowed. When Amy grew the martyr, she was always up to some extreme selfishness. But what of it? The important thing, the blindingly gorgeous thing, was that she was actually offering him his freedom. He stretched his arms as if manacles had fallen from his wrists.

"That's wonderful," he mumbled awkwardly. "It's splendid of you. It means your own greater happiness in the long run."

"I am not thinking of myself," she murmured.

He thought, "You little liar!" but he said: "Of course not; but—well, it's mighty white of you, honey. It's magnificent. It's—when did you plan to go?"

"When do you want me to go?"

"Yesterday! Last week!" was what he wanted to say, for laughter was bubbling over in the depths of his heart. But he imitated her solemnity:

"The sooner the better, I suppose."

"Have you the—the money?"

"Oh, yes."

"I was afraid you mightn't have. You were talking pretty poor lately."

That cut him and shamed him, and he stammered:

"Well, I can manage somehow."

"It will take a lot of money."

"I suppose so, but I can raise it, I guess."

AMY had a genius for bargaining, and now she paid her husband a more handsome tribute than she intended, when she chose to couch her demand for the maximum in the form of a prayer for the minimum:

"I'll do it as cheaply as possible, of course."

"Indeed you won't! I'm no millionaire, but neither am I a pauper. You go over on the biggest steamer, and hold your head up in Paris with the best of them."

She was not touched by his consideration so much as resentful of his boastfulness and his belated spendthrift gallantry. She was tempted to snap:

"You think you can afford to give me all you've got, now that you are going to marry a rich woman, but just you wait! She won't be so rich when I get through with her, and you'll never marry her anyway."

This, however, she kept to herself with no great difficulty, and it gave her a pleasant inner tension. She was even less flattered by Blair's eagerness to get the business over with.

"Of course, you haven't figured out how much you will absolutely need," he said. "I'll give you more than that, but we can easily find out. The best hotels in Paris can't cost more than the best hotels in New York or Los Angeles. As for the steamer fare—wait!"

He hastened to the telephone-book and began to ransack it with quick thumbs and fingers. He searched the classified index until he came upon what he wanted under the head of "Steamship Companies." Here he found the international travel bureaus listed, and selecting a household word, called up its office in time to catch a tardy clerk just closing the shop.

Blair explained:

"My wife wants to catch the first best steamer to Paris. When does it sail, and how much will a good cabin cost?"

The clerk had the information at his tongue's end, and Blair wrote down his estimates. The amount staggered him a little, and when he reckoned up the railroad travel, the hotel prices in Paris, the legal expenses, and the lifelong alimony to follow, his heart sank, for every dollar meant a gouge in his hard earnings, a future pounding of his weary brain.

It was an expensive thing, getting rid of a romance, and an ex-wife was costlier than one that lived at home!

There were women of the type called "new," who scorned to take money from divorced husbands; there were judges who had lately ruled that a divorced wife had no right to live in idle ease upon the earnings of her former husband; but those were the harbingers only of a remote dawn. The majority of women still held that men who once said they loved them had put a mortgage on their lives, and some of the women collected alimony even after they had married again.

Amy was certainly none of your new women, and the dear old fashioned type of which she was an example would be the last to release any man from the obligation to keep them from the shame of earning their own livings.

Blair did not expect it of her, and would readily have pledged himself to any sum she asked, and put his whole future in pawn for his present freedom. When he thought of how he was to support Valerie on the less than nothing that Amy would leave, he hastily dismissed the thought. Let the day after tomorrow take care of its own riddles.

He kept the steamship agent on the telephone while he went to and fro for conferences with Amy, who managed by ingenious meekness to goad Blair into providing her with the best of everything. He would not let the agent go until he had definitely arranged for reservations to be secured by telegraph, and the tickets across the continent, across the ocean and down to Paris made up, for payment on the morrow.

Since Amy was to leave him so soon for so long,—for permanently,—it seemed unnecessarily petty to carry out his plan of removing from the house to his club. Since it was highly undesirable that any open breach should be made known to the public and the newspapers until the divorce was consummated, it seemed best for him to keep his residence under the same roof until Amy had gone on what the society reporter would be told

was "a pleasure-trip to Paris, where her husband would join her as soon as certain important lawsuits had been settled."

When the inextinguishable Filipino came to the door to deliver the great joke of dinner being ready, it seemed impossible for Blair to do anything but accompany Amy to the dining-room. Their conversation was free and gay, for they had countless things to discuss: the disposal of the house, the furniture and the carpets.

Amy opened another gulf of dismay by a shy suggestion:

"It doesn't matter much what I am to wear hereafter, but there are a few things I simply must have if I am to cross the ocean. It isn't California all the way, and I'll need some heavy clothes and steamer-rugs and some trunks and a few things of that sort. Of course, I'll get the very cheapest of everything, but—"

"You'll do nothing of the sort," said Blair. "You're not to deny yourself anything that anybody else has, and you're not to go shabby. Tomorrow, just buy what you want and have it sent home C. O. D. I'll give them checks as they are delivered."

"Perhaps it might be better to get some of the things in New York. Los Angeles claims to set the styles for Paris, but—"

"I doubt if Paris knows it. I'll give you money enough for what you need in New York, and abroad. Just figure it out, and let me know."

He spoke with bravado, but his heart was sick. If he had only had a fortune in reserve, he would have cast it at her feet. But he was beginning to bleed his brain now. He was getting to the point where he would have to dun his clients, ask for retainers, mortgage his investments, test his standing at the banks, and perhaps humble himself before some of his friends.

He saw himself from now on a slave to a remote owner, and he could see no emancipation while he lived. Still, he had asked for his freedom. He would pay the price while he lasted. And he would not haggle with Amy.

People are like that. He would rather have taken a gun and gone out on the dark highways to hold up strangers, or a mail-wagon, than try to whittle prices with the woman who seemed destined to ruin him one way or another. If she must break either his heart or his purse, let the purse go first.

When dinner was over and he had smoked a cigar while Amy wrote down lists of necessities, each of them suggesting another, he felt that he must get away for a breath of air before he smothered. He told Amy that he would dash down to the office for a little work that must be done before morning. She suspected before he did that he would try to get in touch with Valerie. She was on the point of telling him so, but she denied herself the taunt, added it to the great store of taunts she was accumulating for the grand day when she would have the last and best of all the laughter.

After Blair had left, Amy suddenly realized that she had forgotten to explain about Mrs. Pashley's invitation to accompany her. How could she manage that? Blair had already reserved a cabin on the steamer and a drawing-room on the train!

Of course, she could call up Mrs. Pashley and explain that her husband had shipped her over express, and that she would meet Mrs. Pashley in Paris. Or she could explain to Blair that she had mentioned her voyage to Mrs. Pashley and had been urged to wait and cross with her. Or she could—she might—but if—

There were or's, if's and but's till her head swam. She was herself so aflame with impatience to be on her way that she dared not risk any upheaval now. Tomorrow would be time enough for a decision. It was well to sleep on such things.

Chapter Thirty-five

BLAIR sped to his office, determined to call Valerie on the telephone at all hazards. He loved the dark solitude of his suite of rooms with no clients, no secretary, and only the long rows of lawbooks to confront him.

He put through the Santa Barbara number and waited in craven terror lest Valerie might be ill or out, or in with some other swain. But the Dangerfield butler informed him that Miss Dangerfield had left for Mrs. Pashley's early in the morning, and was not expected home for the night.

The thought that she had been in Los Angeles all day without his knowledge depressed him almost more than he was uplifted by her being so near. Why had she failed to call him? Why had she returned?

Jealous suspicion stabbed him, and wild alarms. At any cost he must learn the truth. He called Mrs. Pashley's telephone, and Fedden gave him Valerie's voice. She, at her end of the wire, was in a state of embarrassment, for she could not know whether

"Hush overbes loving you"

Amy had might ha account probably

She gre "Great The wa full and

"Well, you left any trage heard"

He tolk norance of "It's se

"Does first steam "Good

"I wish He was to hold it heedless"



"Hush! Don't boast or you'll be overheard. If you should stop loving me, tell me; and I'll let you go with my blessing."

Amy had talked to him or not, or how much of the truth she might have told him. Perhaps Blair had wormed out of Amy the account of Valerie's contract of purchase, in which case he was probably calling up to denounce her.

She greeted him with so timid a "Hello!" that he cried:

"Great heavens, are you ill?"

The warmth of his tone reassured her, and her voice came back full and strong: "Of course not, why?"

"Well, your voice sounded so weak and plaintive. And when you left me for the drive to Santa Barbara, I was prepared for any tragedy. But now I have the most marvelous news ever heard."

He told her everything in a gush of joy, and in manifest ignorance of her dealings with Amy.

"It's settled, then? She goes to Paris?"

"Does she go to Paris? Haven't I got her reservation on the first steamer, and on the train to New York?"

"Good Lord, what speed!"

"I wish I could send her by air mail all the way."

He was laughing so hard that the receiver rattled until she had to hold it away from her ear. But she rejoiced in his boyish heedlessness as a proof of his devotion to her. She saw no less

devotion in the sudden gloom that darkened his syllables as he groaned:

"There's only one fly in the ointment, but it's a big one. My freedom is going to cost everything I have and can borrow. When I've got it, I'll be such a pauper that you'll never marry me."

She laughed at that, and incautiously answered:

"But I'm not a pauper. I'll have enough for two."

His voice froze: "You don't think for a moment that I'd live on your money, do you?"

"Not even for the sake of being together?"

An agony replaced the anger and she could almost see the misery that must be clouding his features: "You wouldn't want me to hate and despise myself, would you? I couldn't make you very happy if I had to come to you for my cigar-money, do you think?"

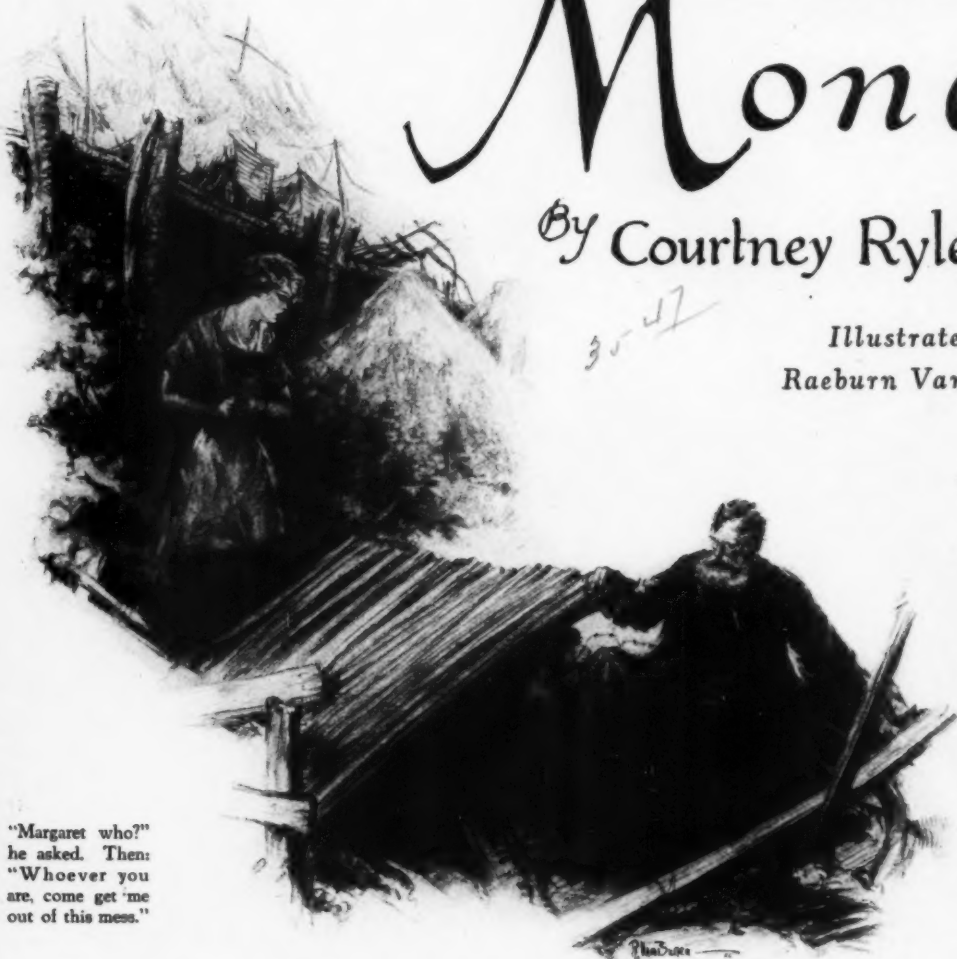
"I suppose not," she sighed. "You're so damned American that I could kill you. But I don't suppose I could love you if you weren't. Oh, Lord, what a messy world this is!"

She felt that the two Flemings were about the most difficult people that existed. Between the two of them her future looked hopeless to a perfection. She longed (Continued on page 156)

CLEAN Money

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Illustrated by
Raeburn Van Buren



"Margaret who?"
he asked. Then:
"Whoever you
are, come get me
out of this mess."

AGAIN Courtney Ryley Cooper takes his readers with him into that High Country of the Rockies that he knows so well, and has done so much to make familiar to us. For he knows that country from living just below it, and loving it for its rugged friendliness to all who approach it in that same spirit.

A SPRING wagon bumped and jolted over the rocky road which led to the summit of Bird's-eye Pass, its rear wheels screeching as they ground over the rounded boulders which protruded at frequent intervals along the rutty highway, the horses straining against the grade until the skin wrinkled on their rumps and the froth crusted on the breast-straps. This, however, worried the driver not at all; he and his horses were quite accustomed to the terrific stretches of twenty-per-cent grades by which the Bird's-eye Pass road took itself to an elevation of eleven thousand feet: boulders and ruts and sheer drops at the side of the road, dashing rivulets foaming from the seepage beneath tangled stretches of deadfall, lurking snow-patches clinging dangerously to the granite heights of the insurmountable crags above—these were familiar affairs to a mountaineer and his mountain-bred animals. Not so for the one passenger.

Her eyes roved constantly in what might have been surprised admiration, or wonderment, or disgust. Her dress was of the city, well-tailored, fine-textured. Now and then, quite unconscious of the sidelong glances of her companion, she deftly applied a lipstick, or powdered, holding the mirror of her "compact" carefully to one side to avoid the glaring reflection of a Rocky Mountain sun. Once she reached nervously for a gold cigarette-case, half opening it before a sudden innate sense of caution caused her to glance appraisingly toward the slouched figure beside her. Then she closed it quickly; smoking, she realized, out in this benighted country must belong henceforth to the realms of the clandestine. She straightened, in a vain attempt to free cramped muscles from their aching, and peered ahead.

"It's been so long," she said, "I don't seem able to remember. How far are we from the top?"

"Right at it now." The driver clucked his horses into a faster walk as the grade suddenly disappeared. "Be in Robesville in a half-hour." Then as the road took the first of the sharp swerves downward and the animals leaned their weight against the breeching: "Guess he'll be right tickled to see you went he?"

The young woman nodded, and again reached toward her cigarette-case, only to halt her action as quickly. Something of nervousness had come over her; she glanced out over the tumbled landscape as though it suddenly had frightened her, the sheer rises of granite, flaunting their colors in the sun, the rushing streams, boiling with precipitous drops and mingling their roaring with the restless whirr of the high-country wind as it swept the black-green stretches of the conifers; the vast expanses of rock and gorge and cañon, the flutings of white along the ridges of the Continental Divide where the snow lay year after year, unending. It all seemed suddenly to oppress her, as if this tremendous land were animated by a brooding soul that held terror in its silence, as though before these vistas, these beetling heights, these ragged fringes of snow and murmuring forests, it would not be as easy to dissemble as in other surroundings. She shifted nervously, then suddenly leaned in attention as the driver turned and pointed with his whip.

"We'll see the town in a minute," he said. "First turn after we pass that burn over yonder." Then he laughed. "Wont be any trouble finding the house. Only one left with any paint on it."

The girl sighed, but made no comment. The driver swung a loose leg over a knee and laid his whip on his shoulder. "Gid-dap!" he called as the rockiness of the road gave way to a sandy stretch that was almost level. "I was mighty glad to hear you say you was just out here on a visit. When you first told me you was married, I was kind of half afraid you'd come out here to try to get him to come back an' live with you. Which'd been pretty hard to do. Pete's kind," he mused as he returned his attention to his horses, "usually don't want nothin' more'n to die in their cabins."

"But why?" The girl had turned now with something of disgust. "Why, when there's a good home waiting for them, and comfort and that sort of thing? You don't mean to try to tell me that there's anything to be gotten out of spending your life in a place like this? Oh, not that I'm knocking your country," she added suddenly with an abrupt reversion to slang and a peculiar hardening of the voice. "I suppose it's a great joint—for those that are nutty about it. I guess I even liked it myself when I lived here. But," she laughed, "I was a kid then—a child, you know," she explained with sudden consciousness of her reversion. "I was only eight when Aunt Margaret took me to live with her after Mother died. I was her namesake, you know."

"Yeh, I rec'lect." Then the driver glanced ahead, once more moving his whip as a pointer. "That's your father's house—the little white-painted one, just to the left of the old church there."

The girl looked quickly, sweeping the vista with one swift glance, a glance which contained aversion—for the scrambling buildings, some in various stages of disintegration, others standing gaunt and windowless and paintless, like forgotten servants in rags, awaiting the return of a vagrant master. The cemetery was on the highest point of the slope, its palings twisted by wind and rot, its wooden crosses paintless, its headboards awry. A deserted mining-camp, windswept, forlorn, where the high brick stacks were all that remained of the seven smelters which once had clustered at the end of town, their furnaces roaring day and night in the roasting of the ores which once had come from

the hundred or more mine workings of Robesville. Now these mines were dead, as the smelters were dead, and as the town of Robesville itself was dead. The shaft-houses stood in disarray, merely so many rotting ruins; the time long since had passed when Robesville had been a town; now it was but a ghost, a huddled thing of windowless shacks and creaking doors swinging idly in the wind, of roofless houses and deserted streets, the bunch-grass growing where once the long lines of pack-burros had moved with mincing steps, bringing the gold to the smelter.

Gaping stores where once there had been activity; vacancy where the old dance-hall had roared and blustered; rot and desolation where the saloons had at one time held brilliant sway, with the crowds against the bars and the fiddlers scraping their bows beside the banging piano. Mining towns are that way; precious metal is not precious in sincerity; there are such things as costs of production, labor, transportation and a hundred other items which enter into the continued life or dusty death of a camp. Robesville had come to see the day when its mines had offered a smaller percentage of profit than other high-grade districts; and Robesville had died—except for that one little house on the hill which still bore vestiges of paint, and a touch of color at the windows, the home of Peter Baxter.

The driver of the spring wagon turned his horses toward it, and with the girl silent beside him, drove to the tiny porch. There he pulled the reins taut and with a sidelong glance noted that a piece of hay-wire, secured from the door to a staple, had fastened the door from without.

"Guess he must be over at the workings," he said. "Think you'd want me to hunt him up?"

"No." Margaret Hayden spoke hurriedly, instinctively. "I'll—I'll just wait here, and—surprise him. He always comes home in the evenings, doesn't he?"

"Oh, yeh! Usually about four o'clock. He don't trust himself out much later'n that. Night aint very good for old eyes, you know."

The girl nodded, then alighted, merely standing upon the little veranda, her bag beside her, for a long time after the



"I thought something was wrong, you beating it out here like this."

mountaineer had turned his horses for the return over Bird's-eye Pass, standing there watching, as if unbelieving—or saying an instinctive good-by to things she loved. She, who a week before, had thought of this place as an inspiration, a haven!

After a time she turned to the door and unfastened its lock of hay-wire. Then, her handbag bumping against the jamb, she walked within, to a moment of silent appraisal. It was the same little two-room place she had known in childhood, with the same old chromos on the wall, the same old Nottingham curtains, dirty and ragged now, the same ancient stand of metal at the window, its various steps and rises decorated with green painted cans filled with geraniums blooming hardily in the warmth of the early summer sun.

THE same old cabin, yet different. No longer were the floors lye-white as they had been when, on her knees, a hard-working mother had scrubbed them. A pan of dishes stood soaking upon the rusty stove; the bed was in disarray. Hastily the girl set down her grip, and removed her hat, dusting the ancient hat-rack with an old rag before she placed her headgear upon the hook, then stood brushing her hands as if to free them from imaginary grime. She shrugged her shoulders; her lips twisted into a cynical smile.

"It's my bed; I might as well fix it so I can lie in it," she decided finally. "Better wash these dishes first."

She hung up her coat, and opening her bag, brought forth a bungalow apron—preparedness remembered from childhood days. Gingerly she started a fire, speaking angrily under her breath once as she hurried to the window, there to examine hastily a delicately manicured finger—then sigh with relief; the nail had not been broken in its sudden contact with the stove, merely roughened. She went to her manicure case, and bringing forth a file, carefully smoothed the edge, and buffed her nails for a moment against her palms before returning to her work. Then she brought forth her cigarette-case, only to force herself into its return.

"Never fool him into believing that old gazabo who brought me smoked Turkish cigarettes," she mused. "Might as well make up my mind to that now—it's me behind the graveyard for those things."

She resumed her work, making the bed while the water heated; then, hands hastily covered by an old pair of gloves brought from her grip, she swept the floor and shook the tattered curtains. At last, a dozen other duties completed, she turned to the geraniums in their green tin cans, and plucked the deadened leaves from their stems. Finally she walked to the opened doorway.

The afternoon had progressed far beyond her belief; the tatterdemalion shacks were casting long shadows now; four o'clock had come and gone two hours ago. She moved to the veranda and stood there, shielding her eyes with a gloved hand as she turned from one vista of desolation to another. But each was the same: leaning buildings, silent streets, desertion everywhere, loneliness. She went inside the house, only to return to her vigil, and for a third time. At last, with an air of anxiety, she stepped forward, and after a few moments of aimless wandering, struck a worn path leading to the right through the weed-grown back-yards of untenanted houses, up the hill, and past the ruins of a long-deserted stamp-mill toward the gulch far beyond.

AT the mill she halted, suddenly and with an attitude of fright. A voice had come from the shadows beyond the old shaft-house, with its loosened warpings of tin, creaking dolorously with the rising wind from the Continental Divide. A voice repeated—a faint cry, as of exhaustion. Margaret Hayden moved swiftly in its direction. Then she cried out; in the near distance an aged man turned in his prostrate position, and raising his head, peered aimlessly.

"I'm caught here," came his voice, faint, it seemed to her, strange in its sound, as though she never before had heard it. Ten years had made a difference—the ten years which had intervened since last she had seen him at her aunt's home in Cleveland.

Then he had been at that final point of a man's prime, from which descent is swift. But she had not known; she had seen him only as a powerful, bluff, good-natured man of the hills, with mannerisms strange to a girl who had left such surroundings almost at the completion of babyhood. A man with a deep voice and heavily tanned features, with big hands hardened from manual labor: a different sort of man from her uncle—whom

she had come to look upon as her real father, rather than this half-uncouth person from the vague stretches of the Rockies. A man to whom she had made her promises that she would return at the end of her schooling, vagrant promises, vaguely asked and vaguely received.

From the standpoint of the girl, it had been unfair. Already she was having her dreams; in spite of the comparative poverty of her adopted home, it was in a city where she could know people, and see things, and dress in imitation of wealthier girls. A mining camp could give none of this. Besides, the pull of parentage is not the same when father and daughter are the ones concerned. So ten years had passed, with infrequent letters on both sides, and a gradual lessening of the bond which had been but slightly strengthened by that visit—ten years, however, in which the picture of him had remained the same, only that the realization might be more stark in the picture now before her. Peter Baxter lay there gaunt, thin-necked, prostrate as if in the grasp of invisible things, and unable, it seemed, to combat them. Closer she went, calling to him, her voice strained with anxiety:

"What's the matter?"

Suddenly she paused. There had come no change in the features of the man, now staring from his uncomfortable, half-raised position. "What's the matter?" she repeated. "Don't you know me? It's Margaret!"

"Margaret? Margaret who?" he asked. Then, with something of the old bluster in his tone: "Whoever you are, come and get me out of this mess I'm in. I'm all tangled up in a bunch of barbed wire here, and the more I try to get out, the worse I get in."

A shiver went through the girl. She understood now the casual remark of her mountaineer driver concerning Peter Baxter's eyes. In an instant she was beside him, working swiftly, deftly, with the entanglement, her lips streaming her identification, her questions cutting short his exclamations of amazement at her presence.

"Didn't you get my letter?" she asked. "I wrote you three days before I left—that I was coming out for that visit. Don't you remember, Dad? The one we promised each other that time you came back home?"

"Oh!" The old man, freed now, had clambered to his feet. "Oh, was that your letter?"

SHE said no more; something caught in her throat when she thought of it—an old man in a cabin, waiting for some one to pass by, that a sight-dimmed man might hear the words which he could not see. Silently she extended her hand and caught his arm as if to guide him, but with a pat and a laugh, he waved her aside.

"Oh, I don't need that. Just hand me my stick. It's around here somewhere. As soon as I get back to the path—must've gotten mixed up. Thinking about that vein of mine, and didn't pay attention to what I was doing."

"Vein? What vein?" She asked it without thinking, as, stick in hand, the old man as if by an uncanny process of divination, found the way to the path and began to lead her toward the little white-painted cottage. His answer was heightened, almost indignant.

"Why, my vein in the Molly B, of course! It's acting up—like it was about to do something." Then, with a quick change of subject, he halted and patted her shoulders. "So my little girl's come out to visit me, has she? Well, well! My little baby's come out to see me. Well, you've come at the right time. Yes sirree, Bob! That vein's going to do something pretty quick—I've been going through a dyke for the last two months—the old man don't work like he used to. But I've been going through just the same—and the formation's changing. One of these days I'll hit into it, and we'll be millionaires!"

It brought a sudden surge of feeling, almost of bitterness, to the girl. She had heard the same thing ten years before; she had heard it in babyhood—the same wild hopes, the same rapt predictions, while a mother continued, on her knees, to scrub the floors, and to stand by the window, by the green-painted rack of flower-pots, watching sun after sun sink over the Continental Divide, accepting her lot without a murmur, even with happiness; for she was of the type who also believed. But suddenly the girl forced aside the thoughts—one expects such things when one's beginnings have been those of the mining camp. She asked a question.

"Who's working it with you now, Dad?"

"Working with me? Why, nobody."

Margaret
"Then y
He halt
path.
"I can t
"But in
"Oh, I
work-blun
me money
with a car
"Jan?"
didn't."
The old
"There
"Oh, yes
hardness to
"You're
She patt
"No—no



At last a call from the distance—coupled with the greenish-yellow of a flash, and the booming of a blast.

Margaret Hayden brightened.

"Then you can see—enough?"

He halted to tap before him at a downward swerve of the path.

"I can tell when it's daylight."

"But in the mine?"

"Oh, I feel there." He raised his left hand and moved the work-blunted fingers. "Funny how they get educated. Saves me money," he laughed. "Don't have to be fooling around with a carbide lamp. Jim come with you?"

"Jim?" The girl paled, then flushed. "Oh, Jim— No, he didn't."

The old man turned abruptly.

"There aint been any trouble? You're still married?"

"Oh, yes." She laughed then, with a sudden return of the hardness to her voice. "Yes, we're still married."

"You're not—"

She patted his arm.

"No, no, nothing like that. We're getting along fine. Al-

ways have. Why shouldn't we? Jim gives me everything I want; we're crazy about each other."

"Humph! That's fine." They passed the tatterdemalion little church with its arched, broken windows, and turned into the grass-grown street that led to the cottage. "Glad to hear that. Wish he'd come out here with you. Like to see him—never've done it, you know. Must be a fine fellow, though, Margie. A man treats a girl right, and that's all she can ask, aint it? What's he doing now—same thing, working there in Cleveland?"

Margaret Hayden looked away—off toward the Divide, where the final rays of a dying sun were softening the crags into pillars of mauve and gold and violet, and the snows to the fluffiness of down, where in earlier hours they had glared with the whiteness of frigidity.

"No, he don't hit Cleveland much any more," she said. "Neither of us do—we move around a great deal. He's a sort of promoter."

"A promoter?" The old man turned, a fierce light burning in his sightless eyes. "A promoter, did (Continued on page 153)

Rewrite

By
Robert R.
Mill

Illustrated by Frank Bensing

HISTORY is written at the battered and untidy desks of the rewrite men of a newspaper. Romance is transcribed there—sometimes created. Pathos is recorded, and in the telling is vested with an obvious and additional tear. Tragedy flits over the desks, often in a form so stark that the occupants of the desks are forced to leaven it with comedy before it is a suitable product for the composing-room. Comedy—studied or unintentional—is also received. All is grist for the rewrite mill.

Outwardly the desks are similar to others in the office. The only visible difference is in the telephones, which instead of the conventional receivers, are equipped with head-clips. There is a hidden difference which has a deeper significance.

The rewrite desks are the altars of the god of the modern newspaper—Speed. Upon those altars has been sacrificed the deity of the old newspaper world, the star reporter. He is not un-mourned.

To brand the rewrite men as the murderers of the star reporter would be unjust. They are, rather, the unwilling slaves of the desk. The great god Speed has chained them to his altar with unbreakable bonds. For the streets of the city, which were once their highways of adventure, they have exchanged the telephone. The streets have been turned over to a modern product, the "leg man." He uses them not as highways of adventure, but as lanes of routine. Romance, when it does creep into the news, enters upon the invitation of the rewrite men.

"That's out," he ruled. He contemplated Jimmy's narrow back.

Speed, that exacting deity, has decreed that no longer shall the facts of a story be gathered by one man, carried to the office in his whirling brain, and poured forth from his typewriter in the form of a finished one-man product. News today flies on telephone wires. The leg men cull it from dull police reports. They place it on the wires reduced to brief, laconic facts. The rewrite men receive it, weave it into the finished product, and the process add such magic as they possess.

Jimmy Morton was the star rewrite man on the *Gleaner*. He was a small, middle-aged man with sharp features. His cheeks had a flush which had been acquired when star reporters roved through the streets dotted with saloons. All the stories of the streets floated in his head. The reporters followed the stories.

Every morning Jimmy entered the office punctually at the stroke of eight. He hung his discolored derby and his long, thin, pinch-back coat upon an ancient peg, and replaced the coat with a tattered cap. He pulled up the sleeves of his often worn shirt, revealing his bony wrists, and snapped bright blue bands upon his arms. Then, when his cigarette was lighted, he was ready for work.

Jimmy, according to Edwards, the city editor, was a valuable man. He knew news. When a leg man telephoned in, saying he had five or six stories, the busy city desk felt perfectly safe in turning his call over to Jimmy, trusting him to separate the wheat from chaff, and to develop the wheat as much as possible.

THE name of the author of this interpretative tale of a modern newspaper office has never before appeared in this magazine, but it is likely to again. He knows whereof he writes, for he is a newspaper man in Syracuse—the town otherwise famous as the residence of Harold MacGrath, Mary Shipman Andrews and E. Alexander Powell.

In a word Jimmy was a real newspaper man. He had written hundreds of fire stories. Instinct taught him to obtain from the leg man the names of the occupants of the building. That list invariably served as the roster of the rescued. Even if they had walked out, who cared? Who would complain?

Certainly not the leg man, who saw his story automatically elevated from Page Ten to coveted Page One. The complaint, surely, would not originate from the firemen, who were portrayed as heroes. Neither would any dissent issue from John Smith, ordinary citizen, who saw himself, for the moment at least, John Smith, the center of interest. All this is prompted by human nature. One learns human nature on the rewrite desk.

Given the name of the victim, the address, the weapon used, and the time of the crime, Jimmy could produce a murder story good for two columns. And the story would not be faked. Murder stories, when you are familiar with them, are much alike.

Every story telephoned to the rewrite desk can be placed under a definite classification. The marvel is that the finished product so often departs from the routine. Jimmy excelled in discovering the difference. That difference is "news."

When a very old man collapsed on the street, and died, Jimmy added the information that the man, desiring to live to the ripe old age of one hundred, had adopted walking as an aid to longevity. The walks, according to Jimmy, were the very thing that had caused his death. The added information changed the story from a stick, inside, to half a column—front page. There were no complaints.

Jimmy was clever; he was dependable; he was careful. These qualities are appreciated, if not rewarded, on the rewrite desk. So it was only natural that Edwards should have turned to Jimmy when the story came in.

"Jimmy," said the city editor, "White is on the phone. Has a story about a poor dame who inherited a lot of jack. Sounds like good human interest. See what you can make of it, will you? We need a snappy feature."

Jimmy tightened his sleeve-bands, pushed the comical cap back from his wrinkled brow and adjusted the head-clip of the telephone.

"What you got, White?" he asked into the transmitter.

"Hello, Jimmy," came the answer. "Maybe you can make something out of this: Dame named Bessie Holmes. *H-o-l-m-e-s*—yes. Well, she inherited a lot of jack. Fifty or sixty grand, I guess. Works in the basement of Rowdy's store. . . ."

"Who left it to her? Why, her old man. Say, I was coming to that. What's eating you? His name's Bernard. Lived in Hilldale—southern part of the State. . . . No, I don't know what he did for a living. Farmer, probably."

"Well, it seems this dame beat it from the old home 'bout ten years ago. Had a break with the old man, and he gave her the gate. She comes here to crash into the show business. Can't make the grade. Winds up in Rowdy's basement. Been there ever since. Naw,

I don't know how much salary she got. I aint a mind-reader; how did I know you wanted that?"

"As I was saying, when the old man croaks, he leaves a will. All his jack goes to Bessie. Pretty soft for Bessie, I'll say."

"And Jimmy, the old man's mouth-piece wrote to the Bureau of Missing Persons. You see, the old boy hadn't heard from her for a long time and didn't know her address. Detective Brady found her. Be sure and get

his name in, will you? He tipped me off. Got it, Jimmy?"

"How old is she?" Jimmy demanded. "Where does she live?" "At 4212 Porter Street," White replied. He hesitated. "She was eighteen when she came to the wicked city. That's ten years ago. Try it out on your adding-machine."

"What does she look like?" Jimmy asked.

"Oh, rather good-looking dame," White assured him.

"Blonde or brunette?" Jimmy carried on.

"How do I know? Only talked to her in the hall where she gets her mail—if any. Hall was dark. Suit yourself, Jimmy."

"Go get run over by a truck," Jimmy begged him. Rewrite

men have little love for district reporters. And thereupon Jimmy proceeded to weave his magic.

Bessie Holmes was a blonde. Jimmy always had been partial to blondes. He described the old farm in Hilldale. He pictured the stormy session with



"No money—just lovely old house—barrier down." His hand found hers.

her father when she departed for the city—and fame. She left the farm at the height of a storm. Jimmy chuckled as he added that touch.

"The public demands it," he reflected, as his fingers played over the typewriter. "One storm for every girl driven from home."

Bessie Holmes was beautiful. Girls in newspaper stories always are. Jimmy, however, was quite sincere in the matter. He had never seen this girl. He probably never would. His nearest approach to her, in all likelihood, would be when he peered over the shoulder of the city editor as the photographer dangled the wet print before them.

Nevertheless this girl now belonged to Jimmy. She was a creature wholly of his creation. Dipping into his imagination, he painted her with a brush laden with colors suggested by a dream girl of his own—a dream girl who, for some reason, had never materialized. Jimmy, who was thin and wrinkled, loved beauty. Jimmy, the ridiculous little man, was an artist. His typewriter continued to click.

Bessie Holmes had golden hair. Her eyes were deep blue. Her skin was soft as satin. He described her applying to theatrical managers for a position. He told of the hardships she encountered, the rebuffs and the insults. She hastened from one agency with burning cheeks.

"Make it snappy," Edwards directed. "This aint a weekly."

"Copy!" Jimmy shouted. A boy appeared to take the first part of the story. "(More)," was what Jimmy scribbled at the bottom of the last page.

Jimmy wrote on. Bessie Holmes, the dreamer, was Bessie Holmes the worker. Instead of fame she now sought a bare livelihood. Her funds were almost gone. As a last resort she entered Rowdy's tawdry basement. Jimmy did not call it tawdry—Rowdy advertised—but the inference was there.

"Shoot it in takes," ordered Edwards.

The boy stood at Jimmy's side. He tore the story from the typewriter, paragraph by paragraph, as Jimmy wrote it. He rushed the fragments to Edwards, who was busy with his pencil. Jimmy's fingers flew over the keyboard.

Bessie Holmes worked every day. The pay was poor. She struggled on. She must live. The hand of the boy tore off that paragraph.

One year was much like another in Rowdy's basement. The chill blasts of winter penetrated the transoms on the street-level. The hot winds of summer made the low-ceiled room almost unbearable. The merry twinkle bade fair to vanish from Bessie's eyes, the color from her cheeks.

BUT romance, in the person of thick-set Detective Brady, was just around the corner. It penetrated Rowdy's basement, sought out Bessie Holmes and made her supremely happy.

The next paragraph was in quotes:

"I never knew there was so much money in the world," the girl told a reporter of the *Gleam* today. Moisture gathered in her blue eyes. "Poor Dad! He meant to be kind!" Then the dazzling smile appeared again. "Think how much sunshine I can bring to others with this wonderful money of mine!"

The copy-boy departed with the last paragraph. Jimmy relaxed and lighted another cigarette. "That's all," he shouted.

Edwards glanced at the clock.

"Just made it," the city editor declared, adding: "Good story, Jimmy."

Jimmy's thin chest expanded until it endangered the buttons of his soiled shirt. He pulled down the peak of the cap to hide the elation reflected upon his thin face.

"Good sop for the shopgirls," he admitted.

Ten minutes later a copy-boy brought up the finished product, with the ink still damp. Jimmy, presuming upon his years of service, seized a paper from the city editor's desk. He found the story on Page One and gloated over it.

She was his, that girl. He had created her. He had not seen her. He never would. But there she was, stamped upon the paper. In later editions her photograph would appear, but here she lived only by virtue of the magic of the rewrite desk. What if the original did differ slightly from the Bessie Holmes of print? It was the printed Bessie Holmes the world sighed over, smiled with, and took to its heart. And the printed Bessie Holmes belonged to Jimmy.

He swung around in his chair and turning his back on the busy room, read the story again. Jimmy, with the soiled shirt and frayed blue sleeve-bands, reveled for the moment in beauty. Bessie Holmes, his Bessie Holmes, was beautiful.

A grinning photographer dumped a wet print before the city editor.

"Lookit and weep," he directed.

Edwards glanced at the picture.

"That's out!" he ruled. He contemplated Jimmy's narrow back. The red, thin face, only half visible over a shoulder, was glorified as with a vision. Edwards started to speak, then checked the words. He turned to the news editor.

"No picture on the Cinderella story," he shouted, and winked at the photographer. "Happy mugged the beautiful lady, and he made her look like hell."

"No art on Cinderella!" the news editor shouted through the telephone to the composing-room. Jimmy heard him vaguely.

"They muffed it again," Jimmy muttered the words softly. "Damn photographers, anyway!" The oath was only half-hearted. It really didn't matter. Bessie Holmes lived, and Bessie Holmes was beautiful. He, Jimmy, had created her thus. So it really wasn't necessary to walk up and see this desecration of beauty. Edwards crumpled the wet print and let it fall on the floor. Jimmy was still absorbed in his dream.

THE copy-boy, who presided over the anteroom, was the first to see her as she stepped uncertainly from the elevator the following morning. Her shoes were run down at the heels and her stockings were cotton. Her black dress was shiny and frayed and she carried a straw suitcase in one hand. But she was smiling. "Pipe Lydia Pinkham," the copy-boy whispered to the youth at the stock-ticker.

The woman advanced to the desk.

"I am Bessie Holmes." The voice was low, but she repeated the name as though it bore some well-defined significance, some foundation for modest pride. The attention of the copy-boy was arrested. He half arose, then dropped back in his chair.

"I am Miss Bessie Holmes," she repeated.

Then the boy remembered. He stood up. He fought back his wild desire to giggle. His face was serene as an angel's as he answered: "Yes marm."

"Will you be good enough to tell the gentleman who wrote the story about me that I would like to talk to him?"

The boy disappeared behind the partition. Months of meeting creditors of reporters, wives who appeared on pay-day, and champions of various lost causes had been his training. He was a diplomat. He passed Jimmy's desk and sought the city editor.

"Dame outside says she is Bessie Holmes and wants to talk to the guy that wrote her up."

"Tell her to take a chair," Edwards ordered. The boy disappeared. Edwards' fingers played nervously over his chin as he pondered. Then the boy was back.

"She says to be sure and tell you she is Miss Bessie Holmes."

"Tell her to take two chairs," Edwards directed. He turned to the news editor. "Oh, Pete!"

Together they carefully read the story in the issue of the day before. Edwards pushed back his eyeshade.

"There aint a thing in that she can crab about."

"No," the news editor admitted, "there isn't. Maybe she wants to thank him."

"Poor devil!" said Edwards. "I wouldn't send him out there if I thought he was going to get a ragging."

"No beauty, is she?" observed the news editor.

Edwards shook his head. "And in her picture she looked old enough to have served as Carrie Nation's advance agent," he added.

The news editor chuckled.

"Well, Jimmy is no matinee idol himself. The shock will be mutual. Send him out."

JIMMY accepted the summons as if it were the most natural thing in the world. He removed the tattered cap and adjusted the frayed blue sleeve-bands. He smoothed the folds of the soiled shirt and straightened his stringy necktie. Then, with a smile of anticipation upon his pointed face, Jimmy, the artist, strode forward to gaze upon the beauty he had created, the beauty which was his.

The diplomatic copy-boy did the honors:

"Miss Holmes, Mr. Morton."

The boy vanished. His wink summoned the youth at the stock-ticker. There, in the dingy, dusty anteroom, Jimmy was left alone with Bessie Holmes.

They sat upon the narrow bench near the elevator door. Bessie Holmes produced a frayed clipping.

"I had to meet the man who wrote (Continued on page 105)

A world-famous soup seldom made at home!

In the exclusive clubs and the fashionable hotels and cafes, Ox Tail Soup is a dish dearly prized by epicures. It has an appeal all its own.

Yet no hotel or club, no matter how elaborate, can rival the facilities of the famous Campbell's kitchens or match the skill and experience of Campbell's French chefs in the blending of delicious soups.

What a masterpiece they produce in Campbell's Ox Tail Soup. And what an opportunity it presents. You can now enjoy its world-famous flavor in your own home. Ox Tail is a soup seldom attempted in the home kitchen.

We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination
And every single can contains
Our business reputation.

Blended in Campbell's Ox Tail Soup

Ox Tail Joints
Ox Tail Broth
Beef Broth
Tomato Puree
Carrots (cubed)
Turnips (cubed)
Turnips (puree)
Barley
Celery (diced)
Celery (puree)
Onion (puree)
Parsley (puree)
Leek (puree)
Wheat Flour
Rice Flour
Kitchen Bouquet
Salt
Sugar
Paprika
White Pepper
Allspice
Cloves
Bay Leaves
Marjoram
Shot Pepper
Thyme
Savory
Nutmeg



12 cents a can



With the meal or as a meal soup belongs in the daily diet

Campbell's SOUPS

LUNCHEON

DINNER

SUPPER

such very nice things about me," she explained.

Jimmy's lean fingers twitched nervously. Bessie Holmes gazed straight into his eyes. "You are the first person who has been kind to me since I left Hildale and came to the city," she confessed.

Jimmy moistened his lips. "I—I hope you liked the story," he stammered.

"Liked it?" Bessie Holmes repeated. "Why, of course I liked it. It was the first nice thing that has happened to me for ever so long."

HER voice was soothing. Jimmy's nervousness vanished.

"You know," he explained, "I never had seen you when I wrote that story. I just sat there at the desk and imagined what you look like."

Stray rays of the sun peeped through the latticed elevator-shaft and played over her faded, corn-colored hair.

"I knew your hair was golden," Jimmy said as he bent toward her. "And your eyes are blue."

Bessie Holmes laughed softly. "And your laugh," Jimmy continued, "tells me you are just as generous as I thought you were."

Two red spots glowed upon the woman's cheeks.

"That's funny—I mean your imagining just what I look like; you know, I was able to see you as soon as I read your article."

She glanced at the sleeve-bands, the soiled shirt, the frayed tie, the overlarge collar, and the red face above them.

"You are just as I pictured you. I knew you would be a busy, masterful man. I imagined you would have your coat off. She met his gaze frankly. "I like you that way," she added softly.

They were silent then, yet they saw nothing unusual in that silence. The copy-boy tiptoed into the room, seized the paper-backed novel he had been reading, and vanished. Neither Bessie Holmes nor Jimmy noticed him.

"You know," the woman continued, "I am afraid you were misinformed on several things in the article. Father didn't leave me any money; it was just the house. I'm afraid it's rather a tumble-down house, at that."

Jimmy's heart beat furiously. Words throbbed in his brain. "Money-barrier—no money—only a house—barrier down." The color of his face was unlike the tint imparted by bygone saloons. His thin arms were extended. The frayed cuffs shot upward.

"What does it matter?" he demanded. "I'm glad." His manner was defiant, and his voice louder, as he repeated the words: "I'm glad."

"So am I," Bessie Holmes confessed, "and it's really a lovely old house."

The words still throbbed in Jimmy's brain. "No money—just lovely old house—barrier down."

His hand traveled along the bench, found hers, and pressed it.

"You are going back there?" he asked. "Just as soon as I leave here," she assured him. "I love the country."

"So do I," said Jimmy. "Of course," she confessed, "it will be rather lonely—at first."

They were standing beside the elevator door.

"No," Jimmy contradicted. "It won't be lonely—even at first. Neither of us will be lonely—after this."

THE head-clip of Jimmy's telephone was lying on the desk when he reentered the city room. Edwards called: "Story on there, Jimmy. Snap to it. Do your stuff."

It really wasn't a ch of a story, just one of the drab tragedies that are so common to a great city. Jimmy's flying fingers wove the tale.

Above the rewrite desk, as he wrote, floated the vision of a beautiful Bessie Holmes. Before it was Jimmy—a busy, masterful man, with his coat off. So, from the clattering typewriter, the new story grew, assumed form, and issued as a finished product. And the finished product was declared good.

Such is the magic of the rewrite. There, in every busy newspaper office, they have erected a shrine, before which miracles are performed. That shrine is the rewrite desk, the battered and untidy rewrite desk, the altar of the Great God Speed.

THE SLEEPY BLACK

(Continued from page 81)

made no difference who it was; they were all alike to Sleepy now. Ben Hicks came over from the Diamond D to ride the rough string through one work. Ben was a rider, too, but Ben Hicks quit and turned his string of ponies in after just one try at Sleepy Black. So old Dad finally traded Sleepy off. The trader was just drifting through, and happened by the ranch one day. We often wondered what become of Sleepy Black, for the punchers spoke of him, now and then, long after he was gone. And whenever a puncher mentioned Sleepy's name, Dad Hardin always spoke of Mason, too. For old Dad still stuck to it there was something between them two.

IT was a year later that the horse-wrangler went to Juarez. Aside from getting drunk, the wrangler had no business in Old Mexico. He stayed two weeks and came back broke. But he brought Dad Hardin news of Mason and the Sleepy Black, along with a bottle of Old Crow. The outfit had gone to bed the night the wrangler got in, but Dad was still smoking on the porch. And the two set out until late that night. Afterward Dad said it was the latest he'd been up in twenty years.

"There was a rodeo goin' on in El Paso," says the wrangler to Dad, "an' I seen 'em both the same day. It didn't surprise me much when I seen Mason, for the place was full of punchers from all over the country. But I was surprised to see the Sleepy Black. I was settin' with some *hombre* from Montana at the time. We had a bottle between us, an' I wasn't payin' much attention to anything else. When the announcer bawled 'Jimmy Weaver on Nigger,' it didn't mean a thing to me until the chute opened. Then I noticed the pick-up men were ridin' awful close an' it was a good thing they did. For the horse was Sleepy Black. It seems they'd changed his name. But I'd 'a' knowed him anywhere. This Weaver only rode him half a dozen jumps before Sleepy spilled the pack. And, the minute Sleepy threwed this Weaver off, he charged, just like he did that day at Seven Mile. But the pick-up men

were ridin' close, and Weaver wasn't hurt. I'd just started to tell this *hombre* from Montana about knowin' Sleepy, when the chute opened again. I was all het up about seein' the Sleepy Black, an' I didn't notice the big red roan until the crowd begun to yell. Blamed if it wasn't Mason ridin' him. Man, how that red roan wiped things up! I thought the crowd would go hog-wild. But Mason rode him just as easy as he used to ride them sap-head broncs here at the ranch. This *hombre* from Montana said he never seen a better rider.

"All the peelers was over at Juarez that night. Me an' this *hombre* from Montana was settin' at a table together when we heard about the dicker Mason made. It seems that Mason had first money cinched if he rode the Sleepy Black, and Mason offered to bet it all against the horse. If Mason won, he got the horse an' all the dough besides. If he lost, he didn't get a thing—for Mason had bet that he could saddle Sleepy in the open by himself an' ride him off. The peelers all thought Mason was a sucker to make a bet like that. Most of 'em figured he had a chance if he rode him from the chute. And a few made bets that Mason couldn't saddle him alone, for everybody knowed how Sleepy fought when anyone came near.

"About all everybody talked about was Mason and the Sleepy Black. Everyone called him the Nigger horse, but I couldn't get used to callin' Sleepy that. An' I up an' told this *hombre* from Montana about knowin' Sleepy since he was a colt, an' how Bill Mason broke him without usin' no spurs. I sort of switched to Mason then. I guess I made it pretty strong. At any rate I told him none of us had any use for him. The funny part about it was this got an awful raise from this Montana guy. He says he'd knowed Bill Mason since he was a kid an' that no finer fellow ever lived.

"That sort of got me on the prod, an' I asked him where Bill Mason got his grouch. He says that Mason was an easy-goin' kid that everybody liked. He worked for years for some old man up there who wasn't any

good, but no one knowed it at the time. Just what the trouble was he wouldn't say. An' he wouldn't tell me Mason's name. At any rate, this man he worked for made Mason out the goat. They sent him up for seven years. He served his time all right. But the day they let him out Mason killed the man that framed him.

"I was settin' by myself in the grandstand next day. That *hombre* from Montana must have been down drunk some place. Anyway, he didn't show up. Some woman had his seat. The whole show dragged that afternoon. But everybody kept their seats, just waitin' to see Bill Mason ride the Sleepy Black. There was all kinds of talk a-floatin' round the place. Some said they thought it was a trick and mebbe they had another horse that looked like Sleepy Black. An' the woman settin' next to me, she up an' said it shouldn't be allowed. At any rate, they all knowed Sleepy Black.

"THE crowd was all a-buzzin' when Mason carried his saddle out and layed it in the middle of the arena. Then a puncher on a horse led Sleepy out to where Bill Mason stood. He dropped the rope and rode away. An' there was only the two of them a-standin' out there. Bill Mason rolled a cigarette afore he ever moved. I tried to build a pill myself, but I was shakin' so I finally give it up. It seemed a year to me before Mason ever moved. But you could have heard a pin drop as he walked, easy-like, toward Sleepy's head—real slow and careless, sort of. Finally he put out his hand. And blamed if Sleepy didn't let him stroke his nose. Hell—there was nothing to it after that! He simply saddled Sleepy up an' rode him off. But I noticed Mason wasn't wearin' any spurs.

"Some of the crowd thought they'd been tricked. An' I heard one sucker laugh. But that woman settin' next to me, she answered—'for blamed if she wasn't cryin'."

And that's the story Shorty told me, beside the fire, one Arizona night, with the stars hanging so low you could almost reach up and pick them.



Enchantingly pretty debutantes, with a skin smooth as ivory,
delicate as cherry blossoms . . .

THE FASTIDIOUS WOMEN GUESTS of the WASHINGTON GOLF and COUNTRY CLUB tell how this soap has helped them to gain a clear smooth skin

It's May in Washington . . .

Magnolias . . . cherry blossoms drifting
to the grass . . .

And on the golf course, along the bridle
paths, laughing voices, the rainbow flutter
of bright costume . . .

All the familiar figures of the social
season flocking to the Washington Golf
and Country Club; enchantingly pretty
debutantes in new sports frocks from the
Riviera; the lovely wives from the foreign
embassies—

Among the distinguished women who
make up Washington society, one notices
everywhere the dazzlingly soft, clear com-
plexion that has given Southern beauty
its renown.

How do these women, whose lovely

skin is their greatest charm, take care of
it day by day?

We asked nearly one hundred women
guests of the Washington Golf and Coun-
try Club what soap they find best for
regular care of their skin.

More than half answered, "*Woodbury's
Facial Soap!*"

"Delicate"—"healthful"—"refreshing,"
they said. "*It purifies the skin.*" "*Helps
to overcome roughness—large pores.*"

Women of fine traditions and associations
everywhere—college girls, debutantes, so-
ciety women belonging to famous clubs
and groups—are expressing in overwhelm-
ing numbers, their preference for Wood-
bury's Facial Soap for the care of the skin.

A skin specialist worked out the formula by
which Woodbury's is made. This formula not
only calls for the purest ingredients; it also
demands greater refinement in the manufac-
turing process than is commercially possible
with ordinary toilet soap.

In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's,
one is conscious of this extreme fineness.

A twenty-five cent cake of Woodbury's
lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake
is wrapped a booklet containing special treat-
ments for overcoming common skin defects.

Within a week or ten days after be-
ginning to use it, you will notice an
improvement in your complexion. Get
your Woodbury's today—begin to-
night, the treatment your skin needs!

YOUR WOODBURY TREATMENT for ten days
Now—the large-size trial set!

The Andrew Jergens Co.,
1711 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

For the enclosed 10 cents please send me
the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's
Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream
and Powder, the treatment booklet, "A Skin
You Love to Touch," and instructions for
the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew
Jergens Co., Limited, 1711 Sherbrooke St.,
Perth, Ont.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

GOLDEN PAJAMAS

(Continued from page 91)

"It is worth a million lire," I said to him. "You may be right," he said back to me. "Then I spoke to him of what the coin had tried to whisper to me. I told him that a mad belief had come into my mind regarding the coin. 'Look,' I said to him, 'if you have the same opinion about the coin as I have, I will give it to you for nothing. Because your opinion,' I told him, 'will prove to me that I am not mad, and that alone will be worth a million lire.'"

Again the old man paused and regarded John Dexter Dreve. Silence filled the little shop.

"He got the coin for nothing," whispered the coin-dealer. "He got it for nothing because it had told him what it told me!"

"And what was that?" questioned Dreve. "We—he and I—thought it one of the thirty pieces!" cried the old man. "We knew! We knew, I tell you! A piece of silver with no trace of a die on it; yet—yet it made itself known to both of us!"

The memory of the wonder coin brought a glaze to the eyes of the dealer. Dreve was forced to rouse him. "I'll take the *secchino*," said the Virginian. "I hope it will whisper to me."

THE efforts of the titled fools who sought the acquaintance of the girl in the golden pajamas were made ridiculous by the strategy employed by John Dexter Dreve. The Virginian advanced upon the watchful negress with the golden *secchino* on his open palm. The glittering coin held the eyes of Mirandy Spriggins, and Dreve had addressed the girl before the black gorgon could block him.

"This coin must have dropped from your costume," he said quietly. "I found it last evening."

A wave of a graceful hand halted the combative negress. Dreve was admitted to audience.

The long fingers of the girl took the *secchino* from the palm of the handsome Virginian. The big eyes examined it. Stared at the figure of St. Mark blessing the flag of the Republic held up to the saint by a kneeling Doge. The fingers turned the piece and looked at the figure of the Christ on the reverse—looked for a long minute; then the white lids were lifted, and Dreve found himself the object of her scrutiny.

"It must have cost a lot," said the girl quietly. "It is a rare coin."

The Virginian parried the thrust at his veracity. "I do not know much about coins," he answered, "—that is, outside current issues."

"But you know that this coin is valuable?" Her polite method of putting forward an insinuation regarding his truthfulness amused Dreve.

"I have shown it to no one else since I found it," he replied, smilingly. "Of course

I knew it was old. And I knew the period. It is curious about old coins. They try to speak to one. This one—this *secchino*—tried to speak to me."

"How?" she asked. "Will you sit down?" John Dexter Dreve accepted gladly. He flung himself on the hot sand, his fingers touching the cushions of jade and topaz on which she lay. He thought her very beautiful now that he could look at her closely. She possessed a disturbing charm, a vibrant witchery. Again Dreve's thoughts were of shaded groves in sweet Ionian isles.

"How?" she demanded as the Virginian sat silent. "How do they speak to one?"

John Dexter Dreve rallied his wandering thoughts. Like a strolling troubadour he had been asked to sit at her feet, and like a troubadour he had to pay for the favor.

"Last night this coin tried to tell me its history," he began. "I mean the important part of its history, the part that enabled it to survive the centuries and warm itself here in the soft sunlight. In a half-dream I heard its story. This particular *secchino*, with a leathern pouch filled with its brothers, was taken up into Lombardy by a young patrician of Venice. He was hunting up near Cremona or Piacenza, and there he fell in love with a nut-brown maid who—"

"I would like it to be Cremona," interrupted the owner of the golden pajamas.

"Very well. It happened at Cremona," corrected Dreve. "The maid was very beautiful. Also she was very young."

"Nineteen," whispered the audience. "Nineteen," agreed the Virginian. "The young man told her of Venice. He dangled the city before her eyes as if it were a ball of colored glass. He whispered of the Grand Canal, of the Piazza of St. Mark, of the Campanile that streamed up into the blue Venetian sky, of the black gondolas with their iron *ferros* rushing like sea-serpents out to this white sand where we are now sitting. He told her—do you like the start of my story?"

"I like it very much," said the listener. "I—I am much interested to hear what he did with the coins."

"That's coming," said Dreve. "You see, in this half-dream I thought everything happened at a time when the Venetians were celebrating a victory they had gained over the Genoese. The young patrician told the girl of the fireworks and the splendid illuminations. Colored fire flaming up out of the lagoons. The Four Horses showing purple and crimson in the glare. The fellow had a good tongue. He told it well."

"And she resisted?" murmured the girl. She had lifted herself now and was sitting upright, her big eyes upon the Virginian. A strange tenseness was upon her.

"She resisted the stories of Venice," answered Dreve, marveling a little at the attention given to his tale. "She resisted them bravely till—the man tossed the golden sequins on the grass before her!"

A soft little cry came from the lips of the girl. She seemed suddenly startled, bewildered, a little frightened.

"Tossed them on the green grass!" repeated Dreve. "This is how I dreamed it. He flung them before her! A golden handful of them! Venetian sequins! I think—I think they fell with the figure of the Christ turned downward. Otherwise—otherwise I do not believe she would have gone."

"Then—then she did go?" came the soft inquiry from the girl.

"Yes, in my dream I saw her go," answered Dreve. "With the gold-pieces she bought pretty clothes for the trip. Silken petticoats and bright stockings, and little red shoes with wicked heels. But one coin she kept. Just one."

"They came to Venice on a summer eve—"

ning when a million lights were reflected in the waters of the canals. The girl cried out her joy as she saw the illuminated palaces. They drifted down the waterways in a new gondola with crimson cushions, and she waved at the people on the balconies."

The Virginian paused. The big eyes of the girl were fixed upon him. He thought a strange glow had come into the eyes—a yellow fire like that thrown out from massed beryls. The quivering lips were parted slightly.

"There is little more to tell," said Dreve slowly, the words dragged from him by the fixed stare of the girl. "The man tired, tired quickly. He was cruel to her—very cruel. One night he beat her, and she stabbed him with a little stiletto she carried in her garter. Then she fled. On her way back to Cremona, she used the stiletto again. She used it to make this hole in the *secchino*. Look, you can see how clumsily it is made. Then she strung the coin on a piece of bright ribbon that the man had bought her on the Ponte della Paglia, and she wore it around her neck till she died. Her daughter wore it for many years. And it came to her granddaughter and her great-granddaughter. They built up a legend around the piece. A gentleman had presented it to Grandmother Pirolo when she went to Venice to see the celebrations. Curiously, with the passing of the years he became a nice gentleman. They spoke of him as a very nice gentleman."

The negress dozed. The big hotels were sucking back the sun-bathers as the noon hour approached. Dreve, the girl and the sleepy negress were left alone.

At last she spoke. "What do you know about me?" she demanded angrily.

"Nothing," answered Dreve.

"Then why did you tell me this story?" she insisted.

"I don't know," answered the Virginian. "I thought to amuse you. You were good enough to allow me to speak, so I told a story, thinking it would interest you. I know nothing—not even your name."

The honey-gold eyes clung to the face of the Virginian. They searched for windows into his soul, and apparently finding them, the scrutiny was relaxed.

"I thought everyone knew my name," murmured the girl. "I am the Countess—No, no! Listen! I am the maid from Cremona! The maid who wished to see Venice, the maid who gathered up the golden sequins when they were thrown before her! It was I who came down to see the fireworks and the illuminations! I made the hole in this coin with a stiletto! A stiletto I carried in my garter!"

STRANGE hysteria came upon her. Dreve wondered why. Deftly he tried to soothe her. "Then the coin is yours," he said softly. "It is yours now. I am glad I found it."

The girl turned the coin so that the face of the Christ was uppermost. For a long minute she stared at the delicately modeled figure; then she spoke. "I would like it," she said softly. "I would like it very much."

"It is yours," said Dreve.

"But I must give you a coin in return," cried the girl. "It would be unlucky otherwise."

She leaned forward and jabbed the sleeping negress with the stubby end of her Russian sunshade. "Quick!" she ordered. "Give me my copper cent!"

The black fingers of the maid fumbled with the *sac-d-main*—the *sac-d-maine*—a gold frame designed by Cellini, and a jeweled clasp that was priceless.

The maid's fingers found the coin and dragged it into the sunlight. Dreve saw it. It was a copper cent—from home.

"THE GALT CASE"

Dexter Drake, whose adventures in crime-detection have proved so intriguing in "The Manicure Mystery" and "The Jade Earring," will shortly appear in a new and even more engaging story by that deft fiction-writer—

ELSA BARKER

Foremost in the Brilliant Society of Europe

The DUQUESA DE ALBA

The PRINCESSE EUGÈNE MURAT

DISTINGUISHED and beautiful, high in the ranks of European society are the Duquesa de Alba and the Princesse Eugène Murat.

The Duquesa de Alba, in whose veins flows the bluest blood of Spain mingled with a noble strain from the England of the Stuarts, receives from all Europe tribute to her romantic youth and beauty.

Princesse Murat, granddaughter of Maréchal Ney, Napoleon's brilliant officer, wife of a leading prince of the historic Murat family, is vigorous, original, dominating—French to the backbone.

Different though they are, both have the same pride in maintaining high standards, both believe that a clear, fresh skin should be carefully guarded. "I know of no better way," says the Princesse Murat, "than by the daily use of Pond's Two Creams." The Duquesa de Alba says: "In using Pond's Two Creams, my skin receives the sum of all good care."

Your skin, too, will be clearer, firmer, finer, if you give it every day the following care:

Cleansed, Refreshed, Supple

For cleansing your skin and keeping it fresh and supple use Pond's Cold Cream. Upon re-



The DUQUESA DE ALBA, fourteen times a Spanish grande, Seventeenth Duquesa de Alba and Tenth Duchess of Berwick. She is, perhaps, the most beautiful woman at the Spanish Court today



The PRINCESSE EUGÈNE MURAT, whose great estate near Versailles, where the exclusive ones of French society delight to visit, is one of the most beautiful in France

tiring and often during the day pat it generously over face, throat and hands. Let it remain a few moments. Its fine, pure oils penetrate the pores, and remove all dust and powder. Wipe off. Repeat and finish with a dash of cold water. If your skin is dry leave some



Women of beauty and high position in every land choose these Two Creams

of the Cream on after the bedtime cleansing.

A Cool, Fresh Radiance

For that exquisite last touch of loveliness, for evening and when you go out, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly—over face, throat, hands. It not only adds a smooth and glowing finish and takes your powder naturally, but it gives you unfailing protection from the irritation caused by dry winds, dust and soot.

Free Offer: Mail this coupon for free sample of Pond's Two Creams
The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. T,
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Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

"See!" cried the girl, thrusting the coin toward the Virginian. "This is a lucky cent. When my grandfather was a small boy, he held the horse of a very great man—a very, very great man. He gave my grandfather this cent, which was his last coin. He was dreadfully poor, and he was suffering. Take it, please, in exchange for the sequin. It has not brought luck to our family, but—but it might bring luck to you. Please take it!"

The strong fingers of John Dexter Dreve clutched the copper cent. The words of the girl had roused him. A verse of a song came thundering through the corridors of his brain. A song of home—thunderous, aggressive, rousing. It brought vistas of Virginia, sweet perfumes of home.

"He gave it to your grandfather at Appomattox!" shouted Dreve. "Gave it to him outside the courthouse after the signing of the surrender. I know the verse, the verse telling what he said. It runs like this:

*The hand of Lee to his pocket went,
And foraging there found a battered
cent,
"For love of the South our men have
died,
And we've fought to our last small
coin!" he cried.
"But the pride of the South is a prize
we hold
'Gainst the force of arms and the weight
of gold."*

A HEAVY hand whose touch suggested a certain unfriendliness dropped upon the shoulder of the exile from Virginia. A voice, harsh and threatening, came to his ears. "What the dickens are you doing, spouting poetry to this lady? Get out!"

John Dexter Dreve lifted himself from the sand. He looked at the man who had addressed him, then glanced quickly at the girl of the golden pajamas. Her face startled him. Leaving the black maid to gather up the rugs and cushions, she fled toward the hotel.

Dreve's keen eyes examined the man who had questioned him. He was obviously the man Peter had spoken of, the fellow who gambled away the money which the girl earned. The cunning burns of the devil had etched the face with infinite care, tooled it craftily so that it represented a rather terrifying picture of unfettered vice. There were wrinkles cut deep by the hoofs of lust, corduroy flesh-stretches that screamed of iniquity, crow's-feet that were really tabloid tales of infamy. Curiously there flashed before the mind of Dreve the window of a jeweler on Marshall Street, Richmond, a window that he had not seen for years. In it was exhibited a dime on which the jeweler had engraved the Lord's Prayer, and this fleeting remembrance was brought by the knowledge that the face of the big man before him carried the devil's litany in all known tongues.

The cold scrutiny of the Virginian annoyed the other. He repeated his question—screamed it.

"SUDDEN FEAR"

Under that title will be published in a forthcoming number one of the most powerful tales of a destroying conscience that this or any other magazine has ever offered its readers. That it is superbly written goes without saying, when one is told that its author is—

BEN AMES WILLIAMS

"I found an old coin," said Dreve quietly.

"I brought it to the lady, and—"

"It's a lie!" shouted the big man. "A damned lie!"

BEHIND the ugly questioner the incoming Adriatic was eating up the white sand. Gluttonous waves, wearing foam frills, would dash forward, attempt to swallow huge mouthfuls of the beach, then, hissing and spluttering, retreat on the main body of the advancing water. Dreve noticed an unusually large scouting wave rushing toward the heels of the man who had called him a liar, and he decided to take advantage of it. With surprising swiftness he leaped forward, gripped the shoulders of the other, thrust the toe of his right shoe behind the left heel of the big man and deftly tossed him backward into the advancing wave. The act was performed with amazing dexterity.

The beach, apparently deserted a moment before, spawned spectators. They came at a gallop. Before the big man had scrambled out of the surf, a circle had formed—hopeful, optimistic, sanguine.

The big man shook the water and sand from his clothes, stood for a moment as if considering the form of attack, then charged rhinoceros-fashion, signaling his punch as he came. Right haymaker. Knock the damned American's head off. Jump on him afterward! Kick the swine along the plage! Woof!

The haymaker went harmlessly over the head that Dreve drew neatly out of the way. The Virginian straightened himself and thrust a fist forward. A fist like the hoof of a shod mule, a fist that knew the shortest distance between two points. It landed on the perpendicular welts of worry that the devil had raised between the close-set eyes of the big man, landed with appalling force. The fellow went backward, heels digging hard in the soft sand. Couldn't hold him up in spite of great efforts. He flopped on his back as the circle broke before him. John Dexter Dreve walked back to his hotel.

LEE'S cent! Long the Virginian sat and stared at the copper coin. He forgot his lunch. Who the devil was the girl? Where had he seen her? When? Mentally he rode around his native State—up and down. Peter had said that she came from over near the Blue Ridge. He, Dreve, knew every inch of the country. There were Dreves at Staunton, at Riverton and at Amherst. He had spent much of his youth in that section.

"Peter!" shouted Dreve. "Peter!"

"Comin', Mr. Jack," answered the negro.

"Come quick!" ordered Dreve.

"Yes, Mr. Jack! Yes sah!" cried the servant, thrusting his head through the doorway.

"T's here, Mr. Jack."

"Peter," began the Virginian, "did you ever hear of a copper cent that General Lee gave to a boy for holding his horse at Appomattox Courthouse?"

"I sholy did," answered Peter. "Dere's a song written 'bout dat cent. Yo' mother, Miss Sally, useter sing it. Dere's a verse dat goes like dis:

*An' de pride of de Souf am a splendid
thing
Dat floats o'er de land on a golden
wing;
Dey can burn our houses an' kill our
men;
Dey can write ob us wif a lying pen;
But dere's somethin' great dat we keep
inside
Dat is greater 'n armies, an' dat's our
pride.*

"Good old Peter!" cried Dreve, touched by the manner in which the negro had chanted the lines. "Good old Peter! I wish we were back there."

"Mr. Jack," said Peter softly, "dis is one splendid place. I's got nuffin against it 'cept dis. I'd give de whole of dis land for jest a little sweet-tater patch in Vinny."

Dreve didn't answer. Strangely, the chanting of the song seemed to bring him closer to the great discovery, the discovery that would reveal the identity of the girl. He felt that he was near to it, dreadfully near.

"Peter," he cried, "do you remember the name of the boy to whom General Lee gave the copper cent?"

"I's sorry, Mr. Jack, but I don't," answered the negro.

"I thought you might remember," said Dreve. "I'd like to know."

"I's forgotten his name," remarked Peter apologetically, "but I knew where dat man lived when he grew up, Mr. Jack. He—"

"You knew where he lived!" cried Dreve. "Why didn't you say so? That's what I want to know! Where did he live? Where?"

"Why, he lived ober at Stapleton on de Lynchburg road, Mr. Jack. Lived wif his son on a little farm. You've rode by de place."

THE dead memory came to life with a bound. It flung itself into Dreve's conscious brain and danced a mad rigadon of delight. It jeered at his slow method of exhuming it. He had ridden by the place! He had nodded to the old man! Given a careless good-day to the son! Yes, he should have remembered before. He should have known on the first day she walked along the beach, the coins of the dead centavo tinkling like huddled fairy bells upon the silk of the golden pajamas! Yet the change was tremendous! Appalling! There were excuses.

He waved Peter from the room and dragged his chair to the writing-desk. How would he address her? Surely she was not married to the big brute whose sudden appearance on the beach had brought the wash of fear to her face. That was gone! She had started to call herself Countess Something or Other, but had pulled herself up short and said that she was the Maid from Cremona. Good! He would address her under that title. He wrote:

"Dear Maid of Cremona:

"On a June day in the long ago a heart broke out of a field, a shady field in which were clumps of white oak. And there were blackberry hedges along the road. A little girl and a very young man chased the heart up a trail and turned him at the top of the hill. The little girl had a blue frock with white spots on it. She thanked the youth for his trouble—thanked him so sweetly that he went away speechless, his ears reddened with blushes. He wished that she might get into trouble again so that he could help.

"John Dexter Dreve."

Dreve called Peter. "Your friend Mirandy Spriggins would do me a great favor if she could get this note to her mistress," he said. "Could you find Mirandy?"

"I reckon so, Mr. Jack," said Peter. "She an' me sorter meet accidently an' talk 'bout Virginny when her mistress is layin' down."

"Good," cried Dreve. "Try and find her as soon as you can."

JOHN DREVE took a turn on the beach and knew instinctively that the Temble Tongues had got hold of the incident of the morning. The eyes belonging to the Tongues surveyed him with new interest. The Plage had a human tripod on which to build its skyscraper of gossip. The tall American, the girl with the golden pajamas and the big evil-faced plunger of the bathroom tables. A splendid foundation for scandal.



"I urge young housewives to use Fels-Naptha because it gives extra help"

"My husband tells me," said a grocer's wife, "that if I were in the store all day he never would sell any household soap except Fels-Naptha. I like it so much myself."

"I've tried almost everything in the soap line—from home-made soaps to chips, powders and what not. All of them have washing value, of course—some more than others—but not one of them gives me the extra washing help I get from Fels-Naptha. So I urge young housewives—especially mothers—to use Fels-Naptha. I feel it my duty to give them the benefit of my experience with this extra washing help."

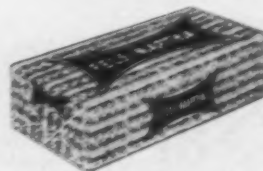
Millions of women wouldn't be without Fels-Naptha in their homes. They get real downright washing value from it, for Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is unusually good soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha—two safe cleaners combined for perfect team-work in one Golden Bar. That's why it gives them extra washing help they'd hardly expect from any other soap.

Get a golden bar of Fels-Naptha from your grocer. Use it in your home. Prove, in your own way, that its extra help is worth many times a penny or so more a week. You then will understand why

"Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha!"

You will want the extra help of Fels-Naptha when you travel or camp! It's just the thing to loosen dirt from clothes, and grease from dishes—especially where hot water is not always handy.

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FELS-NAPTHA
THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA OIL



Places to go Things to eat Parties Worries Work

*Little wonder the nervous itch of living
... rich food ... no exercise ... lead to
Auto-Intoxication — which is to blame for
so many ailments.*

UNDER the strain of a fast moving day, can we avoid the headaches, the indigestion, the weariness so common to American men and women? Must we pay a price for every hour of play and pleasure with a day of dull depression?

We rush to meetings, we dash to parties. We are on the go all day long. We exercise too little and we eat too much. And, in consequence, we impair our bodily functions—often we retain our food within us too long.

And when that occurs, poisons are set up—Auto-Intoxication begins, bringing a host of ills in its train.

Varied as the outward form of this self-poisoning may be, nearly all its effects are taken away when we make and keep ourselves internally clean. For internal purification helps keep the blood stream free of poisons and aids the body in its fight against disease.

In keeping clear of Auto-Intoxication, the first step is to correct "stoppage" and to sweep away the enervating poisons of waste. Sal Hepatica, an effervescent saline combination, is the approved way to do this quickly, safely and thoroughly. It is a stand-by in hundreds of thousands of homes.

Send for the new booklet on Auto-Intoxication which tells you how to keep physically fit.

For booklet please address

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. J-67, 71 West St.
N. Y. C.

Sal Hepatica



© 1927

The big gambler would probably kill the American. The girl was his grubstake. He had found her somewhere, so ran the purple thread of rumor, found her in a poverty-stricken attic studying music. He saw the possibilities of her form, the strange boyish form that brought in some unexplainable manner thoughts of Eleusinian mysteries, of visions of dancing fauns, of river nymphs, and haunted groves. He capitalized her. He bought her illimitable numbers of golden pajamas. He decked her out with old coins. He made her an attraction. Those clever persons who rope in the stupid rich saw her value. She had exhibited herself at Deauville, at Biarritz and San Sebastian. The big gambler was making money out of her. The American had better watch his step. The big chap was mad clean through.

Peter brought a reply from the girl—a tiny note that thrilled the exile from Virginia.

"The little girl who chased the horse in company of the nice boy who was dressed in a gray riding suit is in trouble again," ran the message. "This time her ambition broke loose. Ambition and a longing for pretty things and pretty places. It looked so easy to get them. Could I see you at ten on the beach? I will walk in the direction of Malamocca."

THE girl looked very lovely to John Dexter Dreve when he found her on the deserted beach. A half-grown moon was padding silently through space. The Adriatic was a plaque of burnished silver, scrolled by baby winds.

She babbled out her story to the tall Virginian. Little confessional words fell and tumbled over each other. Little words so soft that the baby winds kidnaped them on their way to the ears of Dreve. She had started out from Stapleton, Virginia, to climb the slippery stairs to the feet of the Nine Muses. In Stapleton they thought she had a voice—a great voice. In Paris those who knew reversed the Stapleton decision.

She told Dreve of meals of bread and sausage. Told him of cold rooms, terrible rooms, rooms through which there trailed nightly the ghosts of other girls who had essayed the Slippery Stairs. Ghosts who waited at her, who mocked her.

"It was so cold and—and I had nothing to eat," whispered the girl. "It is dreadful to have nothing to eat. In my dreams I would see great big dishes of fried chicken and grits! And hams, baked hams that looked as if the pigs they came from must have been bigger than elephants! And nice cakes! Piles of cakes!"

She told how the big man with the evil face had seen her one day on the Quai des Tuileries, one cold day when she thought of stepping into the old River of Forgetfulness and telling the deaf Nine Muses to go hang. The big man had put forward a proposition. He would supply money for dresses and jewels, and he would give her fifty per cent of the profits. He knew that her form was marketable. He was certain.

"He found me Mirandy," said the girl. "She had come to Paris with an American lady who died there. He bought me clothes, and he gave me the golden coins. I—I was intoxicated with the coins. That is why when you told the story of the girl from Cremona I was annoyed. I—I thought you knew about me. Because—because it was the sight of the coins that—that made me agree. Made me agree to everything. To everything!"

John Dexter Dreve remained silent. The little lisping words were so soft and tremulous that he did not wish to frighten them by unloosing a husky query. Besides, he knew.

"Now—now I have enough to pay my

fare home," whispered the girl. "He did not keep his word about my share of the profits. He kept nearly everything, but—but I saved every cent I could. I have enough to pay our fares, mine and Mirandy's. In the steerage only. But we—we will be going home. Home! Home to Virginia! We are starting tonight! He is insane! He—he threatened me! I cannot stay! Tonight we start for home!"

Dreve put a question. "The coins?" he queried. "The coins that you wear on your clothes. Do you know where he got them?"

"He told me that they were left to him by a relative," answered the girl. "A relative who died in Paris last year. Why do you ask?"

"Just out of curiosity," replied Dreve. "I knew a man who had a splendid coin-collection. He brought them to Europe from Washington. I never found out what happened to him."

The girl turned her face toward the landing-stage. "Mirandy is waiting for me," she murmured. "We—we are taking very few things because we are afraid that he might become suspicious. We thought—"

She stopped abruptly. A dark figure had rushed from the shadows cast by the bathing houses. He ran at top speed toward the girl; and Dreve, sensing danger, flung himself in the way of the unknown.

The fellow halted for an instant, raised his right arm and fired point-blank at the Virginian.

Dreve was aware of a curious sensation. Something whopped him in the right side, the force of the impact spinning him in a half-circle. With an effort he straightened himself and leaped forward.

Again the gun spewed flame. The bullet went wide as Dreve, leaping high from the hard beach sand, avalanched upon the attacker.

The catapulted body of the Virginian crumpled the rush. The fellow went backward, Dreve's fingers throat-hunting madly. Steely fingers, made puissant by fierce contempt and scorn for the human leech who fattened on an unfortunate girl!

Flat on the sand, Dreve and the shrewd entrepreneur, the fingers of the Virginian at the fellow's windpipe, hurrying to strangle the fellow before their owner could change his mind. Clever, cunning fingers.

The girl spoiled the sport of the burrowing digits. She stooped and touched Dreve on the shoulder. "Please don't kill him!" she gasped. "Please don't. He—he gave me food when I was starving!"

DREVE relaxed the fingers, lifted the half-strangled man to his feet, thrust him roughly against a wind-twisted sea pine and spoke to him. Spoke quietly and slowly so that the other, busy filling his lungs to make up for the recent shortage, could understand what he said.

"I knew a man named Hollis who had a wonderful coin-collection," said Dreve. "He came to Paris with—ah, you knew him?"

"No, no!" cried the other. "I didn't know him! I didn't!"

He tried to break away from Dreve as he stammered denials.

"He brought the collection to Paris last year," continued Dreve. "He thought to sell it there. Some one—some one to whom he showed his treasure, broke into his room and stole a portion of the collection. Rare pieces that can never be replaced. Some of the coins that you loaned this young lady to wear on the beach—"

"Let me go!" gurgled the gambler. "Let me go! I know nothing! Those—those are my coins! I bought them! Let me go!"

Dreve turned to the girl. The moonlight made her intensely beautiful.

"Please let him go!" she whispered. "I am going home, and I—I am so happy! Let him go!"

"Six months ago I was miserable, unhappy"

"I WAS ACTUALLY LOSING all my strength. I had a terrible case of constipation. I was very thin; my skin was sallow, and I was extremely nervous."

"I had been taking several different kinds of medicines but all in vain."

"After reading a number of Fleischmann's Yeast advertisements I decided to try this much talked of food, and immediately I purchased a number of cakes."

"Several weeks passed and I began to see my complexion clearing up, my old pep and vitality returning. I gradually regained my normal weight and I am now enjoying wonderful health. I feel it is due entirely to Fleischmann's Yeast and I am more than pleased to have the opportunity of relating my experience."

MRS. CORA M. GREGORY, Dallas, Texas

IN the past year over three quarters of a million more men and women have started eating yeast. Today one person in every third American family is making this remarkable food a part of his daily diet.

To feel the way that Nature meant everyone to feel you must keep your system clean—and active. That is what yeast does. It purifies the entire digestive and intestinal tract, counteracting putrefaction and preventing the absorption of dangerous toxins by the body. It strengthens weakened intestinal muscles, daily aiding the sluggish processes of elimination.

Fleischmann's Yeast is the easy, natural way to banish constipation and its attendant ills—indigestion, pimples and boils and that

constant, discouraging feeling of weariness.

Fleischmann's Yeast is not a medicine; it is a pure corrective food—a living plant, rich in the nutrients of the grains in which it is grown. Unlike harsh drugs and purgatives, which merely whip the system into temporary abnormal activity, yeast gently, naturally tones up the whole system.

Start today to eat your way back to health! All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. M-41, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., N.Y.C.



MRS. CORA M. GREGORY in the garden of her home at Dallas, Texas



MISS JEAN McLEAN likes the outdoors and thinks horseback riding is by far the nicest thing to do in it. She was made particularly miserable when she fell victim to a series of painful boils. Her mother writes, "My daughter Jean had such a bad boil on her leg that I persuaded her to try Yeast. She did and had no more trouble until she stopped eating Yeast. Then she had another boil—on her arm. She began the Yeast again, and again was all right—until she stopped. This time the boil came on her eye but after this third one she ate the Yeast more faithfully. This was a year ago and she hasn't had a boil since. I believe that the Yeast keeps her system in such good condition that there will be no further trouble with boils."

MRS. DANIEL McLEAN, Glendale, Los Angeles, Calif.

Keep well this easy, natural way

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it just plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

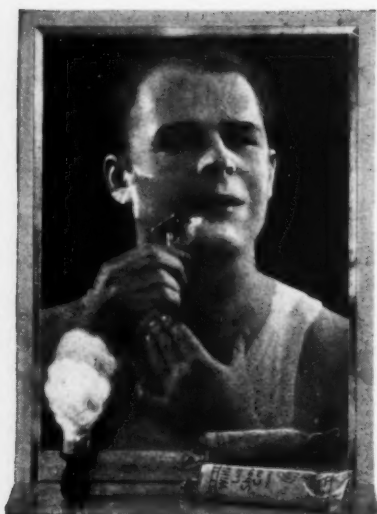


JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON, Well-known Theatrical Producer, N.Y.

"THEATRICAL PRODUCTION, demanding as it does constant rehearsals and irregular hours, is a severe strain upon the constitution. I find that the best way to counteract that run down feeling and to keep in perfect trim is the regular daily use of Fleischmann's Yeast. For several years now I have made it a practice to take Yeast every day. I drink it in a glass of milk and find it very pleasant. It relieves all traces of indigestion and keeps my system functioning normally."

JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON, New York City.





Williams saturated lather drenches each bristle—soaks the beard soft for easy shaving

How to End Razor "Pull"

THERE is a very definite reason why we make Williams Shaving Cream so that it works up into a saturated lather. The excess moisture in the lather gets into action on the beard bristles and soaks them soft for easier cutting. This means an end to razor "pull."

But Williams doesn't stop there. It conditions the skin, giving the newly-shaven face that "barber's massage" feeling. Williams actually leaves the face more comfortable than before the shave.

Prove our claims FREE. Clip the coupon below or send a postcard for a week's trial tube at our expense. Two sizes, 35c and 50c.

Our new after-shaving liquid, *Aqua Velva*, keeps the face as comfortable as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it. Write Dept. 106 for generous test bottle.

Williams

Shaving Cream



The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 106, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canadian address, 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal).

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream.

The Virginian stood for a moment considering the cowed man before him; then, with a quick jerk of his strong wrist, he flung the fellow from him. "Get out!" he cried. "If you are here in the morning, I'll hand you over to the police as the thief of the Hollis collection. Get!"

On legs made rickety with fear the gambler fled along the moon-washed beach.

JOHAN DREVE, exile from Dreveton, Virginia, saw the girl of the golden pajamas and Mirandy Spriggins over the first lap of their journey. He went with them to the City of Purple Dreams and rode with them in a soft silence to the station at the end of the Canal Grande—a soft sweet silence that bred dreams. In fancy the homesick Virginian saw the road before them. It stretched out like a great golden pathway, made plain by the mileposts of dreadful longing: The throbbing train to Genoa; the waiting steamer, home-going Americans mobilizing—Americans who had come to the same opinion as Peter. "Lots of places that are sure wonderful, but I'd swap them all for a sweet-tater patch at home."

Slow, languorous days plunging through the Mediterranean. Out through the Pillars of Hercules into the home ocean. The ocean that washes the Land of Heart's Delight—washes it from Passamaquoddy Bay to Mar-

quesas Key. Friendly old waters lapping against the side of the ship, talking of home. Sure, they know the little Tyres and Sables of our rock-bound northern coast! They know the fishing fleet out of Gloucester. Slapped Miss Liberty often. Raced up at times through Chesapeake Bay to kiss the shores of Maryland! Cape Hatteras and Frying Pan Shoals? Sure! So you're from Carolina, eh? Glad to get back? I bet you! Old waters of home!

At the last minute, when the girl and Mirandy were comfortably seated in the train, John Dexter Dreve made a discovery. He found a small hole in his vest, a hole that pierced the pocket. He thrust in his fingers, and to his great amazement, he pulled out the Lee cent! A cent slightly twisted now! He recalled the wallop that he had received when the gambler fired the first shot on the beach, the wallop that had spun him in a half-circle.

Without speaking, he showed the bent coin to the girl. She understood what had happened.

As the much-decorated conductor blew his little trumpet, she fervently kissed the coin and handed it back to the Virginian. "It is a coin of great love," she murmured. "Keep it by you, and some day—some day it will bring you home. Good-by! Good-by!"

THE PATRIOT

(Continued from page 47)

of the law. "In those days there was joy in tribulation to every murderer fortunate enough to find a sanctuary in a prison, where angel keepers were his guard and official ravens fed him."

"The Chinese Must Go!"

"The contest against the Chinese shall not be given up until there is blood enough in Chinatown to float their bodies to the Bay."

Into this troubled scene, at a cost which included Chun Yuey's life, was born Fong Lee, son of Fong Lin.

FROM his childhood, enjoying the advantages afforded by his father's wealth, Fong Lee was educated in the Western fashion. Following the creditable record which he made in his classes at high-school, he studied with some success in an academy and received, in addition, the attentions of two or three tutors who prepared him for one of the great Eastern universities. He returned to San Francisco after four years spent in the East, and his speech held no suggestion of his Oriental parentage.

"What have you learned?" his father asked him.

"Many things," Lee replied. "Among other things, I have learned that we are unwelcome residents of this land."

"True enough; but we have given more than we have received. The course in business administration—did you learn anything of practical value in the university?"

"Comparatively little in matters of business that you have not already taught me."

"Do you think you are capable of assuming control of my several enterprises? Can you conduct them in a manner that will fulfill my obligations to my associates?"

"Some of them, my father, yes; but with some of your interests I will not be associated—with the gambling-house, the lottery, the opium-rooms on Jackson Street."

The elder man smiled slowly. "You have been reading the reports of the Investigation Committee?"

"That is the source of my information."

"My son, I procured those investigations as a contribution to the welfare of this city and its people. More than half of those dens of death were owned by white men, and the proprietors of the balance were renegade dogs tutored in the foreign conces-

sions of our Chinese seaports. Let your heart be at ease. The pathway of virtue is plainly marked, and at some cost in worldly goods I have followed it."

"My father, a grain of sand can hide a mountain. I have been blind."

"Vision will come with the years. . . . I am very tired now. I am old, and I long for the land of my birth. Presently I shall return to the House of our line. I shall leave here—free. I have sold many of my properties, but various men versed in this Western law have perfected the deed transferring my other interests to you. Henceforth, unto the Gates of Departure, seek your own way, remembering always that the ancestral tablets of your House bear honorable names."

ASSUMING control of affairs after his father had returned to China, Fong Lee soon took his rightful place in the advanced group of his people. After a while, when San Franciscans spoke of Chinese, they mentioned Fong Lee as being an example of what Western culture could accomplish for members of his race.

It became known that his house was the center of Chinese republican sympathizers, and that Fong Lee was a leader of Young China. The Tung Meng Hui, deriving the bulk of its membership from the provinces south of the Yangtze, conspicuous in the early phases of the Republic, included in its personnel the leaders of Chinese reform. Whenever any of these men landed in the United States, sooner or later they could be found in consultation with Fong Lee.

When radicalism had given way to calculating influences, and after the coagulation of numerous movements had been effected, out of a new combination came the Kuo Min Tang, pledged to maintain international peace and to unite North and South China. Awhile later, born of much thought and mental stress came political chaos, and after that Fong Lee was able to give more of his time in San Francisco to local affairs. At the outbreak of the World War he was the first to organize his people into an effective unit pledged to the interests of America. With this service came substantial sums of money for subscriptions to the war-bonds. Public opinion christened Fong Lee, and he



A High Degree of Quality

Women who drive their own cars have conferred high honors on Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloons. Having experienced the unusual degree of reliability, with safety and comfort, which these tires deliver, women are, more and more, insisting on Firestone quality.

To provide the motorists of the country with unusual safety features, Firestone engineers designed the scientific Balloon tread with a larger, safer road contact and a sure non-skid hold which may be relied upon to prevent slip, spin or skid.

The rubber projections on the tread

are placed to flex uniformly with the more flexible gum-dipped carcass. This means economy in wear as well as safety. The Firestone Gum-Dipping process gives these tires added flexibility as well as strength. Women especially appreciate, too, the relaxed comfort of body with confidence and peace of mind afforded by Firestone Tires.

Let the nearest Firestone Dealer explain to you why "honors" are being heaped upon Gum-Dipped Balloons. He will be glad to tell you the many reasons for their added safety, comfort and economy.



MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER... *Harvey Firestone*

FOR EVERY ENGINE

There is a correctly designed dependable Champion Spark Plug for every engine. Your dealer will gladly explain to you which particular Champion you should use to secure the very best engine performance — maximum power, speed and acceleration plus greater fuel economy.

Car manufacturers recommend, and hundreds of thousands of motorists are changing spark plugs every 10,000 miles to insure better and more economical car operation. This is true, even of Champions, in spite of their world-wide reputation for remarkable long life.

Champion X—
exclusively for Ford
Cars, Trucks and
Fordson Tractors—
packed in the Red
Box—

60 cents each.
Set of \$2.40
Four



Champion—
for cars and
trucks other than
Fordson—packed in
the Blue Box—

75 cents each.
Set of \$3.00
Four
Set of \$4.50
Six

CHAMPION

Spark Plugs
TOLEDO, OHIO.

became a Patriot. There was no doubt about it. Civic authorities, the press, prominent citizens, members of the clergy, visiting officials of government—one and all were blatant in their praises.

Knowing more of the truth than the donors of the laurel-wreaths, through all of this Fong Lee maintained a quiet demeanor, working honestly and actually for the interests of America. His sigh of relief on the day when the Armistice was signed was one of complete sincerity. Equally sincere was his action two or three years later in contributing to the bonfire of Japanese merchandise ignited in Chinatown as a demonstration against Japanese imperialism; but the rays of the bonfire illuminated very little of that dark problem, and the net result of the local outburst was little more than a few columns of the peculiar publicity to which some San Francisco newspapers are addicted. Seeing this, Fong Lee smiled wearily. "I'm a little bit fed up on this damned country," he admitted in confidence to himself. "I am sick of their jazz and of their verbal democracy, their cash-and-carry religions, their boosterism, their big business, their little theaters and big movies, their pseudo-philanthropies, their aliens and their hypocrisy."

This thought became the theme of subsequent reveries which bore fruit in action. Old residents of Chinatown, when the local guardians of the peace declare that the tong troubles are ended, and that because of the efforts of various Caucasian diplomats there will be no more shooting, are given to barricading themselves against the fusillade which will probably follow the announcement. Similar to the inaccuracies concerning tong "wars," most of which are in the nature of private affairs, are the statements relative to the cessation of gambling and lotteries and opium-traffic. "Four gambling-rooms off of main hall," read one report. "Entrance through a three-inch plank-and-iron door; opium store in front of third room, then through one three-inch plank-and-iron door to hall of escape to upper story." Admittedly since the fire of 1906 all of this concealed architecture is changed. There are not so many three-inch plank-and-iron doors.

IN the din of New Year's Eve, when the wet streets were blotched with crimson paper from exploding firecrackers, Fong Lee ventured out and mingled with the marching pedestrians until he came to an unlighted doorway on Grant Avenue near Jackson Street. He walked up a flight of stairs and after a quick interchange of clucking syllables, a door opened before him. He walked through the door and began his descent down a flight of stairs twice as long as the one he had ascended, finishing up before a "three-inch plank-and-iron door" sixteen feet underground. He unlocked this door, which was barred by three locks, and he entered a room where, at a glass-topped desk, sat Ling Yok, his confidential secretary.

"Ling, I will sail for China on Saturday," Fong Lee announced after a brief greeting. "Please arrange the details—and among other things see to it that some publicity is given to my departure. You may let the newspapers have copies of this document."

Fong Lee handed Ling a sheet of paper upon which, in English, was written a statement of the traveler's regret at having to leave America for even so short a time as the trip to China would require. "I love this country, and even as my people, when they die, cannot sleep with tranquility except in the soil of China, neither could I contemplate resting elsewhere, after life is done, save in America, my native land."

On board ship an hour before sailing, Fong Lee reiterated his protests of affection for the United States. "It has been a sanctuary for the oppressed peoples of the earth, and

while my education and my training have been accomplished under the guidance of Occidental teachers and methods, I still respond to the essence of my origin, the instinct of my race, in feeling that this land of my birth, America, must finally be my last resting-place."

All of this copy hung fire until Monday when, no feature carrying a greater human interest value being available, it was hurried into a mess of language under a four-column head on the front page of two morning papers, so that with its morning coffee San Francisco enjoyed a refreshing dab of sentiment. The afternoon papers, picking up the story, played it with the aid of a little maudlin photography in which Young China waved the Stars and Stripes above a familiar quotation suggesting that Fong Lee, a true American, regretted that he had but one life to give for his country.

In spite of the technical methods of its presentation, the story, or at least vague memories of it, deriving their values from the dignity of the theme, lingered in the minds of San Franciscans so that they were enabled to experience no small sorrow when, two months later, the news cables from the Orient carried an announcement of Fong Lee's death.

FORTHWITH, in several consular colleges, and three diplomatic bureaus, the wheels of government ground out the technicalities permitting Fong Lee's remains to pass the boundaries of empire on the return journey to the land of the Patriot's death. Here was fair material for the press. In the first place it appeared that Fong Lee had selected a manner of dying which had some news value. One learned from the cables that the Patriot had died defending two American ladies and an aged American missionary from an enraged mob of soldiers belonging to the Northern armies. In the second place San Francisco, reminded of Fong Lee's parting words, remembered its reactions to the sentiments of patriotism which he had expressed at the hour of his departure. And finally, what better material could there be for a parade with civic demonstrations, orators of the day and similar publicity, than the corpse of this humble patriot?

Before the body of Fong Lee was half-way across the Pacific, all arrangements had been made by the reception committee. A speech on Loyalty by a prominent military personage who had participated verbally in the Great War; a parade which included members of three generations of Occidental patriots marching to the music of no less than seven bands hired for the occasion at union rates. A halt during which the public could enjoy more oratory furnished by civic officials, and an earnest worker who foresaw the day when the United States and China would be as one nation under a common flag. Chinese aviators roaring in wide circles against the blue sky above the City of Gold; Young China and Chinese children marching in a military manner. Eloquent and sincere members of the clergy pointing to the lesson to be drawn from this Patriot's life. Then, when the excitement was all over, a local fragment of Tung Meng Hui, receiving the remains of Fong Lee, would supervise the subsequent native ceremonies which would end, finally, at Fong Lee's burial-place in the Chinese cemetery out beyond the gate links.

Such were the plans for the Patriot's reception, and save for minor changes occasioned by the advent of additional orators, such was the actual program of events. The four-o'clock fog spread a soft gray pall over the diminished procession as it marched to the old assembling place of the Tung Meng Hui, where, until midnight, in a room lighted by two wavering candles, rested the great coffin on which, in vermilion characters,

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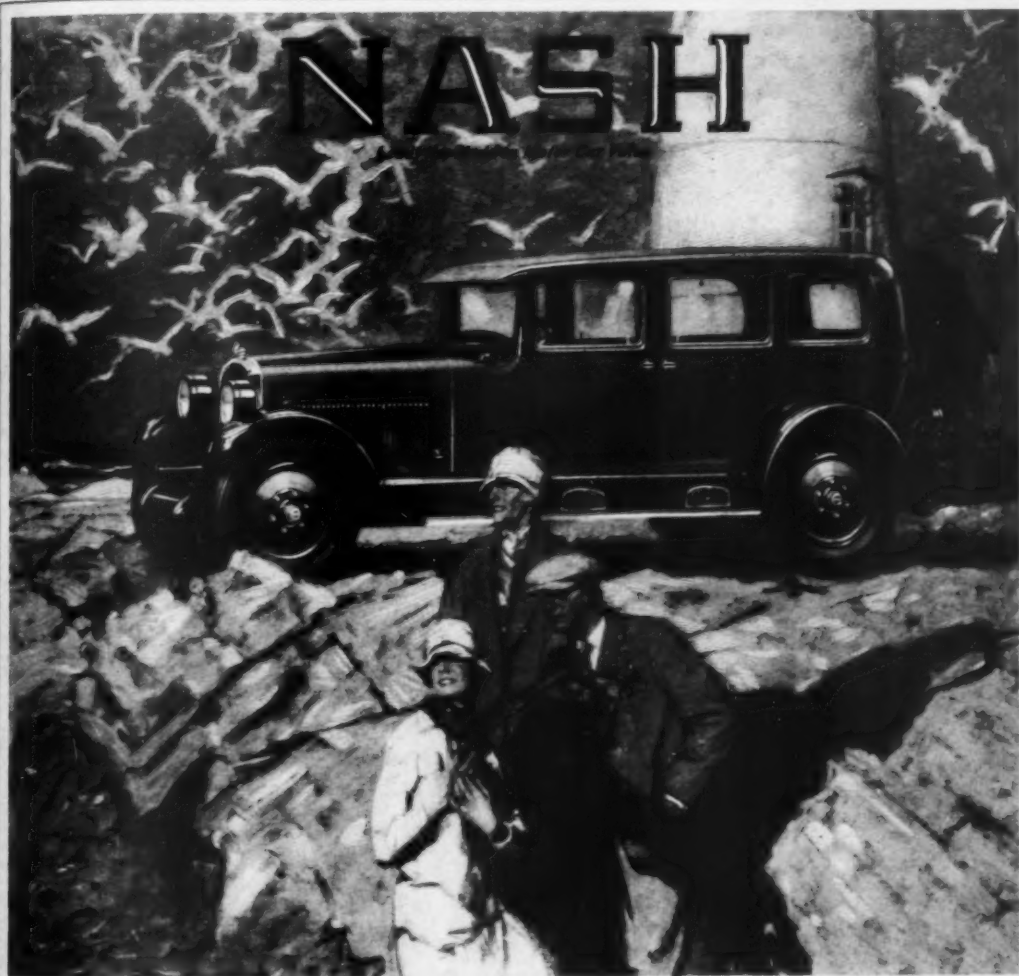
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Portraying the Advanced Six Special Sedan

There's a World of Style in this Charming Nash

Motor car fashion now inclines strongly toward the low swung, French-type profile.

Here it is, at its best, in the smart Advanced Six Special Sedan by Nash.

Wherever charming people park their cars, look for this new Nash type. Its expressive beauty will compel your eye, no matter what other cars are there.

It is built for people who are hard to please. Like costly furniture, it is upholstered in exquisite Mohair Velvet. Door panels, window mouldings and instrument board are done in rich walnut finish to harmonize tastefully with the real walnut steering wheel.

Drive this Nash, and you will like it even more. It has, for power, the Nash 6-cylinder, 7-bearing motor—with a power-flow of fascinating smoothness and quietness at any speed.

And it has the Nash type of steering mechanism—easier, faster, never tiring. Just a light turn of the Nash steering wheel when you turn a corner.

And Nash 4-wheel brakes! A more efficient and safer type. Their action is two-way—internal expanding, front—external contracting, rear.

The style, efficiency and very moderate price of the Advanced Six Special Sedan have quickly made it a preferred investment in the field of family cars.



A digestive aid that never works overtime!

THE next time you feel uncomfortable after eating, try a couple of Gastrogen Tablets. They will give you quick relief from your indigestion, heartburn or gas—without in the least interfering with your normal digestion.

For Gastrogen Tablets never go too far, as soda bicarbonate and preparations containing it are very apt to do. With alkalis of that kind, the least overdose leaves your stomach with an alkaline residue that is almost as unwelcome as the hyperacidity itself.

For normal, healthy digestion requires a slight acidity of the stomach—1-3 of 1 percent—and until nature restores this balance, proper digestion is out of the question.

Gastrogen Tablets stop when they correct acidity

Gastrogen Tablets have the happy faculty of overcoming hyperacidity quickly, then stopping their work. They cannot alkalinize the stomach. You could eat them all day, and the excess would only pass through your system harmless and unchanged.

So, if you suffer from digestive distress, give Gastrogen Tablets a trial. Find out what it means to correct indigestion without hampering digestion.

Gastrogen Tablets are mild, safe and effective. They drive away the discomfort of indigestion, heartburn and gas in ten to fifteen minutes. They have a spicy, aromatic flavor that everybody likes, and as an agent for sweetening the breath they can hardly be excelled.

Your druggist has them in handy pocket tins of 15 tablets for 20c; also in cabinet-size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c. If you want to try them before you buy them, send the coupon for free introductory packet of 6 tablets.

GASTROGEN

Tablets

© Bristol-Myers Co., 1926

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. B-67
73 West Street, New York City

Without charge or obligation on my part, send me your special introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name _____

Address _____

Fong Lee's name had been inscribed. The lid of the coffin was sealed with half a dozen seals of lead pressed about knotted wires which bound the wooden lid to the sides of the coffin. These seals were guarantees by Government agents, by the steamship company and by a third group of interested parties, certifying that the contents of the casket had not been molested on its trip from China.

At midnight, when the shrine of the Patriot had been deserted by all except two elder members of the Tung Meng Hui, a light knock sounded on the closed door. Ling Yok, who had been Fong Lee's secretary, was admitted by one of the two watchers. "Lock the door," he said to the man who had admitted him. From an inside pocket he produced a short chisel and a screwdriver. At the foot of the great outer casket, two inches above its base and four inches from each corner, he marked two spots from which he removed thin flakes of black enamel, revealing the heads of two screws. He removed these, and when this was done he repeated the process at the opposite end of the box. He nodded briefly to the two waiting members of the Tung Meng Hui. "Lift it off," he said. Without much difficulty the two men removed the top with the ends and sides of the outer casket attached, leaving its contents resting in place on the pine slab which had formed its base.

A lead box six feet long, two and a half feet wide and two feet deep stood revealed. Ling Yok nodded again, this time toward a blank wall of the room. "Let them in," he said. One of his companions bowed and pulled down a short section of the wainscoting which ran along the blank wall. In

this wall a door—"of three-inch plank reinforced with iron"—opened, revealing seven men waiting in a brilliantly lighted room adjoining the Patriot's temporary shrine. The young man spoke to one of the seven men. "Here it is," he said.

The leader of the seven bowed, and from the inner pocket of his coat he produced a slip of blue paper. "And here is—compensation," he returned. He handed the slip of blue paper to the young man. "On the Shanghai Oriental Bank—to your order." Ling Yok inspected the document carefully and put it in his pocketbook.

"Tell the men to make haste," he directed.

One of the seven men ran a heavy knife-blade down a long edge of the lead box, cutting through the soft metal without difficulty. A similar slit at each end, and the thin metal flap was bent back to reveal a tightly packed mass of opium, in tins.

"Fill the lead box half full of sand before you replace the cover," the young man directed, leaving the two watchers of the Tung Meng Hui in charge of all further operations connected with the interment of the Patriot's remains.

On the following day at four in the afternoon, Ling Yok sailed under a gray flag, bound for China. "Your funeral was quite successful, sir," he informed Fong Lee, four weeks later. "Here is the draft—an even quarter million, gold."

The Patriot looked at the slip of blue paper. "We will need it," he said. "Our Southern Armies are in the field. The war chest is none too heavy. This makes me regret, in a way, that I have but one life to sell for my—for China."

THE PRETENDERS

(Continued from page 79)

How could he confess? And when he did, would she ever trust him again? He, an ordinary clerk, posing as a member of a world-wide banking house! What a crust to put himself on the same level as Nancy Cook, a successful star! He had won her love under false pretenses. If he could only go to her and tell the whole truth, possibly she could see his reason for wanting to be thought a success by the folks of his small home town. Joe Bancroft's question kept recurring to him: "And now what are you going to do?"

"A Garden of Roses" was having its dress rehearsal in a hall on Sixth Avenue preparatory to opening in Atlantic City the following day. Last-minute changes kept the company busy, and it was midnight before Nancy was through. Dick was determined that this would be the last of his efforts at pretense, and in the hope of an opportunity for explanation, had carefully selected the environment.

The distinctive supper-club selected was in the old Central Park West residential district. They alighted at the canopy, and Barnum conducted the girl up the red-carpeted steps and, in the vernacular, crashed the gate. The stone mansion in the ornate style of the early 'eighties had been converted into a series of private reception- and dining-rooms. In the rear there had been added a ballroom. Its open dancing space was surrounded by white-spread tables occupied by a laughing, buzzing crowd of men and women. Dancers were swaying to the music of an orchestra short of reeds and strings and strong in brass, whose blattant blare needed the stimulus of high-proof refreshment, to pass as music.

A knowing waiter captain, whose bootlegging activities were widespread, sized up the newcomers with a discriminating glance, properly appraising them as candidates for a table just windward of the kitchen; but swamped with an influx of after-theater

patrons, he reluctantly permitted them to slip into ringside seats. Nancy gave a sigh of content, a tribute to her fiancé, that they had been permitted to occupy a niche in New York's hall of fame—a desirable table in a popular night-club!

They settled themselves, and now that the time had come for him to enlighten the girl with the truth, fear of losing her clutched him. He covered his nervousness by discussing the supper bill with the waiter. While he was ordering, Nancy looked about, and her eyes momentarily rested on a group at a near-by table. An attractive-looking man with gray hair dominated the party.

She whispered: "Isn't that Mr. Stuyvesant Fiske? I have seen his pictures a thousand times."

BARNUM followed her gaze with a new of fright, and found himself faintly caught in the other's casual glance, but there was no flicker of recognition in the older man's eyes.

The girl exclaimed: "He didn't speak to you!"

Dick gave an embarrassed cough and rejoined: "He's near-sighted—didn't see me."

It was the very opportunity for explanation which he had been seeking, yet in took a more dangerous course. Hastily excusing himself, he impulsively strode over to the other table, held out his hand with an air of assurance, and said:

"You remember me of course, Mr. Fiske. I'm Richard Barnum. May I see you a moment privately on a matter of importance?"

The banker involuntarily accepted the outstretched hand, ponderously rose to his feet and followed the younger man over to an open space at the side of the room.

Dick began in a frightened voice: "I know I work for you, Mr. Fiske—a friend of your son's."

Gayest of Frocks—Sheerest of Light Summer Things

Wear Them Now Under the Most Trying Hygienic Handicap



Easy Disposal and 2 other important factors

Utter protection and security, plus an end to the problem of disposal

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

SUMMER days and moonlight nights, dances, tennis, motoring, yachting—don't let them bother you because of a difficult hygienic situation.

The old-time "sanitary pad" has been supplanted. There is now protection that is absolute, positive and certain—a new way that will make a great difference in your life; that will provide peace-of-mind under the most trying circumstances.

KOTEX—What it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.



Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends all fear of offending.

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the only sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding.

It is the only napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere simply by saying "Kotex." Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



② True protection—5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.



③ Obtain without embarrassment at any store, simply by saying "Kotex."

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular 65c per dozen

Kotex-Super 90c per dozen

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

Shipped also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by Wex Disinfecting Co.



The Blades Men Swear By—not At

EITHER
SET ~

\$1.50
With Two
50¢ Pkgs
of Blades



Interchangeable
Blades 50¢ for
package of 5

AN APPEAL TO REASON

COMMON sense tells you that the safety razor with the best blade is the one for you to use. It's the blade—nothing else—that takes the beard off your face.

Durham-Duplex Blades are made of the finest razor steel imported from Sweden. They are the longest—that saves time, one stroke does the work of two. They are thick and strong—you get the heart of the steel only for an edge—we grind away the rest. They are hollow ground—that gives you the keenest and most lasting edge.

Each and every blade is hair tested before being packed.

The Durham Duplex Razor gives you the sliding diagonal stroke—cutting your beard instead of scraping it off.

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Jersey City, N.J.
Factories: Jersey City; Sheffield, Eng.; Paris, France;
Toronto, Can. Sales Representatives in All Countries

Special Offer 25¢

Take this coupon to your dealer or send to us and get a genuine Durham-Duplex Razor with only one blade for 25¢.

Durham-Duplex Razor Co., Jersey City, N. J.
(Address for Canada; 50 Pearl St., Toronto, Can.) I
enclose 25¢ for razor and blade. Check type preferred. RB8

Name _____
Address _____
Town or City and State _____
I prefer Long-handled Type _____ Safety Type _____

The other anxiously interrupted: "Anything the matter with Stuyvesant? Anything wrong?"

Dick answered reassuringly: "No sir. He's all right. It is not about Stuyvie I wanted to speak. It's about myself. I am in a terrible jam." His employer raised his hand in a deprecating gesture as though to end the conversation, but the younger man hurried on: "You have the reputation of being a sportsman. The girl with me is Miss Cook. She is from Lockport—my home town. Down there they think I am very important, and I've been foolish enough to let them believe I'm an essential part of your company." He paused an instant and then blurted out: "Miss Cook thinks so, and—and we're to be married, and I want her to believe in me. I don't want to lose her confidence."

It was all rather incoherent, and the older man mildly interrogated:

"Yes, and what do you wish me to do about it?"

Dick asked appealingly: "Wont you come over and meet her? She sort of accepts it for granted that you will. I'm willing to take my medicine tomorrow, but please help me out now."

With a reluctant, "Very well," the older man accompanied Barnum to the table, and after being presented to the young lady, sank heavily into a chair hastily requisitioned by the waiter captain. Then—

"Richard has just told me the interesting news," he said, "and I wish to congratulate you both. This young man of ours has certainly shown excellent taste."

Nancy waved a coquettish finger and warned: "You are a dangerous man, trying to turn a girl's head."

He rejoined with a smile: "Not dangerous, just discriminating."

"You certainly are understanding," she went on. "No wonder you are beloved, for you are an inspiration for younger men."

After a time the banker arose, beamingly made his excuses and rejoined his party. "Isn't he a dear!" sighed the enraptured girl.

Barnum mused: "And he is known as the man of granite."

Nancy, her bobbed head daintily cocked to one side, seemed lost in thought. Dick wondered if she was listening to the whisperings of a woman's intuition.

SOMETIME the following morning a summons came through Mr. Fiske's secretary for Barnum to report to the front office. Dick never had had previous occasion to visit this holy of holies, and he entered now with dry-mouthed trepidation. The room was spacious, lofty-ceilinged and thickly carpeted. Mr. Fiske was seated at a heavily carved desk, writing. He glanced up with a nod and went on with his work.

Finally he straightened his shoulders and said: "Well, young man!"

"Yes sir," murmured Barnum.

"When I observed you in that place last night, I was by no means pleased. I am capable of doing all the cruising about that is necessary for this organization."

Dick repeated: "Yes sir." In a moment the ax would fall.

A smile lighted up the older man's face as he went on: "However, you surprised me by your ingenuousness. I can appreciate a youngster enmeshed in his effort to dazzle the home folk, but your courage and 'follow-through,' so to speak, are unusual."

"Yes sir," Barnum repeated, dry-lipped.

"It set me to thinking about you. You certainly have been a good influence for my son. Stuyvesant has settled down splendidly since he has been with you, has even given up his automobile, so he tells me. Gorman's report is also most favorable."

The young man became more loquacious. "Thank you, sir," he said.

"Now run along, and you may tell that

attractive young lady—Miss Cook is her name, I believe—that while your assumption of importance was a trifle premature, without doubt it is well founded." He paused and smilingly concluded the interview with the statement: "All great artists conceive their masterpieces before achieving them; however, they don't generally boast in advance of the accomplishment."

DICK went through the day selecting the drapes and furnishings for the spacious salons of his rainbow-hued air castle. Late in the afternoon, with Joe Bancroft and young Fiske, he took the train for Atlantic City for the opening of "A Garden of Roses." The theater lobby was crowded early, with men and women mostly from the precincts of Broadway. Flowers in profusion decorated the foyer and crowded the dressing-rooms back-stage. Although this was the beginning of the second season for the show, most of the principals were new to their parts. The buzz in the auditorium subsided, and the audience wore an air of expectancy at the curtain's rise.

The three young men had seats well down in front, and Dick felt a nervous tremor when Nancy made her entrance. She seemed a trifle self-conscious during the first few notes of her song. Her eyes sought Dick's momentarily, and the recognition seemed to steady her. The applause at the conclusion of her number was genuine, however, and she was compelled to take an encore.

Barnum glowed with the pleasure of her triumph. During the *entr'acte* he encountered Wilster, the manager, in the lobby. The latter was exuberant and chuckled: "Isn't Nancy great! She stopped the show. Guess I don't know how to pick 'em!"

After the performance the boys were hosts to Nancy and her friends Mildred Carroll and Evelyn Sweet, at a jubilant supper, and caught an owl train back to New York. In the confusion of the eventful evening, Dick had no chance to deliver Mr. Fiske's message or attempt his long-delayed explanation.

The week went by without any word from Nancy. Barnum wired her on Friday, but received no reply. On Sunday he sent flowers to the Claremont and followed them in person, confidently expecting that she would spend that day in the city. She was not at the hotel, nor expected.

The next morning a letter came, and it was eloquent of reason for the silence. The opening itself was a body blow.

"Dear Friend," it began. Then followed:

"I have been avoiding writing this letter, not knowing how to express myself. All week my mind has been terribly upset, but there never was a moment's doubt as to the only course open to me, and for that matter, to us both.

"Mildred told me the whole story. She learned it from Joe Bancroft the night of our opening. Of how you fooled your old Lockport friends by pretending to be a member of the banking firm, when you were only a clerk there, and of how you all joined in deceiving me.

"It all seems so cheap and common—I can hardly reconcile what you have done to me, with what I conceived you to be. Your love likewise could have been nothing but false pretense.

"Please let it be so. I am an actress, not much of one, to be sure, but it too is an occupation of pretense, so we will lay it to temperament on my part.

"The kindest thing we both can do is to drop it all—forget it if we can. Please do not try to explain matters—it would do no good—nor answer this letter.

"Nancy."

Dick reread the note through four times. Its contents were slow in penetrating his consciousness. All day he went about stunned. There came a moment of resentment against Bancroft, but he dismissed

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the new Russian Note in the Rouge of the modish Parisienne

THE IMPERIAL EXILES OF THE COURT
OF THE FALLEN CZAR CAPTIVATE CHIC
PARIS WITH THEIR GORGEOUS MAKE-
UP —

KRASNY

A new vogue—a new fashion in Rouge!
Product of the gorgeous color-sense of
Russia's banished beauty and the infallible
taste of Paris!

It came about in this way. When the
aristocracy of Russia, the court of the Czar,
the most brilliant society in Europe, fled
before the *sans culottes* of the Revolution,
Paris became their hope!

And there the most of them are today,
the Russian Coterie, the most glowing
color-note in the fashionable life of Paris.

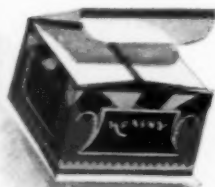
Nothing was more captivating than
their gorgeous
make-up, their
thrilling use of
rouge! Glorious

shades, miraculously harmonious with the
coloring of these barbaric beauties. Paris,
who lives to be conquered by beauty, by
chic, of course made this make-up her own!
Krasny!

But nowhere in the world does Krasny
belong as in America, with its splendid,
fearless, gorgeously healthy women! So we
brought Krasny to America for you, and
here it is today.

And you will find that the shades are
not all! This dry rouge is as grateful to your
face as the most delicious powder. It will
give you a veritable *peau de satin*!

Choose your shade of rouge and try it
once! Look in the mirror, and you will un-
derstand the vogue of Krasny—you really
can't know how lovely it is in any other way!
One Krasny make-up (with Krasny lipstick
of course, and Krasny powder, a lovely
new clinging powder, but light)—voilà!
Luxor Limited, Paris, New York, Chicago.



The Rouge Compact is 50c
Face Powder \$1.00—Lipstick 75c
Bath Powder 50c—Creams 50c

H A V E A C A M E L



To you—experienced smokers...

EXPERIENCED smokers, your patronage has put Camel first among cigarettes.

You know good tobaccos. From their taste and fragrance, you know that Camels are rolled of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown.

Your preference proves it. You've paid every price and tried every brand, and you will smoke only Camels. Camel popularity—your vote—shows that Camel is totally unlike any other cigarette that ever was made.

You are also steady smokers, and you have paid Camel the highest compliment: "No matter how liberally we smoke them,

Camels never tire the taste. They never leave a cigaretty after-taste."

Experienced smokers, it is your patronage that enables us to produce the best. We spare no expense, we buy the best of everything for Camels because we dare look forward to your appreciation. And you give it beyond all bounds!

There's only one thing more we could ask. Pass the good news to inexperienced smokers. Help them shorten the search for tobacco enjoyment. Extend them the most friendly—because the most helpful—smoke invitation ever spoken—

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

it, for he knew there had been no thought of malice.

"A Garden of Roses" was in Philadelphia. He took the six o'clock train. Slumped down in a red plush seat, he went over the whole affair again and again, ignoring the repeated announcements of dinner being served in the diner, two cars ahead.

The train arrived at Broad Street just about theater time, but he was too nervous to remain still, as he would be compelled to if he sat through the performance. Tirelessly he paced the deserted streets of the business district.

After the show he waited at the stage door in the alley. Members of the company came out singly and in groups, but not Nancy.

When he caught sight of Evelyn Sweet, he started to make inquiry, but she anticipated his question by saying:

"Looking for Nancy? Guess she wasn't expecting you. She went out through the front of the house."

Dick wondered if she had purposely avoided meeting him. He walked around to the entrance, now darkened, and met the manager just emerging.

The latter brightened at sight of him, and said:

"Hello—when did you come over? Looking for Nancy? She must have missed you. She's at the Walton. I'm going that way."

Falling into step, he continued: "We sure got a show, and actor-proof too. Any village quartet can sing 'The Larboard Watch.' You know I was afraid to jump Nancy from the chorus into a lead."

"Afraid? How do you mean?" asked the other.

"Well, it was the first time she ever had a part—only understudied last season," explained the informing manager. "When she came back from her vacation, she made such a strong talk, told me about you, and all. Worked for me a long time—reliable girl, square-shooter; so I gave her this try-out for the road show. You gotta hand it to her, though; she's made good. I was just on my way to meet her at

supper to talk over the finale of the first act. With you in town, that can wait. S'pose you'll be backing her yourself in a show next season, maybe, huh?"

Dick murmured something inaudible.

HE found Nancy alone, seated at a small table in the Walton restaurant; and affecting not to observe her look of perturbation, he seated himself opposite.

"I wrote you not to come—" she began.

"I know you did," Dick replied. "I may be all sorts of a deceiver, and an idiot, but I'm not pretending in loving you."

The girl's face flushed as she insisted: "I won't listen to any explanations. There are none. Please go away; I'm through."

"I'm not trying to explain," he announced. "Mr. Fiske gave me a message to deliver to you."

"What is it?"

"He said: 'Tell that attractive young lady, Miss Cook, that while your assumption of importance was premature, it was well founded.'"

"I congratulate you," she rejoined icily.

"Nancy," pleaded Dick, "you must realize my position. Surely you can understand. Wilster has just been telling me all about it. You see, you were pretending a bit too."

Nancy's face softened. She impulsively reached over and took both of his hands in hers, exclaiming: "Did I tell you? Bless his dear old heart! It is true—I had to make good because you believed in me. Hasn't this been the longest week!" she went on. "I've missed you so, Dickie dear. We do need each other, don't we?"

It was then that Barnum summoned a waiter, and announced: "I'm hungry as a wolf—haven't eaten all day. Let us have some turkey and cranberry sauce."

"I'm sorry," answered the servitor. "Out of season."

"What have you?"

"There is some nice corned beef and cabbage."

"Bring us two orders," interposed Nancy; and turning to Dick, she added with a laugh: "We'll pretend it's turkey."

THE MORAL REVOLT

(Continued from page 65)

"With us," she said gravely, "it had become a choice between marriage and a liaison. Many choose the liaison. But we couldn't make up our minds to it—at least I couldn't. It was against my training. And besides, the anxiety and fear and sense of social guilt would all have combined to mar our happiness. I don't mean that I had any religious scruples. I honestly don't think society had any right to keep us apart. We really loved each other, you see. But that is why I mark it off from your companionate marriage. We turned to real marriage, and we intended to stay put. It wasn't just an affair."

"Very interesting," I said. "You are living in deliberately childless marriage—like many other conventional people who like you are denouncing my views on companionate marriage. Don't you realize that yours is companionate marriage, that you are living in companionate marriage right now, and have been for four years? My dear Edna, I hope this news doesn't shock you; and I hope you don't feel too immoral! But perhaps you will now tell me when you propose to discard your present husband and try another—since that, according to you, would be one necessary consequence of companionate marriage?"

"But," she gasped, "ours isn't! It's marriage—not a companionate thing at all!"

"It is marriage," I retorted; "and it conforms in its physical and psychological essentials to what sociologists call companionate marriage. There isn't a jot of differ-

ence between the companionate marriage and the deliberately childless union which you have preferred to a secret liaison or a long engagement."

"If you had had a liaison, you would, as you yourself admit, have been undertaking the same childless union, but at the risk of social stigma if you were found out. And if you had chosen a long engagement, with the celibacy required by convention, you would have had four years of waiting. Either would have brought you less happiness and benefit than you have secured by your companionate arrangement, in legal wedlock."

"The companionate marriage you are now living in is widely practiced by thousands of perfectly respectable, legally married people today. You and I both know scores of childless couples. They have most of them decided not to have children, and they have a perfect right so to decide. It is a personal matter. No stigma of immorality attaches to these marriages, or to yours. Society recognizes them as moral and permissible. But the recognition is tacit. Society thinks it shocking if anybody suggests that the regulations governing this kind of marriage be adapted to the practical necessities of such unions, and that if this were done the companionate marriage could be made a powerful instrument, both for social reform and for human happiness."

"But the minute I come along with the suggestion that we put an end to this hypocritical farce of pretending to one thing



Question

Who does a day's work that might be a chapter torn from an adventure story?

Who is right in the thick of everything—from the biggest events of the sporting world to the dark mysteries of the underworld?

Who is acquiring experience, training, knowledge of men and life which will help him rise to the top in a hundred other professions?

Answer

A Newspaper Man

—and journalism is basic training for all kinds of writing

Today, newspaper training (that invaluable experience to which so many authors, dramatists, scenario writers, business leaders and public men attribute their success) is open to every ambitious man or woman. By becoming a member of the Newspaper Institute of America, you work and receive the same sort of instruction and discipline that you would receive as a member of the staff of a great New York newspaper. And you can do it in your home.



Consider well this unusual opportunity! You are given actual assignments to cover. Your work is individually edited and corrected by a group of men with 182 years of newspaper experience back of them. This is the famous New York Copy Desk Method—in which you learn to write by seeing and doing the very things that big city newspaper men do to earn their living.

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11F117

Pipe Smoker Enjoys Can of Tobacco Sixteen Years Old

Of course, all good tobacco is aged before it is packed, but here is a case of "aged in the can."

On the strength of Mr. McDonald's letter we certainly owe our packing department a vote of commendation. For no tobacco could retain its flavor and goodness lying in a dark musty corner for sixteen years unless it had been properly packed in an absolutely airtight can.

So while someone was deprived of this particular can of tobacco for sixteen years, it did provide smoke enjoyment for an appreciative railroad cashier when it finally came to light.

Mr. McDonald's letter is reproduced below:

Waxahachie, Texas
May 18, 1926

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

The agent while going through his plunder stored in our baggage room came across a can of your tobacco, and account of his not using a pipe he made me a present of this tobacco.

You will note the revenue stamp and your memo which was inclosed. The tobacco was put up in 1910, sixteen years ago. But it was in good shape, of remarkable flavor, and was greatly enjoyed by me.

Thought you would be interested in knowing how your tobacco held out in these days of fast living.

Yours very truly,
(signed) Gordon McDonald.



To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to
Larus & Brother
Company, 8

S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[On your radio—tune in on WRVA,
Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Sta-
tion. Wave length 256 meters.]

and doing another, I am set upon even by you as a disciple of 'free-love.' And when I suggest that we make sane use of this already existent condition, I am accused of trying to bring into existence a thing we already have. And the very people who are living in companionate marriage themselves have the effrontery to accuse me of promulgating immoral doctrines!"

I HAD become so heated in my discourse that she laughed. "I'll never accuse you of that," she promised. "What bothers me is the easy divorce part of it. Divorce is one thing; but divorce by mutual consent is quite another. What difference would companionate marriage, as you picture it, have made to me, save that it would now give me easier divorce if I should need it? How do you visualize the thing? What steps would Larry and I have had to take if we had married that way? And how would we and society have been any better off?"

"You and society would have been better off in the sense that there would be safeguards against mishaps," I said. "In the first place, you would both of you have had to pass a medical examination before marriage to make sure that you had no infectious disease or taint that you could transmit to one another. That examination would also determine your physical fitness for parenthood. Suppose there were insanity in your family, or that one of you were epileptic, or that you had some other inheritable weakness. The verdict in such a case might be that while companionate marriage would be perfectly permissible, you two could never be licensed by the State to attempt procreative marriage."

"Thus you would know your limitation, then and there; and if you entered companionate marriage, you would be doing it with your eyes open, and with the knowledge that you must not have children of your own—though you might adopt children if a court so permitted."

"And later, assuming that there was no impediment of health in the way of your entering procreative marriage, you would have to show when that time came that you would not merely be able to produce healthy children, but also that you could care for them properly, and that your economic status reasonably insured that those children would probably never want for essentials."

"I think it even possible that the day may come when the state will provide money for the support of children in such marriages when financial means are limited, but the stock is sound. And childless people, married or unmarried, might well be taxed for such a purpose. At present we practically subsidize sterility by permitting a tremendous financial burden to fall on the shoulders of people who add to the population."

"You can see that all this would be quite different from present conditions. As things stand, you and Larry can go ahead and have children whether you ought to or not. You married in the first place without anyone making the slightest inquiry as to whether you would transmit disease to each other, or insanity and infectious disease to your possible children. Nobody was in the least concerned with the fact that you might be of degenerate stock; and even if it were known that you were of such stock, the law in most States would nevertheless permit you to go ahead and have those children without let or hindrance."

"Because of this condition, we continue to build more and more insane asylums, homes for the feeble-minded, hospitals for congenital human wrecks, and prisons for the housing of criminals, and other social incompetents. America is losing at least sixteen billion dollars yearly by the economic and social incompetence of thousands of

weaklings and criminals, many of whom should never have been born; and these teeming masses go on reproducing their kind without stint or limit."

"There was a time, before the coming of modern science, when natural selection took care of the quality of our human stock and kept it reasonably near par. Only the strongest infants survived babyhood. Weak adults died early. Now we save these weaklings and then breed from them. I maintain that it is all right to save them. But I also maintain that since we have meddled with natural selection, it is up to us to put something effective in its place. Medical examination and education before marriage are obviously needed substitutes. They could be introduced in connection with legally recognized companionate marriage."

"I don't say this would produce a Utopia; but I do hold that it is of first importance that we educate the American people to breed for quality, and that a non-coercive humane regulation of procreation, managed largely by education in such a way as not to interfere with the love life of the average man and woman, is the way to get such a result. At present we force the unfit to procreate *ad libitum* while the intelligent portion of the population are practicing restraint. It tips the balance in the wrong direction."

"BUT isn't it a bad thing that the intelligent people are practicing restraint?" she suggested.

"That doesn't mean that they remain childless," I said. "It means that they have a few children and raise them right. A stationary population is more to be desired just now than a rapidly growing population. It is desirable that we keep the population at its present level and better its quality. Many sociologists are agreed that the time has come for that."

"Now, companionate marriage, as I picture it, would forbid the kind of crime against humanity and common-sense that we have been discussing; and yet it would at the same time be so humane and flexible that it would permit persons unfitted to have children to marry without producing children. Such persons would benefit themselves and society by such marriages, provided only that their childlessness could be reasonably well made sure of. For marriage is normal. Men and women crave the love and companionship it provides. Deprive them of such love and companionship, and you either impose on them a celibacy which warps the soul and twists the inner nature, or you drive them to sexual lawlessness of the kind that is working such havoc and destruction in society today, particularly in the ranks of the younger generation."

"There are about 9,700,000 unmarried males between fifteen and thirty years of age in this country; and there are about 7,638,000 unmarried females of the same range of ages. Of the total number of our youth within these age limits, fifteen to thirty, only about one-third are married. The other two-thirds, with the mating instinct alive within them—the most powerful of all instincts save that of hunger, and indeed it is a form of hunger—are unmarried and theoretically celibate. And yet the American people placidly assume that our marriage code is adequate to meet this situation."

"But you still haven't met my question about divorce by mutual consent," she said. "That still seems to me the weak spot in this idea. I can see the rest of it; but I don't see how divorce obtained so easily could fail to lead people to marry and marry as fast and as often as they chose. They would quit their marriages whenever they got ready, wouldn't they, if there were no pressure put upon them to stay put? And wouldn't that make a bad matter worse?"

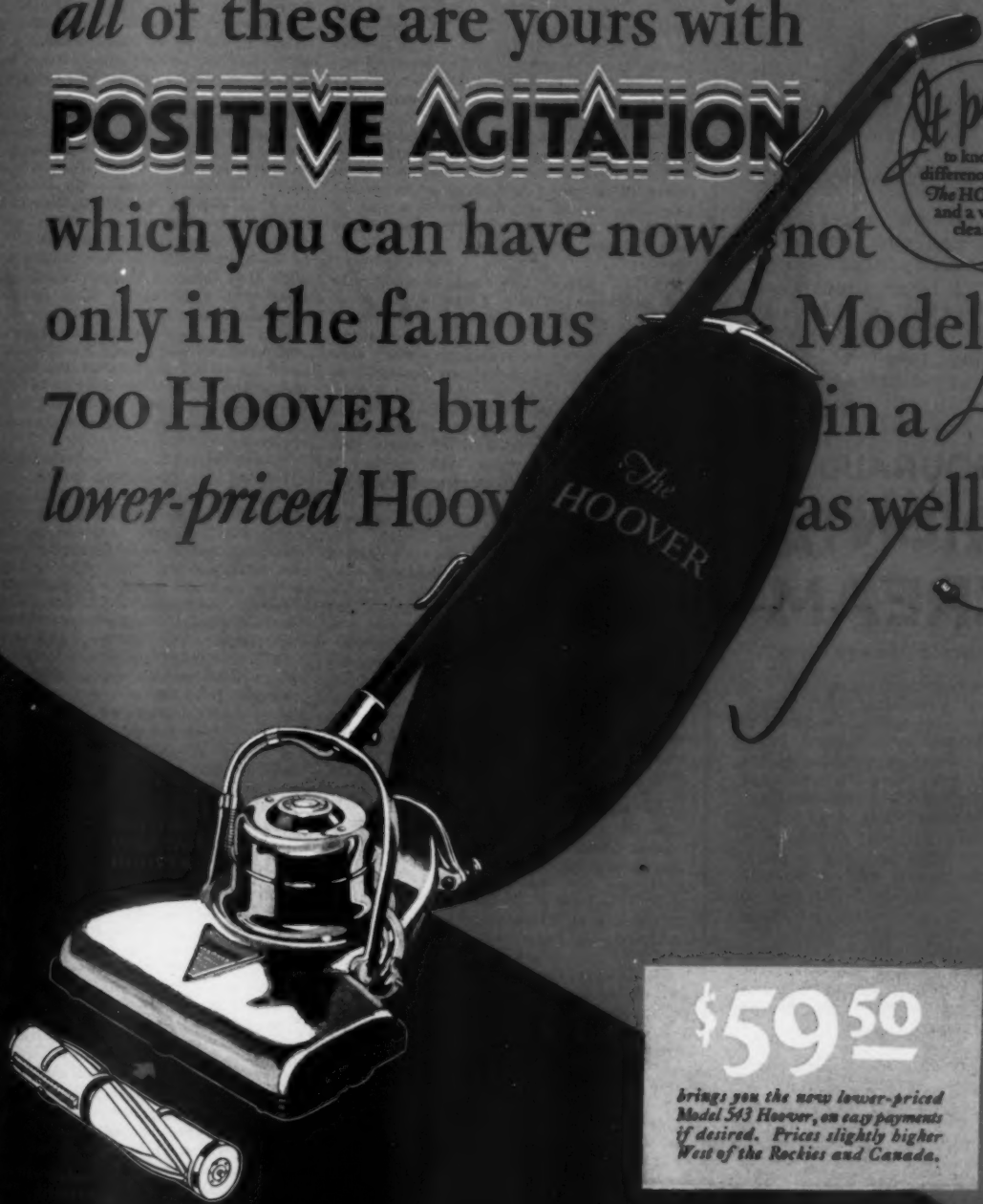
"They could quit when they got ready."

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and see how vastly superior it is to Face Powders. The unsurpassable appearance rendered is not affected by moisture, perspiration, dancing, outdoor sports or other activities. Its use makes you fully confident that your appearance is always at its best.

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For a better appearance, start its use today.



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N.Y.

I conceded; "but when would they get ready? Would divorce by mutual consent lead you to parting from Larry as soon as you got ready? Certainly it would—but when would you get ready?"

"Never," she said positively. "You have me there; but would you have others?"

"Are you such an exception in human nature?" I asked. "No; what you call the weak spot in companionate marriage is one of the strong spots. The really weak spot in your marriage was the fact that the step when you took it was too nearly irrevocable. You had to take a needlessly big chance; you had to stake everything on one cast. You knew there was no way of retreat. You were being forced into assuming social responsibilities which, in a childless marriage, were needlessly rigid, and dangerous to your happiness and best interests.

"That was why you hesitated before taking the step; that was why you dallied with the idea of a *liaison*. It was, in a way, so much less dangerous. That is why thousands shrink from childless marriage today. It involves putting their lives and fortunes in pawn, and staking everything on that one move.

"Now, you took your chance—you and Larry; and you won. But there are many who make honest mistakes in their first choice of a mate; and there is no reason why they should not be allowed a line of retreat—if they are childless—far easier than the one now permitted."

"STILL," she insisted, "people might take advantage of such liberality."

"Some would," I admitted. "But most wouldn't. You are forgetting the emotional ties that grow up between people when they are in close daily association, especially in the intimacy of married life. Such a relationship sends out roots, like a growing tree; and it resists being torn up and transplanted. Nearly everybody genuinely prefers to find a stable relationship in marriage. In nearly all cases people seek divorce only when they find anything else unendurable. It is the least of the evils confronting them; it is a last resort. The presence in society of a few polygamous freaks does not alter this essential fact that human beings are normally monogamous; and that this passion for monogamy is predominant even in men and women who are physically 'unfaithful' to their mates.

"Most persons, as I say, get divorces because they really need them, or really think they do. Cases of people getting more than one divorce are rare. Now, notice how it works out, in our social conventions: A divorced man or woman today is in perfectly good social standing, and has a sound claim to social respectability. You doubtless know many divorced persons. You think none the less of them because they are divorced. You merely regret that, unlike you, they have made a bad guess in choosing a mate, and you wish them better luck next time. You don't attribute their divorce to wantonness or irresponsibility or a desire to go on madly from one union to another. Divorced persons are in good standing, even with people who strongly disapprove of divorce as an institution, or as part of the institution of marriage.

"Nor do you question the personal morals of a divorced woman by reason of her being divorced—though thirty or forty years ago her neighbors would have regarded her as quite beyond the pale and would have found it unthinkable had it been suggested to them that custom might change in this respect.

"But what would be your attitude toward a man or woman who has been divorced four or five times? Such persons come in for social censure, do they not?

"Thus you see that when people make divorce a cloak for mere promiscuity, our

conventions step in, in the form of public opinion, and restrain people from acts which may be entirely legal, but which are socially not respectable. These verdicts of society—and sometimes they are very stupid and cruel verdicts—act as a powerful deterrent; they restrain people who might otherwise be disposed to take unlimited advantage of the divorce laws. Only a few have the temerity wholly to disregard these social judgments. The fact that a few do so is no just reason for abolishing divorce."

"DO you mean, then, that the same social restraints would operate in companionate marriage?" she asked. "Well, that's a good point. I can see that it might be so. I had not thought of it."

"It is inevitable," I replied. "Society shows, and always has shown, active hostility toward persons who plainly overstep conventional bounds, especially when they are brazenly defiant or unreasonable about it. It would be no more disposed to look with favor on persons who divorced and remarried recklessly under the companionate plan than it is now.

"The fact is that companionate marriage, with divorce by mutual consent, would prove no more attractive to people bent on extremes of sex license than is marriage today. A few of these reckless ones might use it as a cloak for license, just as a few use marriage and divorce today; but they would be an insignificant handful. It would be so much easier for such persons to seek what they want in *liaisons*, just as they do now, that they would want no kind of marriage whatever.

"On the other hand, men and women who sincerely loved each other, would gladly abandon all thought of the *liaison* because here would be a type of marriage suited to their needs; a marriage sufficiently stable, and yet not too dangerously irrevocable.

"Now, suppose you combine with this deterrent and controlling power of public opinion the restraints imposed on people by their own sense of personal decency and social responsibility; and add, besides, the restraining power exerted on most persons by the emotional ties that tend to grow out of the intimate contacts of marriage—even childless marriages, like yours,—and you have an almost overwhelming evidence that the tendency of companionate marriage would be toward stable relationships rather than toward reckless promiscuity. And yet it would have the saving grace of not being as rigid, unreasonable and irrational in its demands on human beings as is our present code. It would be elastic enough to make human happiness and reasonable human adjustments possible, in a way that is now too often impossible.

"Now, suppose you and Larry wanted a divorce, either at this time or later, when you have had children. How would you size that up? Would you have a right to it? Would you resent any social regulation that hindered it?"

"I should say that if we wanted it now, for good reasons, we ought to have it," she replied. "If there were children, then we might reasonably be expected to stick—provided our differences were not of a kind that would make our home a place where children could not be happy or rightly cared for."

"Exactly," I said. "There are cases where it is better for the children that the parents should separate; but ordinarily it is better that they should stick. But suppose you and Larry wanted a divorce now. Have you any notion of what you would have to do in order to get it?"

FOR a moment she did not answer. Presently she said: "I don't suppose you recall it; but my father and mother were

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divorced when I was twelve. I was old enough to realize very keenly what was happening; and I was old enough to read the newspapers, which I bought at a news-stand and smuggled into my room. I cried over them there; but Mother didn't know it. She thought I knew only what she told me. Yes, I think I know a *little* about what it means. I remember the things that came out about Father. I had always loved and worshiped my father; and I know those things, so contrary to all I had been taught, wrenched me about inside to such a degree that in some ways I've never gotten straightened out since. Oh—it was horrible!

"It wasn't till years later that I told Mother what I knew, and learned from her that there hadn't been a word of truth in it all, that they had to slander and lie and commit perjury to get their divorce. They had intended to keep the thing more or less secret—the scandal part, I mean; but some reporter got onto it by accident.

"It was all planned in advance. They met with their lawyers, and the lawyers planned the whole thing for them; and Father hired a woman to play the part—a woman he wouldn't have so much as looked at. And Mother had to tell an outrageous story about how cruel Father had been—mental cruelty, they called it; but it was as absurd as if she had said he had beaten her. Father didn't defend himself."

"THEN I need not urge on you," I suggested, "that a condition wherein people must slander and lie to get the divorce they have to have, is wrong. Like other things in marriage, we have made divorce contraband by making decent divorce difficult to obtain without indecent measures. You see what it amounts to is this: we have injected into our law-books such a conception of marriage that our laws forbid the courts to give two persons a divorce *unless one of them wants it and the other doesn't*. Such is the effect of it, since divorce in the open by mutual consent of the parties is not allowed.

"And so it comes about that if you and Larry should today want a divorce, and should mutually and openly avow in court that for such cause you wanted it, the court would not grant it. For both of you thus to want it and consent to resort to some faked-up cause, permitted by statute, as so many do, would be collusion. For your parents to fix things the way they did involved perjury, a penitentiary offense. And yet that is the way thousands of divorces are obtained, particularly in States that allow divorce only on grounds of adultery.

"The law picks this silly, traditional reason, based on jealousy; and it forces people to pretend to have done what in many cases they haven't done. It is all taken as a matter of course. The lawyers know the whole business is a farce; the judges know it, and the juries suspect it; and they all wink at it because it is easier to obey the absurd letter of the law than it is to attack the dragon of our theology in his lair, and get your head snapped off. We claim in this country that there is no connection between church and state. I don't know what humorist started that story; but I know it has ceased to be humorous, and is far too much like a practical joke.

"Suppose you and Larry wanted a divorce: Think how much better it would be if, instead of following out this disgraceful program of lies, hypocrisy and deceit, you and he could come to some such person as myself and say: 'Judge, we want a divorce.'

"What would I do? Would I give you your divorce by mutual consent right off the bat, and ask no questions? Not at all. It would be no such offhand proceeding. I would question you both, together and apart; and I'd get all the facts in confidence. The circumstances would be such



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that you would have none of the present inducements to conceal every vital fact from the judge. I am getting the truth from people all the time by just such methods. In many cases I find some trifling misunderstanding, easily straightened out, is the cause of all the mischief, and am able to start the couple off again, satisfied that they don't need a divorce after all.

"Many times—most times, in fact—some sex misunderstanding is back of the difficulty. Perhaps one or the other had had a puritanical attitude toward sex. There is a score of possible reasons. Often all that can be straightened out, with the help of a psychiatrist, if need be.

"But suppose when you come to me, I find that I can't do anything to make you happy together. Why, then, and then only, I would grant your petition for divorce. There would be no lawyers, no alimony, no scandals aired in open court, no newspaper gossip, no purse-breaking expense. You could part without bitterness; you would be little the worse off; and you would both be free to seek happiness further on. Wouldn't that be better? Would it savor of the corruption and hypocrisy and fraud and collusion and lying and lust and real cruelty in which the institution of divorce is steeped at present?"

"**T**HERE is one thing I want to ask," she said after a thoughtful pause.

"These members of the younger generation, mere boys and girls, who at present have secret sex affairs—wouldn't they take advantage of the companionate marriage as a way of carrying on their affair in the open, under the protection of the law? You know how freely they disregard the restraints of public opinion even now. They have their own code, and they don't much care what their elders think, so long as they have the approval of their own set. Isn't that so?"

"Undoubtedly," I answered. "But has it occurred to you that the reason why they are so defiant and reckless is that society is providing them with no reasonable and respectable way of getting what they feel they have a right to? Believe me, they are not nearly so reckless as they seem. They conform very strictly to their own code, and most of them, when they marry, make perfectly dependable husbands, wives and parents. The notion that they don't is largely a myth. Companionate marriage would prove, for most of them, a base for rational, responsible conduct in matters of sex."

"But they are so young."

"Nature doesn't think so," I replied. "That's what is making most of the trouble. Our economic conditions amount to a demand on young people that they shall restrain their impulse to mate—putting it off for a long period. It is a bad thing. Give them a way to marry—a way that would be feasible economically, and they will come out all right."

"What I am advocating as immediately practicable is something which we already substantially have, and do not acknowledge that we have it—a childless, companionate marriage entered into with the expectation on the part of society, and of the persons marrying, that it will be permanent, and that it will probably change over to the procreative or family marriage later, as most of them under my observation have done."

"I stand on that; and I refuse to be held responsible for any further changes the society of the future may make. That has nothing to do with the question of what we are to do with this thing we already have."

"But I will add this: If some of these youngsters did substitute the companionate marriage for their secret liaisons, and then put themselves under the control of law and order, that would be gain, regardless of whether they divorced and experimentally

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remarried repeatedly or not. On such terms there would be less danger in their conduct than in the present system of liaisons in which they indulge so recklessly, and so promiscuously. Fine types of girls, from some of our best homes, have confessed to me their sex experiences. Boys make the same confessions. Companionate marriage would be better than that, even if they frankly went into it as a temporary thing."

I shall not attempt here to report the rest of my conversation with Edna. It lasted a long time, and I have already given the essentials of it. It was typical of many discussions on companionate marriage which I have had with various men and women who have voiced their doubts to me. Usually I have found that their objections were founded on a misconception of my meaning; and frequently I have been able to win them over to enthusiastic support of my views. Such has been my experience with the various groups of men and women with whom I have had an equal chance to explain my meaning and my purposes.

A VERY fine woman recently talked to me confidentially concerning her experiences as dean of women in a certain State university. I have already mentioned her in reporting my conversation with John Comstock. She told me she was convinced that companionate marriage, as I had outlined it to her, was bound to be accepted by the coming generation as a solution of the problems that confront many of our young people who are thrown into daily contact with each other in the relations of college life.

Here is substantially what she said to me: "Judge, I am convinced that there would be absolutely nothing wrong in a young couple at college availing themselves of a companionate marriage law, if there were one, and at the same time going their respective ways through college and out into the business world—living their lives separately and associating when they cared to, much as if they were merely engaged. I don't see why they should not continue in such a way of life, either till they decided to form a companionate home, or a home with children, or till one or both of them decided to end the union—as would sometimes happen. I think the coming generation will have something of this kind, and that it will be much better than the present suppressions, the present pretenses at celibacy, and the illicit, secret and lawless relationships which I know exist among the very finest types of boys and girls from our best homes—and which, because they are beyond control or detection, constitute one of the gravest problems confronting society today.

"Such a plan would largely put an end to the preoccupation with sex which today makes co-education a difficult problem. More attention would be given to studies.

"The great majority of such unions would become permanent marriages later, with homes and children—a thing impossible under the present condition of illicit relationships. It would, as you say, amount to substituting the one for the other. I don't think the people who object to this idea have any notion of what is really going on.

"I WOULD not hesitate," she concluded, "to permit my own eighteen-year-old daughter to enter into such a relationship of companionate marriage with a boy I approved of, where they both believed they loved each other.

"I think the plan would be an inducement to monogamy, and that it would lessen polygamy—of which just now we have plenty, in marriage and out of it."

If this dean of women should publicly express these significant views, her job would undoubtedly be in danger.

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AMONG certain circles in Denver, where denunciation of my views on companionate marriage and all education pertaining to it have been especially violent, I have been interested to compare these outward protestations with certain inside facts.

For example, several years ago a young man who, to my certain knowledge, had had a number of sex affairs, secretly married the daughter of one of my clerical denouncers. The parents were informed the next day. The couple are now living in companionate marriage which has put an end to the boy's promiscuities. They have no children. I know that they have deliberately avoided parenthood—because they told me the whole story.

I am well acquainted with another young man who married the daughter of another Denver man, a man who has been very hot on my trail, and who has an especial horror of the companionate marriage idea. This young man informed me specially that he and his wife are deliberately childless. It is a companionate marriage, and it has steadied both of them.

The son of still another Denver man, of the same conservative stripe, has married a girl well known to me. She recently told Mrs. Lindsey and myself that she will have no children until she is ready for them. It is a companionate marriage. The young man has settled down in a way that would not have been possible to him by any other means.

Companionate marriages, all of them! The term "companionate," as used in connection with our discussion of "companionate marriage," does not literally mean that the marriage is any different from present marriage—as so many seem to think. It is present marriage—just as it exists now. But this term "companionate" is employed more to denote what is going on between couples in present marriage, because of certain privileges that so many of these modern married people are claiming under it. The most notable of these privileges is the right of the individual couple to determine when they shall have children. Another privilege claimed is that when they cannot get along together, and there are no children, their "mutual consent" to separate should be a legal cause for divorce. (Please understand that in practically all cases a couple can now illegally get such a divorce.) Another privilege they claim is that the divorce laws should be amended to suit the growing economic independence of women, and other economic changes in this new age, so as to fix different rules than those now existing, for the support for those married women who have no children, and whose marriage is, as is the case now in a very large percentage of marriages in the churches, entered into on what I have described as this "companionate" basis. Different rules, then, as to alimony and the rights of property; and even descent and inheritance (where children are involved) might very justly be upon an entirely different basis to suit these changed customs.

IT is these admitted conditions in present-day marriage that call loudly for legal regulation. For purposes of discussion, we say that those who use the privilege, and until they voluntarily decide to have children, or being childless, desire to separate by "mutual consent," are described here as the "companionates." But when they have decided voluntarily to waive these privileges, we call that the "family." The terms are used, then, more to keep in mind these distinctions—the "companionate" and the "family"—existing now in present legal marriage. No couple has to exercise any of these privileges, even if legally established, unless they want to. It is simply a freedom of choice that is being asked for from people. Those who do not feel free to act

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for themselves in such matters, or who prefer to follow the directions of their particular church, and for religious reasons want some of these privileges, of course have the right to ignore them. Nothing we will propose will deny them that precious privilege if they believe the law of God or the law of their church commands it, when it forbids divorce for any ground, or for the only ground of infidelity.

Understand, they still have this privilege notwithstanding there are many good people who believe that present marriage may and does legalize as much or more immorality, licentiousness and vice inside of it, than goes on outside of it, and that some of the shameful situations known to be constantly going on inside of marriage, but for which no divorce is allowed, are infinitely worse than infidelity. Now, modern, up-to-date youth, especially, along with what is believed to be most of our intelligent people, are claiming the entirely different privileges that I have mentioned. These people cheerfully concede to strictly religious or church people the privileges that I have also mentioned; but such people are not so cheerful in conceding to others these new and modern privileges that happen to be different.

Modern couples, married in practically all the Christian churches, are, however, not only demanding but practicing these new and different privileges. This is a definite and certain sign of the history of civilization through which marriage and morals have ever changed, a proof positive that we already have these new customs, that will soon force the state to put them into laws dealing with marriage, and therefore, as with other laws on the subject, they will be added to our social institutions, and in their legal regulation will make up what we call our modern marriage and divorce code.

THERE is a woman in Denver who denounces me and my views on these matters on every occasion, with the ancient talk about the "foundations of the home," and other sentimental nonsense having nothing to do with the facts. She has freely expressed and repeated the ancient theological quip that the only kind of control she advocates is self-control; and she has freely said that she and her husband themselves practice "self-control." For this reason she "knows it is practicable, and that it can be done."

I am acquainted also with a certain young woman in Denver who is the sweetheart of this lady's husband. The two of them make frequent week-end trips together to Colorado Springs and other resorts. On their return he always sends the young woman a profusion of flowers.

I don't wish to seem heartless, or to appear to exult over the silly wife of this man, living in her fool's paradise. I cite the facts merely to show that like many other people, she doesn't know what she is talking about. Self-control indeed!

It always interests me to be present on those occasions when some well-intentioned person rises to make his appeal against my "radicalism." Then comes the appeal to the audience: Do they want their daughters to enter companionate marriage, and "have their purity and their chastity sullied?" "Would you want your son to marry a girl who had been in the arms of other men?" It never fails to "split the ears of the groundlings;" it never fails to get a rise out of the crowd, and out of all who find it easier to exercise their emotions than to think. It never fails to raise a hubbub of hysterical approval from many of the very people whose sons and daughters are running wild for lack of sane safeguards.

I noticed a woman who was leading the applause against me when this subject was

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discussed one night in a Denver church. She is a leading club-woman in Denver, active in public affairs of every kind. At the time this mother was applauding so violently against me at that meeting, and demanding that I be ousted from the bench for my doctrines, her daughter was having a very hectic love affair with a youth. She sat beside her mother at the meeting, and watched her with a peculiar half-smile on her face. She didn't join in the applause on my side, for very good reasons, as I knew. Her mother would have asked questions.

I once asked this girl to my chambers, and she brought her mother with her, as many of these girls do. Her mother assured me that she was on confidential terms with her daughter, on whom she beamed as she said: "Of course, Sallie, you would tell your mother anything you would tell the Judge."

"Oh, of course, Mother," said Sallie dutifully.

I had seen this little farce enacted so often that I didn't even smile.

I explained to the mother that as I was calling Sallie as one of many witnesses in a case, I would have to question her alone. When her mother had gone, Sallie breathed a sigh of relief, and then proceeded to tell me things that would utterly have floored her mother had she heard them.

I saw Sallie a few days after the meeting at which her mother had applauded so violently against me. "I think you have straightened things out in my mind, Judge," she said. "Harry and I just couldn't see this marriage idea; but now we see that it would be a lot better than what we've got. We're going to get married. Harry is different from the other boys I've gone with. We'll see it through. But just suppose I had married one of the others!"

"Yes, but you felt sure about them—at the time, didn't you?" I asked.

"Not sure this way," she said. "Just the same, Judge, I'd feel a lot safer if we could have divorce by mutual consent when and if we want it. However, we're going to take a chance."

They married a week later. A companionate marriage. It will end that girl's liaisons. Like most of the other companionate marriages I know, I fully expect to see her in due time in a happy home, with a group of thriving children about her.

AMONG the eminent critics of my views on companionate marriage is the president of a certain great Eastern university. He courteously expressed his dissent recently in a newspaper interview, and incidentally showed by referring to companionate marriage as "trial marriage," that he had not informed himself of my views at first hand.

He would have been interested to know that on the very day that interview appeared in a Denver newspaper, I received a letter from a student in the university of which he is the head. It was a pitiful letter from a boy very badly in need of guidance and help. He was writing me because he had read what I thought about companionate marriage, and because there was nobody else, he said, to whom he could confide his problem without being condemned and told to follow a course that was already wrecking his health and happiness.

He was in love with a girl who also loved him. He could not afford to marry. And his principles and those of the girl had so far kept them from entering on a liaison, though both of them felt an almost irresistible wish to do so.

This terrific effort at self-control on his part was, he thought, wrecking his health and his nerves. He found himself helpless without marriage—since, as I have said, a liaison was against his principles. Here was

no reckless specimen, but a fine, upright boy, eager to do right and seeking help. Companionate marriage would exactly solve his problem. How would the president of his university meet that problem? Would he have a single idea to offer that was not part of a code which is demonstrably failing to work in people's lives? If he has something to offer besides moral platitudes and catchwords that get nobody anywhere, why is he not sought out by this boy? The answer is that the boy knows it all by heart already. He could say it all backward or read it upside down. And he knows that it doesn't meet the facts.

I have letters from many other university students, men and women, telling me their circumstances, and eagerly pointing out how perfectly companionate marriage would solve their personal problems. One letter comes jointly from a young couple. They love each other. They want to marry. And they want both of them to go their ways as before. But they hesitate. Marriage is such a long step; society expects so much; their friends wouldn't understand their marrying and yet not living together, but associating only occasionally instead. It would make them conspicuous; it would make their arrangement a source of embarrassing comment. They have no thought of anything other than a permanent union; but they frankly face the fact that they may have guessed wrong, because so many people do guess wrong; and why should they assume themselves to be infallible where others fail? What horrifying candor, what an immoral and shocking and shameless honesty! What is the world coming to!

A few weeks ago there came to see me a young man who was in a bad way, tied up to a wife he didn't love and who didn't love him. They had married in haste, and they had had two children in two years—children they didn't want because they were financially unprepared to take care of them, and because their own relationship was badly adjusted and threatening to go on the rocks. Poverty and worry and unwanted babies had done their work. There was no love left—only a tension that now made mutual understanding well-nigh impossible.

I said to him: "Why did you marry her?"

"I never really did love her," he answered. "I just thought I did. It wasn't till after we had married, and the first novelty had worn off, that I realized that I had done the thing on impulse, in a moment of overwhelming desire."

"And now, Judge, I've met another girl. Her name's Anne. I love her. This time I'm certain of it."

"For God's sake, Judge, can't things be fixed in some way so that I can get a divorce from Jane, or she from me? This marriage of ours is a rotten thing. It isn't marriage. Why can't I marry Anne?"

Of course there is really no way out of a mess like that. It is a tragedy by any solution. Divorce would deprive the children of at least one parent, and of a home; and yet for such a couple to remain together may make a home so wretched that no child can be rightly reared in it—so that divorce might well prove the lesser of the two evils. That's the dilemma.

I RECENTLY had a conversation with a Denver minister who had listened to a public talk I had made on companionate marriage, wherein I explained my views much as I have done in these pages, emphasizing again and again that companionate marriage is an actual institution, an actual part of our marriage system now.

"Why, Judge," he exclaimed, "I can't see anything wrong with this idea at all! What amazes me is the hullabaloo and fuss that has been kicked up, and the confusion and misunderstanding that has been

raging about your head all over the country since you first proposed social and legal recognition of the companionate. I'm even told that you are a public menace and ought to be taken off the bench. I don't see where they get it. It's sheer hysteria; they are afraid of something.

"The fact is, Judge, that a lot of them are just waking up, after venting their fury on you, to the fact that you've told the truth.

"I am sure they never thought of it till you brought it to their attention. But now they can't deny it; they *know* the thing is here, right among them, the minute they stop to think; and it is rather funny to see how dazed they are to discover that they have been violently denouncing you for expressing in plain English a practice which has grown up in their midst, unsensed by them, and unsuspected."

THE WOMAN PAYS

(Continued from page 71)

in the "movies," and how I was trying to bring him and his wife together, and he said it was wonderful. Fleeta hasn't given me a decent word today. Tomorrow I am going to smuggle Avery onto the set and let him watch us professionals. Of course he is just a small-town boy but I will treat him nice for old times sake, as the saying is.

MAR. 1: Oh, what an exciting day! I will just simply never get over what has happened. How wonderful everything is! I always knew what a wonderful boy Avery was. No matter how many men I have met out here, I always knew that Avery had something. I knew he had "it," which is what we professionals call talent and good looks and everything. I will write down how it all happened.

Rex King said I could bring him on the set, and no sooner had he come on the set than Fleeta saw him and began to vamp him. I was so proud of Avery when he resisted her before everybody. Everyone saw her vamping and he resisting, even including Rex King. So he came over and said what a splendid type Avery was, and had he ever acted, and Avery said he always acted and ran the minstrel shows the McCabes gave every year for all the employees at the store. And Fleeta put in her ore and said she just knew he had "it," and wasn't he just the type for her next picture? Then Rex King looked at Jules, who looked very foolish and said that Avery certainly was, and a camera test was taken, and when the pictures was shown at five o'clock, Avery filmed just wonderful. So it was decided just like that, and he will begin at \$300 (THREE HUNDRED) dollars a week! Well, I always knew that Avery was wonderful. I always said even back in Escanaba that his future was not to be a hardware clerk all his life.

So we are going to get married right away. I am going to give up my career, as I do not believe there should be two careers in one family, and I have always said I would make any sacrifice for the man which I love. Avery said he would be willing for me to go on as it would be nice if I had \$300 a week too, but I said no, I was willing to give up everything just to be a good wife to him. Of course I am going to be on the set every minute. I will be able to give him a lot of pointers, having been in the profession so much longer than him, and I know enough about Fleeta to know I should be there anyway. How wonderful it will be to know all our life that I have given up my career for "love's sweet sake!" But, like the saying is, "the woman always pays."

THE END.



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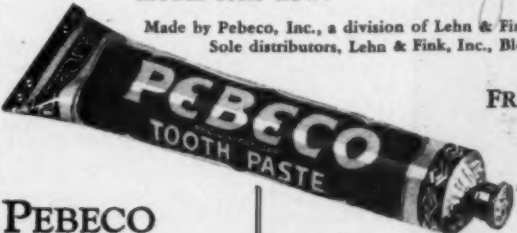
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- 3 Under the tongue two more must be kept active. Daily use of Pebecco renews the vigor of the mouth glands, even where the toothbrush cannot reach.

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THE NEW WOMAN IN THE NEW WORLD

(Continued from page 87)

thing I'm free of," she said again, "are old-fogy ideas of religion, home and mother!"

After the Armistice she became engaged to a French officer. He followed her across the ocean. No doubt of it, he was desperately in love with the vivacious American. Jessica was then about nineteen. The engagement and then the wedding date were announced. The young man's family sailed for New York. Presents accumulated in Jessica's home. Her bridal trousseau was prepared, amid a flutter of excitement on the part of her friends. Bridesmaids, all palpitant with pleasure, were fitted to their costumes. And Jessica was enjoying all the attention and adulation, the compliments of friends, including the publicity in the papers, while her family were happy in the thought that the irrepressible girl was going to settle down.

At last came the day set for the wedding. Garlands festooned the church aisle; the chancel was banked with lilies; the pews were filled with waiting guests radiant in their new spring finery. In the vestry the groom with his best man awaited the summons. In the loft the organist was on the *qui vive* to thunder forth the familiar march from "Lohengrin." Minutes dragged into ten, twenty, a half-hour—and still no bride. Suddenly some one arrived, breathless. With as sudden a shock to everybody as a clap of thunder, it was announced there would be no wedding that day.

Jessica had nonchalantly changed her mind. Even people who knew the girl were shocked at the casual brutality of the thing. She refused to see the Frenchman. She had just tired of him, that was all. Anyway, marriage was a bore. Her parents were helpless. The papers, of course, made things worse for everybody—except Jessica. She seemed to enjoy the notoriety.

Perhaps a law of compensation does work in human life. After falling in and out of love superficially many times, Jessica became wildly enamored of a young lawyer. He was handsome, brilliant, worldly, with a promising future before him. Moreover, he was immensely rich. Jessica pursued him madly. Perhaps she amused him; perhaps he understood her. He played with her for a time, but when it came to marriage he drew the line. Then she announced her engagement to another man. Many of her friends were quite sure that she did this just out of pride, and to egg the lawyer on. But instead of becoming jealous, he seemed just blithely indifferent. Jessica broke her second engagement. Again, by every means within her power, she tried to attract the man she loved. Failing, in a perfect fury she became engaged to the lawyer's closest friend. She married him in what seemed a precipitate hurry. This man was deeply enamored of her. And what happened? Within two months after marriage she turned her husband out of her home, indifferently, and with callous finality.

A typical example of a modern girl in her attitude toward love and marriage, some would say. No, not at all typical, except of extreme cases. But even as such enough to make us question what youth may come to if certain current ideas should to any wide degree prevail.

CONSIDERING such cases—and the newspapers not infrequently record parallels—one thoughtfully recalls the days when courtships were carried on through the medium of letters felicitously written, when there were gifts of flowers, and a girl would arrange a boutonniere to send to her lover, and when St. Valentine's day was an important and memorable occasion, when engagements were of long duration and were seldom broken, and when a girl dreamed of

marrying some one man and living happily ever after.

In the 'nineties, in contrast to the revolutionary change which has come about in the contacts of the sexes, between young people there were abysses and abysses of convention and reserve. Everything was then conducted along lines of the strictest formality, an opposite social pole from the unchaperoned functions of the present, when the young meet so indiscriminately. It must be acknowledged that though there was much that was absurd, nevertheless we of the older generation were saved from the corruption of manners and sentiment which the present letting-down of all bars has brought about.

IN pictures taken thirty years ago clothes, too, were rather ridiculous, outwardly illustrative of the false modesty which the ban upon all sex matters entailed. That skirts sweeping the ground gathered up dust and microbes in the wearer's path was not of such importance as that no bit of ankle should meet the public gaze. The keynote in dress then was modesty, while today it is comfort. Great puffed sleeves and bustles that made sitting down without crushing them an art, hairpins failing to hold stray locks in place, have certainly been superseded by a safer, saner style. A current ballroom may not be as picturesque or the gowns as elaborate, and there may be a tendency to too much uniformity in dress, but surely the knee-high skirts, bobbed hair and abandoning of those atrocities called corsets assure the dancer of more healthy enjoyment. Whereas strange men may cut in on a dance today, in the decade when cotillions were held in New York at Delmonico's or Sherry's, no girl would have thought of dancing with a man without his first having been solemnly introduced. Also the parents would have had to know all about the man's antecedents, his family and connections, before the acquaintance went further. There was nothing of the free-and-easy picking up of men friends now so common, where the fact that a boy and girl attended the same party is sufficient to make them known to each other. Nowadays young people meet, and if congenial, at once a hurried "date" is made to go to the movies, a tea or for a motor drive. Compared with the modern "rush," acquaintanceships used to develop only with the speed of a freight train. Instead of thirty or forty, the average girl then probably came to know only five or six boys fairly well; and as a result, I believe, deeper friendships and closer attachments developed. Engagements to dance cotillions were made far in advance, and one's partner usually sent a lovely bouquet; and of course a real belle carried flowers from other men too. These were often in their fading beauty

"The Woman Who Waited"

Some years ago we printed a story entitled "The Appropriate Word"—and we still are receiving inquiries for copies of the magazine containing that story. In an early issue will appear another tale of equal power by the same gifted author—

WILLIAM
 DUDLEY PELLEY

brought home with the myriad cotillion favors, sometimes of real intrinsic value, sometimes nothing more precious than paper or gauze.

Towards the end of a hectic season, if a girl's father from fatigue fell by the wayside, she was accompanied to and from parties by her maid. In nine cases out of ten, however, the father and mother remained awake until the clatter of horses' hoofs on the cobblestones and the closing of the front door heralded their daughter's safe return.

There was little debauching of sentiment then. A nice girl felt that a man could pay her no higher honor than to ask her to become his wife. She rarely accepted only to break the engagement and boast of it. If she refused him, she kept the confidence sacred and told no one.

Withheld from close intimacies by the conventions and the instincts of delicacy and breeding, girls then possessed a charm, an allure of mystery—that peculiar appeal of a beautiful thing aloofly remote—which have been lost to the run of their present-day. hail-fellow-well-met and slangy successors. In this an eternal law common to human nature applies. What is difficult to attain is most desired, struggled for and, once possessed, highly prized. What is easy of possession is held in light regard. Some say that religions were most powerful when the sanctuaries were veiled, when the ark of the covenant was hidden from common gaze, and the symbolism of the mysteries was understood only by adepts. There is such a thing as making knowledge too common. And just as young people become hopeless pessimists and lose all sense of purpose in life through the materialistic teaching that life is merely "the chemical interaction of hydrocarbon molecules," idealization ceases when mystery is taken away from sex.

SCIENCE has yet to explain the origin, and plumb the mystery of life. Our shoddy materialism has only achieved a destruction of the glamour. Idealization is necessary if what is basically a physical attraction is to be sublimated into something more lasting and finer. Sex attraction, exalted into romantic love, has been the *motif* and inspiration of the world's supreme art—of music, painting and literature. Nothing has ever so deeply stirred the heart of man, from Sappho and Theocritus to Shakespeare and Shelley. For it has been the inherent instinct of man to lift woman and transcendentalize his love into a realm beyond the merely physical. As this instinct has been of such deep and age-long development, it would seem there is some evolutionary purpose to it, some ultimate goal of attainment to be reached—a pinnacle where the passion of human love leaps like a flame to a destiny beyond the stars.

And that is what has been lost to so many of the present age. They not only do not think of love as a thing to last until death do them part, but the idea of an attachment becoming so profound and spiritualized that it might continue into a life everlasting is considered as archaic a superstition as the custom of a Hindu wife's walking into her spouse's funeral pyre.

One must admit, as I have said, that girls were too guardedly sheltered, allowed too little freedom for their self-development, and as wives were too often regarded as chattels in those golden nineties. They have attained a saner and more wholesome status today, and women's position would be unique in the world's history if we had only preserved the elements of reserve, sincerity and idealization. In the days when men and women put each other on pedestals, there was too much idealization, perhaps. I think many fell in love with the picture they created about some beloved object rather than with the object itself, and the actuality of marriage often brought a



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By running your tongue across your teeth, you will feel a film; a slippery sort of coating. Ordinary brushing does not remove it.

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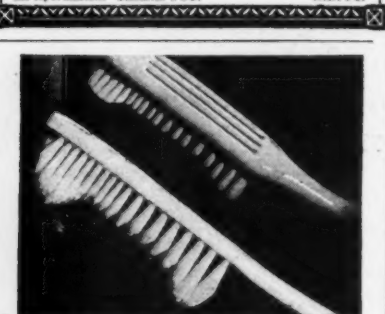
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shattering disillusion. But there was this in being admired and idolized, in being treated with deferential courtesy and respect—many did try to live up to the highest conceptions of the one who loved them, and to fit into the niche into which they were placed. Tell people they are good, and they will usually try to be good. Look for the bad, and you will find it.

There was perhaps, too, an overemphasis upon the little details of etiquette—in the approach and attitude of the young toward one another, when the technique of courtship was so formal and rigidly arranged in a period when the use of profanity before a young woman would have been unpardonable, and when no youth would have remained sitting while a girl was standing. But there was real refinement. There was fineness of sentiment. Girls were honored with a serious regard, and no girl would have dreamed of violating that respect by such vulgarities and laxities of conduct as are in evidence now. We did try to fulfill the rôle which men set up for us. When love came, it was not regarded as a casual flash of interest, a passing escapade, a thing for a momentary "kick," but as the greatest thing that could come into a human life. It was a thrilling experience. For a girl it was the "great adventure." She became engaged only after a proper course of wooing, and then only after serious consideration, in which her parents were consulted and in which they had their say. Marriage was looked forward to as the most important step—the threshold into a new life, with new responsibilities, and a settled future. And a home was planned and yearned for as homes are not planned now. For all of which—while there were defects in the system—much is to be said at a time when ideals of the home and family life are with the frivolous majority a fading mirage.

I WAS eighteen at the time of my first ball, and Sylvia R—, one of my dearest friends, was just a few months older. With what whispered confidences and thrilling expectations hadn't we prepared for that momentous affair! And it was epochal in our sheltered lives—that first stepping out into the social world of our time, with an opportunity for widening our circle among the young men of the day. A truly exciting occasion! For like all girls, we had our romantic dreams—fed upon sentimental literature and poetry. We were, oh, so much more romantic than the worldly-wise are now! How lovely Sylvia was in that brilliant ballroom! In her white satin and tulle gown she was as frailly pretty as Juliet on her rose-embowered balcony. Shy, demure, her large eyes glistening with excitement as violets with morning dew, she stood out among more radiantly beautiful girls as a pale wind-flower in a garden of poppies. Poetic and dreamy, reticent and living in her reveries, she was the sort a poet might have rhapsodized in melody—she always made me think of "*La belle dame sans merci*." There was a unique charm about her.

It was at that ball Sylvia was introduced to Ned W—, who was anything but a dreamer and poet, but a representatively decent, fine and sanely balanced young man. Ned had been graduated from Harvard and had gone into his father's banking house. Stalwart and upstanding, he was athletic and had been a quarter-back in his college football-team. He played golf and polo. He had inherited something of his father's hardihood and aggressiveness, tempered by his mother's rich brunette beauty, and he had a charming manner. By the old law of the attraction of opposites, perhaps, he was drawn to Sylvia, so flowerlike and frail. Handsome and virile, Ned was anything but a moon-calf type of lover, while Sylvia might have been a model for a Rossetti madonna. Ned became a power in finance, and

later was elected to the United States Senate. Their romance was typical of the approach of the young toward each other, and so strikingly in contrast with that of today.

Sylvia told me afterward it was love at first sight, though they weren't married for three years. At that first meeting they had just a few words—Sylvia's dances had all been preempted. But with burning cheeks, her eyes downcast, her heart aflutter, she heard him ask whether he might call—which was as far as he could go after a first introduction.

Ned prefaced his visit by sending a large box of Gloire de Dijon roses. "How did he ever find out?"—Sylvia's eyes sparkled—"that these are my favorites? How wonderful!"—burying her face in their fragrance.

After several visits Ned was permitted to come in the evening, when he was received in the family group. He talked with Sylvia's father—about the stock-market, politics, golf; they had much in common. Deferential, he paid as much attention to Sylvia's mother as to herself. Sylvia played the piano and sang. A far cry from the jazz and the popular songs of today—"For She's My Baby Now" and "You Can't Cry on My Shoulder"—the songs of that time though sentimental were sweet. "In the Gloaming," "Annie Laurie," "Oh, the Days of the Korymb Dancing." Perhaps Mr. Henry Ford is right in that much of the popular modern music is vulgarizing and demoralizing in its reaction, and that we should have a return to the songs of the past.

Among the richer young men, many owned their own traps, called "T-carts" and "the carts," or one of them who didn't might borrow his father's carriage. So Sylvia was asked to drive in Central Park, as did other girls, with great formality, and with a groom perched up behind!

In sending flowers Ned was not without competition. During Sylvia's first season out she attracted other admirers, and tributes came from them, sometimes with cash again anonymously. It was a lot of fun guessing who the donors were. One St. Valentine's day there arrived a very large bunch of violets in which was smuggled away an enamel violet pin with a diamond dew-drop. The sender could not resist disclosing his name, and Sylvia's father, to his chagrin, made her return the gift promptly.

AS their friendship progressed, Ned and Sylvia exchanged books—novels of Charlotte M. Yonge, Marie Corelli's "Thelma," Roe's "Barriers Burned Away," and Augusta Evans' "St. Elmo"—and they discussed them together. All the girls read Charlotte M. Yonge in those days, and wept buckets of tears over "The Heir of Redcliffe." Cheap sentimental books, you may say! Perhaps; but there was real idealism in those stories, exaggerated and melodramatic as they were; they helped to bring out the spiritual in our conceptions of love and put passion on a rarefied plane. Their heroes, all noble and self-sacrificing, chivalrous and chaste, became our ideal lovers. Much healthier books for young girls, some contend, than those of the imitators of Zola, our modern realists to whom love is a thing to be analyzed to its origin in physical chemistry. Isn't it better, surely, to delight in the heavenly radiance of the lily, surpassing all of Solomon's glory, than to concern oneself solely in its rootings in the muck and mire? And I'm afraid our materialistic school of dissectors of human emotion—Mr. Theodore Dreiser, Mr. Sherwood Anderson, Mr. Maxwell Bodenheim, et al.—seem concerned only with the material.

During our innocent and mild preoccupations we had then time to dream. Life wasn't a mad chase from one party to another, and our reading wasn't all confined to romantic novels. We read poetry—Thompson and Adelaide Proctor, who would send

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YES, could we combine something of the
idealism and decorousness of the old-
time romance with the present freedom,
conditions would be pretty nearly perfect.
In fairness, everything considered, today's
emancipation is far preferable to the former
restrictions, amounting in cases to actual
oppression. To reach a fair appraisal as to
what is worth preserving from the past, one
cannot ignore phases of life and customs
which women can be thankful to be free
from.

Certainly there was too great interference
by parents when it came to a girl's selection
of a mate. Today few girls can be forced
into a distasteful marriage; nor can they be
prevented from marrying one on whom their
heart is set. There is no necessity for elope-
ments. In the 'eighties and 'nineties an elope-
ment was considered a wildly romantic thing
on the part of a girl with the hardihood
to defy parental authority. It was often the
only way out, if a girl loved a man of

very spiritual verses, and more serious things.
We read Emerson, Thoreau and Henry
Drummond's "Greatest Thing in the World."
I'm sure Sylvia, like the rest of us, while
her hands strayed over the piano in daily
practice or while she sewed and embroid-
ered, soared in a cloud-land of fantasy il-
luminated with love's roseate hues. All girls
were taught to sew; and many were obliged
to make their own dresses or else clothes
for poor children. And as they sewed and
embroidered filmy things for their trousseau,
garments to be worn on their honeymoon,
they were storing away, too, embroideries of
fancy, filaments of expectant dreams.

When the time came that Sylvia might
properly express her preference, she would
arrange for Ned a boutonniere to be worn at
a cotillion or dinner. Eloquent of things
unsaid, this was done when no words of
love were spoken. And before it came to
the writing of letters, what might not be
indicated through the lacy things mailed to
one another on St. Valentine's day. Valen-
tine's day—what excitement, what thrills,
when girls called on one another and proudly
exhibited the mysterious mementoes which
had come in the mail!

Sylvia's happiness was contagious after her
engagement was announced and during the
preparations for her wedding. She lived in
a sort of seventh heaven. And if she was
lovely as a bride, she was more wonderful
when she became a mother. She refused
completely to turn her infant over to a
nurse, and with the baby in her arms she
was more than ever a pre-Raphaelite ma-
donna. Her husband literally worshiped her,
and her marriage was well-nigh flawless.

Most wives today would resent the res-
trictions which Sylvia accepted in the course
of things. Years after her marriage, an old
admirer, who had himself married and be-
come a widower, turned up. Sylvia received
one day a box of Jacqueminot roses—the
sort he had sent her so often in the long ago.
It would never have occurred to her to look
at another man, but this one came as an
old friend. After the gift of roses he asked
her to have luncheon with him. Ned was
hurt and furious. He would not permit
Sylvia to go. "I trust you," he said, "but
I don't trust any man."

Here an element common with many men
came in which was like a discord in a
perfect symphony—that of masculine jeal-
ousy and the implied distrust of a woman,
a man's assumption to curtail her freedom
of action and to monopolize and dominate
her life. A husband was literally her "lord
and master," and the wife was expected to
"obey." Whatever a husband's devotion,
there were times when such arrogance and
suspicion chafed even the mildest and most
acquiescent wife. That today we have left
behind. We cannot now imagine a woman
being so hedged in.

YES, could we combine something of the
idealism and decorousness of the old-
time romance with the present freedom,
conditions would be pretty nearly perfect.
In fairness, everything considered, today's
emancipation is far preferable to the former
restrictions, amounting in cases to actual
oppression. To reach a fair appraisal as to
what is worth preserving from the past, one
cannot ignore phases of life and customs
which women can be thankful to be free
from.

Certainly there was too great interference
by parents when it came to a girl's selection
of a mate. Today few girls can be forced
into a distasteful marriage; nor can they be
prevented from marrying one on whom their
heart is set. There is no necessity for elope-
ments. In the 'eighties and 'nineties an elope-
ment was considered a wildly romantic thing
on the part of a girl with the hardihood
to defy parental authority. It was often the
only way out, if a girl loved a man of

five
simple ways
to improve
your skin
NOW

Get at least seven
hours sleep four
nights out of seven.

Eat fresh fruits and
vegetables (those
that may be eaten
uncooked are best
for you).

Use sweets sparingly.



You need only one
cream — Ingram's
Milkweed Cream.

You can do your
own facial—beauty
treatments — at
home. We will show
you how if you read
carefully the little
book that comes with
each jar of Ingram's
Milkweed Cream.

50c the jar—\$1 size
more economical—
Theatrical size.
\$1.75.

2 cool
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Don't land again

BEAUTIFUL ARMS and HANDS NEED NIGHTLY CARE

*Milkweed Cream shows amazing results
often in two short weeks*

HOUSEWORK and
office-work . . . the
grime of city streets often
mar the precious beauty of
your hands and arms!

One year from now—
5 years—10—will their
beauty be completely gone?
Right now, before it is too
late, begin giving your hands
and arms constant, scientific
care. And here's the best way—
the *easiest and quickest*.

First—read the five common-sense beauty
rules given here. They are sound, workable
rules easy to follow.



Then . . . buy a jar of
Ingram's Milkweed Cream
and start treating your arms
and hands today.

Women often write us
that in two short weeks they
notice the difference . . .
lovely soft whiteness that
lies hidden in the skin. Over
a million jars used last year
by beautiful women—social lead-
ers, stage beauties, screen stars, who
care enough for their arms and hands to
care for them properly. You can start caring now.
Frederick F. Ingram Co., Est. 1885, 246 Tenth
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Ingram's Milkweed Cream

THERE IS BEAUTY IN EVERY JAR

Ingram's American Blush Rouge • Hand Made • One Shade • For Any Maid • 50c



Use Lemon Rinse

for Complete Hair Beauty

A LEMON rinse after shampooing means an absolute cleanliness that rinsing with plain water, no matter how often repeated, can't give! The mild, natural, harmless fruit-acid of the lemon juice cuts the curd formed by the soap, leaving the hair faultlessly clean.

Try this shampoo accessory the next time you wash your hair. Note its delightful fresh cleanliness. See its lustrous sheen! Feel its soft, fluffy texture. Note the "springy" quality that makes it easier to retain wave or curl.

To get the best results wash your hair thoroughly with at least two soaps and rinse well to get out the free soap. Then add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowl of water (about four quarts) and rinse thoroughly with this, following with rinse in plain water.

It is the one sure way to keep your hair looking its best. Get a dozen California lemons today and have them in the house the next time you shampoo your hair.

Send coupon below for free booklet, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic." It explains many other beauty uses for lemons.

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Sec. 1206, Box 530, Sta. "C,"
Los Angeles, California.

Please send me free booklet, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in manicuring, and in beautifying the hair.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

whom her family disapproved. Sometimes such hurried marriages ended in disappointment and heartbreak, and in most cases were ill-advised.

Then, too, certain girls—denied all normal pleasures in strict and depressingly sanctionious homes—leaped at the first offer that came, as an escape from domestic gloom and parental browbeating, often only to find conjugal restrictions more binding and oppressive. Where class lines were so rigidly drawn, there was a temptation to clandestine meetings, especially where a couple were of unequal social strata. Illicit love-affairs were rare, but they did happen, now and then, with an end in scandal or ghastly tragedy. Suicide was considered preferable to giving birth to an illegitimate child. Today, with freedom for social contacts, there is less temptation for secret trysts or contraband amours. The daughter of a millionaire may, so far as society is concerned, almost freely marry a chauffeur if she so desires.

Sylvia had a friend, a girl of our own age, Phyllis L., a buoyantly happy and blithe spirit who seemed to go through her days on butterfly wings. If ever a girl was destined by nature for a richly fulfilled and cheerful life, I should have said it was Phyllis. As often happens in families where like produces unlike—by what law of nature I don't know, except perhaps a law of reaction against the perpetuation of a too similar species, and by which geniuses have so often been born of mediocre people—Phyllis was a strangeling among her parents, brothers and sisters. They were dimly superior and proud people, with no sense of humor, who took their lineage, money and position with a dour and sour solemnity. With a father of dominating authority, a dignified mother who rustled in silks and old lace, Phyllis' gay spirit fluttered from the dark chrysalis of that home into the sunshine and joy her nature demanded. She fell violently in love.

And it was a reciprocal love-affair, a genuine and deep attachment. Donald came of a good family, not quite as cultured as Phyllis', and not at all rich, which was one count against him. And he was supposed to "drink." What he drank was quite mild and nothing compared to what the run of young men drink today. But it was enough to turn the disapproval which Phyllis' family would ordinarily have had on account of his social status into positive hostility. Phyllis was expected to marry a man of established financial ability and probity. Donald was anything but a "kill-joy"; his was a rollicking nature, and he was given to pranks which would have sent shudders down the souls of the glum-faced Puritans on Phyllis' ancestral walls. In one thing he was serious—he was devoted to the girl.

When Phyllis' father learned of the attachment, his parental foot came down with

fulminating finality. Donald was forbidden the house. So there were secret meetings. When the family learned of this, there was a great to-do. Daily this lovely sunny-haired girl endured the clouds and thunders of her father's Jovian wrath. It took courage to defy one's parents at a time they assumed to be sort of vicerepts of God in directing and molding lives committed to their authority. Yet Phyllis agreed to run away and be married—she was so wholly, so deeply in love. Just how it happened I don't remember—I think they discovered a valise packed away somewhere in Phyllis' room. Late one night, just as she was prepared to leave the house, and when Donald was waiting, she was stopped and locked in her room. And locked in for days. Things were made so difficult that they cowed and broke her spirit, and she agreed to give him up. When he came seeking an interview, it was definitely refused.

Donald eventually married a woman much inferior to Phyllis. He didn't love her as he had loved at first, and yet he made a model husband. Phyllis never married. She never stopped loving the memory of Donald, and in the cheerless and loveless bosom of her family she led an isolated, sterile and utterly wretched life. Like the butterfly with its wings broken, her sunny beauty paled; her gayety gave way almost to melancholy. Nothing interested her much. Her brothers and sisters married. Dutifully she looked after her parents as they aged, and took care of the house. Her mother died, and then her father. Inheriting considerable wealth, it gave her no pleasure; she didn't have the *esprit* to find happiness or forgetfulness in travel and new surroundings. Except for servants, she lived alone in the funeral house whose shadows closed around her. When I last saw her a few years ago I could not have recognized the fair and buoyant companion of my girlhood in the hypochondriacal and withered recluse.

Perhaps she was faithful to her memories—who knows? Thank heaven such withering of women's lives is hardly possible today! We cannot, at a time when fickleness in emotions is so prevalent, but regret the passing of a constancy which was held up as so desirable and proper then. With many it was ennobling and constructive, and it was an expression of the seriousness with which people regarded the relationship of the sexes. Only in some cases it was with a seriousness carried to a too great extreme.

(If youth in its revolt has lost the romantic and spiritual ideals of love, what, if anything, has been gained of compensating value? This question Mrs. Harrison will answer in her next article, in which she will also tell of the false sentimentality and exaggerated ideas of fidelity, phases of the past which often had tragic results, and of which modern youth has freed itself.)

TOMMY TAYLOR

(Continued from page 67)

years of weariness and waiting lay behind her; a lifetime of weariness and loss.

She got to her feet and stood before him, a woman aged by burdens. She spoke from some utter isolation where she had lived for sixteen years alone:

"No going for me to the Bitter Root! I've died in this house, and here I'm going to be buried. Amy and Jane—look at them—there's no starting over for Amy and Jane. Where's the boys that might have asked them to marry, and where's the children they might have raised? The girls have been dead—dead in this house, along with me. No going for them or for me to the fruits of the Bitter Root!"

Her voice had the rise and the ring of the voice of a prophetess. Against that voice Tommy Taylor was not the man to move.

"What is it you want?" he asked weakly. Jane's mouth moved soundlessly; but Amy answered low: "A nice room, all to myself."

Their mother's lips drew back in a kind of smile: "I want to come driving up to my door," she said. "The house has killed us, Tommy, but it's left us our ambition. Now we're going to live on that."

So Tommy Taylor finished his house, and they entertained their neighbors, and their car drove up to the door under the maples; and the countryside, seeing him so prosperous, said:

"Tommy Taylor, he's done well for himself and his family. Not many like Tommy Taylor!"

The nine windows and the door of Tommy Taylor's house continued to stare haughtily out over Belle Prairie.

FALLEN ANGELS

(Continued from page 61)

Angrily I postponed further thought of her and my relation to her. I was definitely determined not to desert her, and in pursuance of this resolve had procured the first weapon, money. But he who would wage a successful campaign must have more than arms; he must have a base of supplies and a way of retreat.

I could not know how many followers Johnson had. But in addition to those who had looked upon my face, there were probably others who had been furnished with my description and who would know the rather distinctive brown suit and light tan hat I wore. And Johnson might even dare to go so far as to set the police in pursuit of me.

The first thing, then, for me to do, was to equip myself with other apparel. Now, I had two courses open to me. I could drop into the half-world, dressing and comporting like any down-at-heels, out-of-work vagrant. Or I could assume that mode of living more natural to me, and of which good clothes and good hotels were concomitants. I chose the latter one. I did this not only because I felt that a well-dressed, apparently prosperous man can move about attracting less attention, in most places, than a shabby man, but also because I thought that if Johnson and his crowd—or the police—sought me, they would not look for me in the class of hotel I would select.

True, they knew I had money, but they thought me a yeggman who, if he remained in New York, would spend that money making a flash in underworld resorts. And if this reasoning were not correct, at least I could think of no better.

So I took a taxi and directed the driver to a well-known clothing house on Fifth Avenue. I arrived just before the closing hour, but the reluctance of a clerk to work overtime was quickly dispelled, when I told him that I wished to make rather extensive purchases. I spent an hour in the shop, and emerged finally with a suitcase bulging with garments. A gray suit, and a double-breasted blue suit, very different in cut and texture from the shabby one I had discarded earlier that day, a dinner jacket, and enough shirts and other essentials to carry me for a few days, made the bag quite heavy. I paid my bill, in the neighborhood of four hundred dollars, and was bowed to the door by a grateful clerk, whose delayed dinner was more than compensated for by the commission which would be added to his salary on Saturday.

ANOTHER taxi took me to the Grand Central station. I walked through the building and came out another door. I stepped into a taxi and was driven to the Fredonia, that highly respectable and equally popular hotel on Madison Avenue. Here I registered, using the name John Petersen, and giving Milwaukee as my address. Heaven knows why I chose this name and this city. And as I wrote the name on the card presented me, a feeling of guilt possessed me. Suppose that Milwaukee had among its residents a genuine John Petersen? Well, I could only hope that devotion to his family and business would keep him in Wisconsin during what time I chose to usurp his name.

I was assigned to a small suite on the fifth floor, and once in it I quickly divested myself of the brown suit.

Lying on the bed, smoking endless cigarettes, I pondered the problem. Thinking of my wife's situation was profitless; beyond the bare facts that, for reasons of her own, she had consented to marry me, that she was under close surveillance by Johnson and the others, and that she was apparently playing a part which included an impersonation of the Van Leyden heiress, she was an impreg-

nable mystery. So also was the gang which had taken such an interest in me.

Whatever, then, my ultimate plan of campaign might be, it would have to be more or less of a leap in the dark. It was the direction of that leap that puzzled me as I lay on the bed. And the more I thought about it, the greater became the difficulties ahead of me.

I had no friends in New York. There was no one whom I could call in, to ask for suggestion and advice. I must work alone. Had my situation been different, the prospect would have been less frightening. But I was learning rapidly how amazing may be the consequences of one rash act. I could not work in the open, as an ordinary gentleman might have done, but must slink furtively along the alleys of life, like any disreputable tomcat.

And the simile gave me an idea. With front doors barred to me, I must seek rear entrances into the stronghold of my enemy. In other words, my plan of campaign must comprise furtive scoutings, sudden sorties, and never a frontal attack.

THEN I laughed at myself. Words, words, and still more words! To this much came all my cogitations. They brought me nowhere save to a realization that, notwithstanding the meal provided for me by Johnson, and the nibbles I had taken of the wedding supper, I was hungry.

Well, I smiled as I summoned the room-service waiter, armies move on their stomachs. The immortal Napoleon had pronounced this axiom, and I was quite prepared to accept its truth. So I ate, wondering bitterly as I did so at the futility of a social organization that permitted the few to live in an Arabian fairy-tale, while the many sweated and starved.

Well, at that, I needn't repine for the moment. I was the hero of a fairy-tale. A ragged fugitive a few hours ago, I now pressed buttons, and suave servitors fed me, appearing from nowhere and vanishing, as a door closed behind them, into nothingness, to be revitalized when I should ring again. And like any impostor in any folklore of the world, how quickly I would be stripped of my possessions if a hint of my true identity reached the lowest of the menials who waited on me! For I had begun to learn the harsh philosophy of reality: not what we are but what we have, counts in this world.

Now, food dulls some and stimulates others. For my own part, I think better when the cravings of my animal side are satisfied. The waiters dismissed and smiling gratefully at the munificence of my tip, I puffed at a cigar which, if not as good as the one Johnson had given me this afternoon, was still excellent, and began to think less of the precariousness of my own position and more of the dangers of my enemies' situation.

After all, they were lawbreakers just as much as I was. If I had to fear the police, so had they. It might be that they were not at the moment in hiding from the law, but they would dread exposure of their activities just as much as I would dread information of my present lodging-place and alias being given to the officials of the city.

I had found, after hours of thought, a weakness that should have been obvious enough at the outset. Johnson and Criney and Mehaffey, and whatever others might be allied with them, would be as fearful of justice as myself. Despite all the boastings of Johnson, the fat man would prefer to do stealthily what an honest man would go about openly. Great as might be his hold upon one venal judge, he didn't own the City of New York.



Busy housewives find Resinol Soap saves tedious treatments

Its Resinol properties help to keep the skin soft and healthy

DUST, dirt, steam—a combination sure to have disastrous effects on the complexion of the housewife who is not ever watchful to prevent them. "But how can I take time for long systematic beauty treatments," says the busy woman, "when I have countless household duties to perform or superintend?"

There's no need to spend hours in tedious beauty treatments—the regular daily use of Resinol Soap will care for your skin automatically. The distinctive Resinol properties found only in Resinol Soap make this result possible. Any soap will clean your skin, but Resinol Soap goes further—it cleanses and soothes at the same time. Because of its Resinol ingredients it preserves the natural oil of the skin, so essential if dryness, roughness and other ill effects of household tasks are to be prevented, and the skin kept soft and natural.

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"Am 50 years old—my skin is clear and without a wrinkle. Give Resinol Soap the credit—I've used it for 20 years."

Get a cake of Resinol Soap from your druggist today and try the easy Resinol way of caring for your skin.

Resinol Ointment is a ready aid to Resinol Soap. In addition to being widely used for eczema, rashes, chafing, etc., thousands of women find it indispensable for clearing away blackheads, blotches and similar blemishes. Prescribed by doctors for more than 30 years.

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Please send me, free, a trial size package of Resinol Soap and Ointment.

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CIGARETTES
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Extremely Mild

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Please furnish the following data: type of school, whether for boy or girl, exact age, previous education, your religious affiliation, location desired, approximate amount you plan to expend for tuition and board, and other facts which will enable us to be fully helpful. Enclose stamped return envelope and address

The Director, Department of Education
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
426 Lexington Ave., New York City

And as I thought of this reassuring certainty, the knowledge of his weakness came suddenly to me. Mantolini! Or Mannheim! Either bribery or threat had coerced these two into actions contrary to their natural inclinations.

My cigar went out as I began to ponder these links in the Johnsonian chain of criminality.

MANTOLINI was a judge whose natural ferocity I had glimpsed at my trial. My impression of him had been justified by gossip among the prisoners in the Tombs. He loved to inflict the severest possible penalties. Something sadistic in his nature was soothed and gratified by the sufferings of the pitiful persons brought before him for sentence.

Now, in these times when the public is aroused to wrath against perpetrators of crimes of violence, judges, who are human like the rest of us, are influenced by public opinion. The amazing crime-wave which has swept all over the country is meeting some slight impediment in the judiciary which is imposing maximum sentences more frequently than ever before in modern times.

Now, my crime, which I shall regret until I die, was one of violence. Mantolini's natural leaning toward severity was augmented, I would have thought, by the state of public prejudice.

In fact, the man not merely overcame his inclinations, but risked popular displeasure when he freed me. Surely he did not do this willingly. Had he been bribed, not even a great reward would have made him enjoy acting against his nature. And had he been coerced, his resentment must have been greater. Through Mantolini, then, a man not in complete sympathy with them,—if I reasoned at all accurately,—there might be an opening leading to the inner defenses of my opponents.

But there was also Mannheim. Until I died, along with the memory of the wrong I had committed, would live the memory of Mannheim's rage when the police had rendered me powerless. And at my trial, when he stood upon the witness stand, his anger had rendered him almost incoherent.

A craven at heart, he was a blustering bully when there was no possible danger to himself. Not content with testifying that I had snatched the ring from his hand and knocked him down, he swore that I had threatened him with a pistol. The police themselves admitted that they found no weapon on me, and the jurors had grinned at Mannheim's falsehood. His vindictiveness had been so apparent that it would have prejudiced the State's case against me, had I had any defense whatsoever.

And yet Mannheim had practically recanted, had pleaded that mercy be shown me! If Judge Mantolini was a weak link in the enemies' chain of fortifications, the jeweler was even more vulnerable. For there was no particular reason for me to think Mantolini a coward; but I knew, from experience of the way in which Mannheim had acted in a time of stress, that the man was yellow. He, then, would be my first object of attack.

I took up the telephone directory and rapidly thumbed its pages. Theodore Mannheim, jeweler, had his business on Sixth Avenue, but his place of residence was on West Seventieth Street. Well, on a matter of private business, perhaps it would be better to see Mr. Mannheim at his home.

And there was no time like the present. I felt almost gay as I slipped out of the thin silk dressing-gown which had been one of my afternoon purchases, and in which I had eaten my dinner, and began pulling on the dark gray suit.

In the jacket pocket I placed carefully the automatic pistol which my wife had given me today. I hoped that I might never

find it necessary to use it; nevertheless I examined it and assured myself that the magazine was filled. I left my room, descended to the ground floor and walked unconcernedly to the lobby. In the street I pleasantly waved aside the carriage starter. His very obsequiousness proved to me that my ready-made clothing fitted perfectly, and that I looked the prosperous business man I professed to be.

But I wished no taxi man later to be able to testify that he had driven me to such and such a place. Better to proceed on foot to my destination. So, through the pleasant midsummer night I jauntily proceeded. Across Fifth Avenue, almost deserted now, and across Sixth Avenue, not many blocks above Mannheim's shop, and so to Seventh Avenue and then to Broadway I made my leisurely way. On the latter thoroughfare I turned north. It was the first time in many months that I had been near the pleasure places of the city. The gay façades of the picture-houses, the dancing electric signs, and the hustle and scurry and bustle of the amusement-mad crowd enthralled me. Savagely I told myself that I would disprove the cynical adage to the effect that "they never come back." Some day, armed with success, I would be in New York, would be able to confess the one guilty error of my life, and make people accept me.

Then I smiled bitterly. In the very moment that I promised myself rehabilitation, I was directing my steps toward the home of a reputable jeweler; I was meditating illegal violence against him; I was armed.

Chapter Eight

ACROSS the street from Mannheim's address I finally paused. Two hundred yards to the north, a never-lessening stream of automobiles poured across Seventy-second Street toward Riverside Drive. The view of the Hudson, the amusement parks on the other side of the river, the road-houses and dance places that could be found in the most remote sections of Westchester County, irresistibly drew thousands from the city streets. But here, where I stood, was dark seclusion.

New York is like that. Around the corner tumult rages, but there are a thousand backwaters as quiet and deserted as any country village in the middle of the night. I was in one of these latter now. On a sober residential street which once had achieved world-wide notoriety, when a famous gambler had been mysteriously murdered in his home, but which had since resumed its former status as a street where dwelt peaceful, law-abiding citizens, I meditated crime.

After all my tortured nights in prison, when I had mingled repentance for the past with promises concerning the future, I was re-engaging in criminality on the very day of my miraculous release. For I did not debate myself. In the eyes of the law, my motive meant nothing. If I had reason to think that a crime was meditated toward the person of my wife or the girl whose name she had taken, it was my duty to inform the police. I had no right to take the law into my own hands; and the moment that I, with force or stealth, entered the home of Mannheim, I would automatically become a burglar.

However, I didn't let this weigh too heavily upon my mind. Mannheim looked like the weak spot in Johnson's defenses, and matters of legality could not deter me.

The jeweler lived in a private home. I regretted this. It seemed to me that one could gain entrance to an apartment more easily than one would effect intrusion into a house. Apartment buildings had so many tenants that one could frequently enter the

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devator without question, and at least pene-
trate the outer defenses. But a private house
afforded no semipublic way of approach.
Once again I smiled bitterly as I noted how
quickly my mind dropped into channels of
thought more natural to a hardened criminal
than to one who had deviated only once
from the decent ways.

But the moment of unpleasant self-anal-
ysis was not wasted. It suggested a mode
of action. I had recklessly entered upon a
course of procedure foreign to my nature
and experience. If I were to continue, it
was decidedly up to me to act and even to
think as though I were the desperado that
I must profess to be.

Well, then, I asked myself, how would a
desperado go about the matter? Would he,
at nine o'clock in the evening, attempt bur-
glary? I studied the front of the house
across the street. A man armed with burglar's
tools might open the front door, but the
barred windows of the first floor would ef-
fectually stop any violent entrance. Per-
haps there was an alleyway in the rear, and
possibly the windows there were not barred.
But the house was lighted; the servants, as
well as the family, must be awake. The
slightest untoward sound would probably
cause burglar-alarm to ring, would send
some member of the household racing to-
ward the telephone. I must not forget that
Mannheim was a jeweler, and that some of
the expedients which jewelers adopt to
guard their places of business must be found
in their homes.

Burglary, then, was out of the question.
And, trying to think as a desperado would
think, it seemed to me that the only other
alternative was to walk boldly up and ring
the door-bell. And if it be wondered at
that I spent any time debating the obvious,
let it be borne in mind that he who risks his
liberty or his life is justified in pondering
deeply the most minute trifle. In the Tombs
a fellow-prisoner had informed me that the
loss of a button on his coat had caused his
arrest. As he fled from the scene of a crime,
his flapping coat had caught in a closing
elevator door. A weakened bit of cotton
thread meant fifteen years in jail to him.

Unable, then, to think of anything else, I
glanced up and down the street, saw that it
was deserted of pedestrians, and that no po-
liceman was in sight. So I crossed over and
rang Mannheim's bell.

THE door was opened by a parlor-maid.
This pleased me, for it seemed to indicate
that Mannheim did not employ many men-
servants. Hardly more than a butler, and
perhaps not even that. Escape from a house-
hold of women would be easier than fighting
one's way out of a home staffed by men.

"Mr. Mannheim?" I asked.

The maid nodded and stepped aside for
me to enter. I watched her as she closed
the door, and observed that she shot a bolt
as she did so. This might prove important.
In the event of a hurried flight, a second's
delay might mean capture. Once again I in-
wardly shuddered at the adaptability toward
ways of wickedness that I was showing.

"Who shall I say?" she asked.

"Tell him that Mr. Williams is calling. I
don't think he knows me, but say that it is
a matter of business."

She nodded again, and ushered me into a
little reception-room just off the hall. Her
back was hardly turned when I had exam-
ined the windows. But the iron grating
could not be unlocked from the inside. How-
ever, need would hardly arise for me to
wish to escape by the windows. The door
would be much quicker. Just the same, I
flattered myself that I was overlooking
nothing.

I glanced about the room. It was simply
furnished, with a few chairs and a writing-
desk. There were, so far as I could see, no
burglar-alarm or bells. If Mannheim de-



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sired to summon help, he would have to rely on his lungs. But those lungs were not lightly to be dismissed. His bellowing, when the police had taken me into custody, could have been heard for blocks. I must take care that in his first fright at recognition of me he did not forget caution. So I adjusted the pistol in my pocket, tucked in the cloth flap so that I, who had no practice in such matters, would be able to produce the weapon in the quickest possible time. Then I moved one of the chairs near to the door and sat down in it. Thus I would force Mannheim to go farther into the room than my position there. Every yard, every fraction of a second, might be of the utmost importance.

NOW, when I had paid my other visit to Mannheim, I was in a desperate state of mind that bordered, I want to think, on insanity. I gave little heed to possible consequences. A failure, poverty-stricken, it had seemed to me that I might just as well be in jail or dead, as be a broken, hungry man. So on that occasion when I planned crime for profit, my nerves were steadier than now, when I was masking decency with an appearance of wrongdoing. Drops of perspiration came to my forehead as I heard his heavy footsteps in the hall, and the fingers that reassuringly touched the pistol were damp as well as shaky.

Then he was in the room. I rose from my chair, swinging my body between him and the door. Oddly, the success of this petty maneuver, because it was the first I had planned, elated me tremendously. Nervousness left me. And I learned, in that first moment, that I must always be prepared to change my plans to suit the occasion.

I had intended to jam my pistol against the Levantine's fat stomach, and whisper dire threats to him. Had I done so, I would have been in jail within twenty minutes.

But Mannheim extended his hand to me. I realized that the man had not recognized me. Small wonder, I was later able to see. For Mannheim had seen me in his shop and in the courtroom, when I had worn gray, unpressed clothing, when my linen had been disreputable. Now, instead of a down-at-heels and out-at-elbows tramp, sullenly cowering beneath the verbal lashings of a judge or a prosecuting attorney, he saw a well-dressed man who met him eye to eye.

So I shook hands with him.

“You said you had business with me, Mr. Williams?” he asked.

He sat down by the writing-desk. I moved my chair nearer to him, but kept between him and the door. I stared hard at him. This man was, I knew, a physical coward. And a timorous body is frequently accompanied by an imagination that can conjure up other fears than those of physical harm.

The man was a liar, too. He had proved that on the witness-stand, if proof were needed beyond the shifty brown eyes that now surveyed me. The greedy mouth, and the piggyish blob of a nose added to the impression of venality.

I leaned back in my chair, crossed my knees and assumed an insolent expression. “I’ll say so,” I said. “I think I’ll ask you to take a little walk.”

For if he didn't recognize me for who and what I really was, why couldn't I persuade him that I was anyone at all? And the personality most likely to impress Mannheim would be that of an officer of the law.

“What do you mean?” he asked nervously. “The Chief wants a few words with you,” I stated.

“What chief? What are you talking about?” But his blustering tones carried no conviction. I have found out, in my brief venture in the underworld, that the open and professed criminal is less likely to succumb to a bluff than the man who, masquerading as a decent citizen, is not averse to sharing in the profits of illegality.

I had shot an arrow at random into the air. Improvising as I went along, not my good acting, but Mannheim's consciousness of guilt, made my imposture seem real to him.

"I guess you know whom I mean," I sneered. "I shouldn't wonder that you'd been expecting word from Headquarters for quite a while. Unless you're a bigger sap than you look."

His fat cheeks shook, jellylike. "What would the police want with me?" he demanded.

I laughed at him. "You didn't need any explanation of what I meant by the word 'Headquarters.' What would the police want with you?" I paused a moment and stared at him.

It was more likely that threat had been employed to cause Mannheim to relent toward me, than that bribery had been used. Respectable jewelers are not amenable to bribes. But if threat had been used, it must have partaken of the nature of blackmail. Mannheim must have done something that laid him open to legal penalties, and knowledge of this must have escaped. Perhaps he had done a bit of smuggling, or possibly he had acted as "fence," a capacity that has found more than one jewelry firm.

But the correctness of my suddenly conceived suspicions was unimportant. The main thing was that the jeweler seemed amenable to threat.

"Why, I guess there's plenty of reasons. But it happens that only one of them matters right now. The Chief wants to know what made you lay off that yegg Roberts, that Mantolini let go today."

Now, an honest man would have laughed at me. But Mannheim didn't.

"The Chief doesn't want me to go way downtown to explain that, does he?" he asked.

"Maybe you think he doesn't, but you haven't had the reporters from all the papers in the city dancing on your neck, raising hell and shouting bribery. Mantolini pulled one raw trick too many when he let Roberts go, and the Chief wants to hear your side of it."

Something happened; I didn't know what it was, but I felt it. Later on, mulling the situation over, I decided that the iteration of the name under which I had been convicted touched some chord of memory in Mannheim's mind. But at the moment I didn't analyze the situation. I merely knew that the quick light in the jeweler's eyes meant recognition.

I acted instantly. I cleared the dozen feet that separated us at a bound, and did what I had planned to do in the beginning. I jammed the automatic fiercely against his waistcoat.

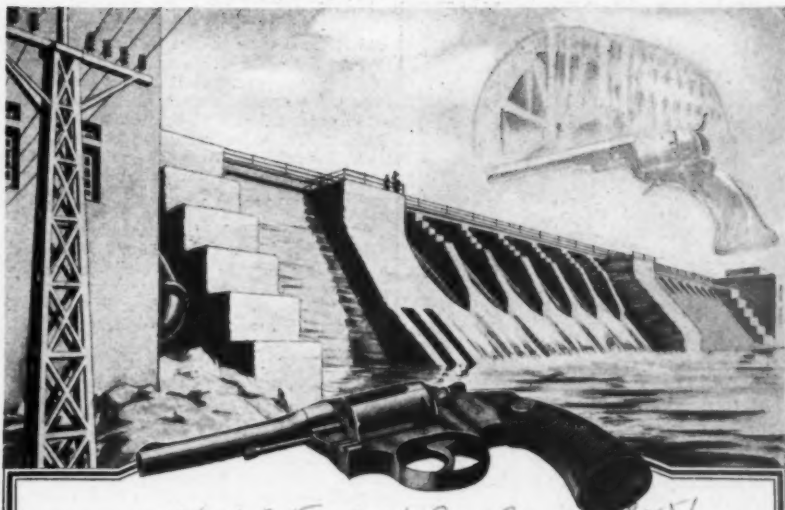
"Not for any policeman, but for me," I snarled. "Come through, and come through clean, or I'll drill you. Who put you up to entering a plea for mercy? Don't stall!"

ONCE I saw a man rescued from the surf. He had been in danger less than a minute, and there was no water in his lungs, and no hint at strangulation. But his face was perfectly blue, as though he had undergone the last tortures of suffocation.

This man's skin assumed the same color as that of the one who had imagined himself drowned. I think he felt the bullet tearing through his vitals, rending and burning as it went, smashing his backbone as it emerged. He half slipped to the floor, and I had to catch him, lest the sound of his fall alarm the household.

I didn't want him to faint. He could faint, or die, for all I cared at the moment, when I had wrung from him the information that I considered vital, but just now I wanted him conscious.

I straightened him in his chair again. His eyes, almost glazed, met mine.



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"Little, John Little!" he muttered. No, it wasn't a mutter; it was a moan. And it came through lips that already were slightly flecked with foam. I felt a momentary compunction. It looked as though my sudden minatory action had precipitated an apoplectic stroke in the too full-blooded jeweler. Yet if he had died right then and there, I would not have felt guilty of murder. The man was a crooked coward and worse, and such as he had little right to live.

"And who's Little?" I demanded.

He shook his head, as though fright had made him incapable of further speech. The lids closed over the filming eyes. He relaxed in my grasp. The faint that he had fended off a moment ago now mastered him.

SOFTLY I eased him to the floor, and looked hastily around. When I had studied the place, just before his arrival, it had been with a view of ascertaining what exits it had. But now, more comprehensive in my survey, I saw a thermos bottle on a little table. I went to it, unscrewed the cap, and turned back to pour water on Mannheim's forehead, to force a drink between his lips.

But my purpose of selfish mercy was only momentary. For Mannheim was not where I had deposited him; he was in the middle of the floor, almost where he had stood when I had first meditated jamming the pistol against his body. His hasty crawl had moved aside a little rug, and I could see that his fingers were just above a bell button, set flush with the floor. An ordinary tread upon it would not have caused it to act. But had I threatened Mannheim when first he entered the room, he would have merely needed to dig with his toe, and heaven alone knows how many alarms would have been set in motion.

Not merely had he deceived me into thinking that his fright was greater than it really was, but he had wrecked my plan to force information from him. His thick thumb descended on the button even as I called a savage warning to him.

I'm still puzzled about Mannheim. I know he was yellow, and can only account for his seeming courage by terming it the ratlike courage of desperation. Certainly he had not feigned that bluish tint to his skin, nor the flecks of foam in the corners of his mouth. But the faint he had pretended. Probably he believed that I was going to kill him anyway. I had shown no gentleness on the occasion of our first meeting, and he had every right to consider me a desperate and dangerous man.

But brave or not, he had circumvented me. As I dashed into the hall, I cursed myself for not having foreseen that Mannheim would have bells so situated that he could ring them without alarming his callers. Men who possessed fortunes of such slight bulk as jewels, must needs take every precaution that wit can devise. And Mannheim did, as I might have suspected already and knew definitely later on, plenty of business at his residence. And he did it with a class against whom it was necessary to be always on guard.

Glad I was that I had noted the maid's fastening of the street door, for from the rear of the building came cries. The household had been instantly alarmed. And perhaps, despite the contrary evidence of a woman answering the doorbell, Mannheim may have had menservants. A delay of a second might have found them upon me.

But as it was, I made the street, and was around the corner of West End Avenue almost instantly. I slowed to a walk the moment I was beyond observation from the Mannheim doorway. No matter how much of Mannheim's condition had been assumed, enough of it was real to make me certain that it would be several moments before he became sufficiently coherent to make pur-

suit of me imminent. And before those moments could elapse, I would be free from the danger of immediate apprehension.

But as I swung aboard an east-bound bus, I felt a sense of bafflement. This was the second time within a few hours that I had escaped, in almost the same way, from a dangerous predicament. But escape was not advancing me in my struggle. Fights are not won by avoiding the other fellow; one must inflict punishment. And it seemed to me that I had utterly failed in my attempts to do this. I had struck at the weakest link, and it had resisted my utmost efforts.

I had learned the name of one John Little, but what was a name? If I looked in the telephone-directory, I would probably find many John Littles, and none of them would bear any relation to the man mentioned by Mannheim. If Mannheim's John Little were of the same sort as Johnson and Criney and Mehaffey, he would not be advertising his whereabouts by publication of his name and address among the subscribers to the New York Telephone Company.

And if Mannheim's John Little were not of the same class as Johnson and the others, then there was slight chance of my being able to glean any information from him, even if I located him. I would hardly dare invade the house of a powerful politician, for example.

But this was the sheerest silly imagining on my part. Why should a politician, or respectable merchant or banker, involve himself in my affairs? Whoever John Little was, he was of the same social status as Johnson. That was certain, I told myself. And myself replied: "Well, what of it?"

I thought that I had plumbed the depths of despair when I had stood before Mantolini awaiting sentence. But then my fears were only for myself. Now, as I realized my utter helplessness, my fears were for another. I had accomplished exactly nothing in the hours that had elapsed since I had boastfully sworn to myself that I would aid the woman who was my wife.

Chapter Nine

AS the bus rumbled down Central Park West, it struck a depression in the pavement, and the consequent jolt snapped my head back as though my neck were a hinge. I must have grinned sheepishly, for a roughly dressed man across the aisle nodded sympathetically.

"It's a tough life, buddy," he said. "You look like you aint slept in a week."

I murmured a response, and sat bolt upright. One minute my brain had been racing, and the next it had slowed almost to a halt. Acute thought had become reverie, and reverie had been on the verge of becoming dreams. I was utterly exhausted, but it took the word of my friendly fellow-passenger to make me realize my condition. Nothing is as wearing as excitement, and I had had plenty of that in the past few hours.

But before the events of today there had been an utterly sleepless night in my cell at the Tombs, a night wherein I couldn't close my eyes, a night of dreadful visions the more appalling because they were not dreams. I had been a tired man, mentally and physically, when I went before Mantolini for sentence, and now nature was demanding that I cease all activities.

Before I paid my fruitless visit to Mannheim, I had considered the advisability of seeing the other weak link in the chain, Mantolini. But I abandoned that idea now. I needed all my wits when I encountered the Judge, and I realized that they were scattered now and could only be collected by the great restorer, sleep.

It was with a feeling of something worse than despair, of bitterest self-contempt, that I alighted from the bus on Fifth Avenue

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and started walking east to the Fredonia. I had pretty well convinced myself, by my experience with Mannheim, that I lacked the wit necessary to cope with those whom I was pleased to call my adversaries, and now I doubted my physical equipment. There had been a time when a night without sleep would not have impaired my vigor; but that was before privation and worry had sapped my recuperative powers. It was bad enough to realize that I was unable to figure out my next step, but it was worse to feel that even if I knew the next step, I would be unable to take it. Perhaps, though, I desperately consoled myself, rest would not merely restore my body, but would revive my mind.

Anyway, in my present condition, there was nothing else for me to do but try to sleep. So I entered the Fredonia and went to my room. I nodded as I bent over to unlace my shoes, and I am sure that I staggered as I approached the bed. I know that I did not think to turn down the coverings, but merely pitched forward upon the softest couch it had been my fortune to lie upon in many months, and was almost instantly asleep.

Now, it is a common phenomenon known to everyone, that the more exhausted we are, the more intermittent are our slumbers. The normally tired person will sleep his quota of seven or eight or nine hours without waking. But he who has drawn too heavily against the bank of his vitality is fortunate if he does not awake in a few hours. Perhaps this is because the first sleep is almost a drugged unconsciousness, which the body must shake off before it can enter upon healthful slumber.

However this may be, I know that my eyes opened. I had neglected to turn off the electric lights, and perhaps the glare had as much to do with my awaking as anything else. I sat up, and my hand groped for the light-switch. But before my fingers reached it, I happened to notice the electric clock which sat upon the mantel opposite my bed. It was five minutes before one—so I had slept not much over three hours. Nevertheless I was more refreshed than I had any right to be. I rose from the bed, lighted a cigarette and began pacing the floor.

I WAS still tired, terribly so, but by no means in such condition that it was impossible for me to think and act upon my thoughts. And as I walked the floor, my thoughts took on a more daring tinge. The weakest link in the chain had foiled me; but what about the strongest?

The general whose forces are outnumbered and ill-equipped should know that winning a skirmish will hardly affect the outcome of a campaign. If he is a great general, whose cause seems hopeless, he will risk all upon one daring stroke. Now, my object, in so far as I was able to define it to myself, was to save Ruth from any dangers that might encompass her. A felon, with ten years hanging over my head and arrest possibly imminent, I could enter upon no protracted campaign. If I were to do anything, it must be done in short order.

The girl was no complaisant captive; I could be sure of that. She was playing a dangerous part of some sort, and competent though she was, she could hardly hope to continue playing it indefinitely. She would need aid, even such feeble aid as mine, I told myself for the twentieth time.

But threatening Mannheim or Mantolini, even had I been successful in the one instance and could hope for triumph in the second, was a slow and uncertain process. All that I had achieved by my visit to Mannheim was to warn Johnson and the rest that I had no intention of sneaking away to spend the bribe that had been given me. They knew now that I intended fight. Mannheim must have communicated with

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GETTING SOMEWHERE

IT seems that many people are busy all the time but apparently get nowhere. They run so hard to stay where they are that they are never able to move forward. Many of us can sympathize with this self-made situation. It is easy to become entangled in trivial details which burn up our time and energy and keep us from progressive thought and action.

If we are content to mark time mechanically in a treadmill of routine duties, in familiar surroundings, we not only injure our opportunities for advancement but miss most of the joy of living. If we allow this condition to continue, effort will bring us nowhere. We will find ourselves working hard, in both business and leisure time, merely to keep from slipping backward.

Real advancement and the joy of living come from within. Each individual must work out his particular problems in his own way, but none of us can attain complete and well-rounded development without having some contacts with a world outside the daily round of work and play.

Travel is one of the foremost agencies for giving us a new vision of life. Through travel, we obtain a broader outlook on human affairs. We meet people utterly unlike ourselves yet with similar problems and aspirations. From our contacts with them, we gain a new and fresh insight into our own lives. The colorful and vivid pictures we enjoy stimulate the imagination and the memories of them will serve to brighten many otherwise drab and tedious hours.

Under the broadening influence of travel, difficulties that have seemed insurmountable are reduced to their proper proportions. Factors which have never seemed important assume a new significance. We get far enough away from personal situations to see them in their true perspective and are apt to discover that we have left many of our most irksome difficulties so far behind that they never quite overtake us.

Coming home does not mean a return to the same old grind, for a new world of varied and stimulating interests has been opened to us. For every mile we have covered in our journeys, we have gained leagues in actual growth and advancement.

Modern, highly developed transportation facilities have placed the rich experience of travel within reach of everyone. Never at any other period has it been so easy and pleasant to see the world. Travel offers a real opportunity to extend our horizons and deepen our interest in human affairs. Do not hesitate to take advantage of this means to a fuller and more worth-while life.



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them instantly. Mantolini must have been warned. The mysterious John Little must be awaiting a visit from me. The only place where I would not be expected, was at the house in Stuyvesant Terrace. Johnson had learned that the cornered rat would show fight, but he would hardly expect a frontal attack. Well, they had the advantage of numbers and of malign alliance with the law. But I had what slight advantage would go with surprise.

And this time I would not enter a house without a plan of action, as I had entered Mannheim's residence—although this was hardly fair to myself, for I had had a plan of sorts when I invaded the Mannheim home. But I would have a more comprehensive scheme of action this time.

Well, what would it be? Futilely I asked myself this question over and over again, without arriving at any answer. I came to the conclusion that I was a very poor general. Nevertheless, refreshed now, I would not go back to bed merely because I could not foretell exactly what I might do when unguessable emergencies confronted me. At least, I had formed a purpose. If it were humanly possible, I would enter the Stuyvesant Terrace house and take my wife away with me. What we would do after that would depend solely upon her. I refused to look that far ahead. It was enough to contemplate the fact that I was going directly to her aid, was not going to make further roundabout effort.

I glanced at the clock on the mantel. It was now a quarter past one; and although New York is a most incurious city, content to mind its own business as no smaller town would be, a man leaving the hotel at which he is a guest, at such an hour, inevitably attracts some slight attention.

Furthermore I wished another thousand-dollar bill changed. I had less than a hundred dollars in smaller change, and who knew what contingency might call for cash? Now, my request to change a bill at this hour would certainly fix me permanently in the hotel cashier's memory. And he would be vaguely suspicious unless the action seemed perfectly natural. Now, I must attract attention, but I hoped to avoid suspicion. I just didn't want house detectives looking me over too closely, perhaps mentioning me in casual conversation to the plain-clothes men from Police Headquarters who daily make the rounds of the big hotels.

SO, instead of resuming the gray suit, I slipped into my dinner jacket, adjusted my hat at a slightly rakish angle, and let a swagger creep into my manner as I went downstairs.

I winked confidentially to the cashier.

"It's nearly half-past one," I said, "and if the Missus intended phoning me from Milwaukee, to find out if her good man was safely in bed, she'd have done it by now. She always gives me a buzz around twelve o'clock. It's jake for Johnny to go to a show, but it's nix on the night-club racket for me. So I wait till Mrs. P. is sound asleep back there in dear old Milwaukee before I start stepping out. It's a shame to deceive the wife, but a man's a man, and New York is New York. Young fellow, bust this into small pieces."

I shoved across the counter, as I spoke, one of the big bills that Johnson had given me. The cashier grinned understandingly.

"Watch your step," he advised pleasantly. Like almost every other man, he was in hearty sympathy with the husband who temporarily kicks over the traces. "This bootleg liquor isn't so good, you know," he went on. "A lot of the visiting firemen don't feel so fine next morning."

I winked again. "This aint the first time old John P. has visited this burg. The places I go serve good stuff. Buy a cigar for yourself," I invited. I left a ten-dollar

bill on the counter, and strode away feeling that the cashier had been utterly convinced that I was what I professed to be, a Middle Westerner bent on a spree. That I should change a large bill seemed perfectly natural. The fact that I wore a dinner-jacket bore out my conversation. I was learning something every minute, and now I discovered that the surest way not to attract attention is to be a trifle conspicuous.

IN the street I once again refused a taxi, but over on Park Avenue I picked one up. It was well to be a trifle conspicuous, but not too much so. And New York is one capital where men dressed for the evening never proceed anywhere on foot. You may be dressed for dinner in Paris or London and walk to your destination if you choose, but it is never done in New York. I don't know why, and it may not be a fact, but such has been my observation.

Naturally, I did not intend to ride all the way to the house on Stuyvesant Terrace, but at the first corner my driver ran past a traffic signal, and was halted by the swift whistle of the officer on duty.

"You get a summons for that," said the policeman.

My driver slumped in his seat. "Why not order me to the chair and be done with it?" he cried. "Here I am, with a payment on the bus due tomorrow, the landlord raving hell, and the wife expecting a new kid, and you put over the final punch."

"Rave on, bo!" said the officer. "I got calluses on my ears from listening to whines like that. Ten o'clock in the morning, and don't forget it."

Now, perhaps because recent experiences had made my hearing acute to detect the accent of honest misery, I believed the taxi man. So I leaned over and touched the policeman on the shoulder. He looked up from the summons he was about to fill in.

"Seems as though the boy's in hard luck, Officer," I said. "Can't we fix this up?"

He stared at me a moment, then followed with his eyes the direction of my glance toward the hand with which I had touched him. He saw something green and inviting. His fingers closed over mine in a hearty handshake; then his hand went to his pocket.

"If a guy's house has burned down, and he's lost his dog, and he has a complete set of hangnails, that ought to be plenty," he announced. "On your way, gents."

My taxi man didn't speak for two blocks. Then through the open window he said to me: "I wasn't stalling, bo. That stuff was on the square. The twenty-five smackers the judge would have plastered me with meant my finish. Is there any little thing like a murder I could do for you?"

"How much is the rent?" I asked.

"Forty bucks."

"And the payment on the bus?"

"Seventy-five," he answered.

"How much are you short?"

"All of eighty-odd," he groaned.

Now, I had painfully regretted my friendless condition. If ever a man needed a pal, I needed one now. My chauffeur could not completely fill the bill, but if his gratitude were genuine, he could prove, possibly, of almost inestimable service to me.

"I'm going to visit a house where I'm not too welcome," I told him. "I may come out in a blaze of glory, with plenty of smoke."

"When I see smoke, I shut my eyes so they wont smart," he assured me with a grin. He had turned his head now, and his honest though somewhat pugnacious face was reassuring.

"Can you close the mouth as well as the eyes?" I inquired.

"And the ears too, if it comes to that," he replied.

I reached in my pocket and drew forth four twenty-dollar bills.

"Make good with me, young fellow, and you'll own this bus in the morning," I promised him.

His fingers closed over the money. "That would mean another hundred," he said excitedly. "Well, gimme the address. I want to start burning that place down."

Gratitude for past and the hope of future favors were allied with a naturally loyal nature, I thought. I had not much compunction about telling him what little of my plans it was necessary that he should know.

"Got it?" I finished.

"I don't need memory-lessons to fix that in the bean," he laughed. "We stop a few doors from the dump on Stuyvesant Terrace. You get out and then I run past the place and stop again a couple of houses beyond. I keep the engine running, and I'm ready to make the fastest get-away of my life. Sure! You can count on me." Then his grin took on an impish quality as he turned toward me. "You don't look like a stick-up man, so I guess it's a case of the folks-wont-let-her, hey?"

"You guessed nearer than you know," I grimly admitted.

I said no more, for he was already slowing down. But as I leaned from the cab, I saw something that entirely changed my plans. Johnson was emerging from the house where I had been married, and was entering an automobile. Now, that meant one less to cope with in the house. And I had made up my mind that the only thing for me to do was to fight my way in, perhaps, and fight my way out, certainly.

But my thoughts instantly reverted to my earlier discarded plan, which had not been so successful in Mannheim's case, but which, nevertheless, had less of recklessness and more of sanity than the idea conceived after my three-hour rest.

I could not be sure that Ruth was still in the house. I might even be killed in a desperate endeavor which could not hope for success. Whereas, if I could learn something about Johnson, I might arrive at some mode of action less despair-inspired than the one which had brought me now to Stuyvesant Terrace.

I touched my driver on the arm. "Don't stop," I ordered. "Keep that car in sight."

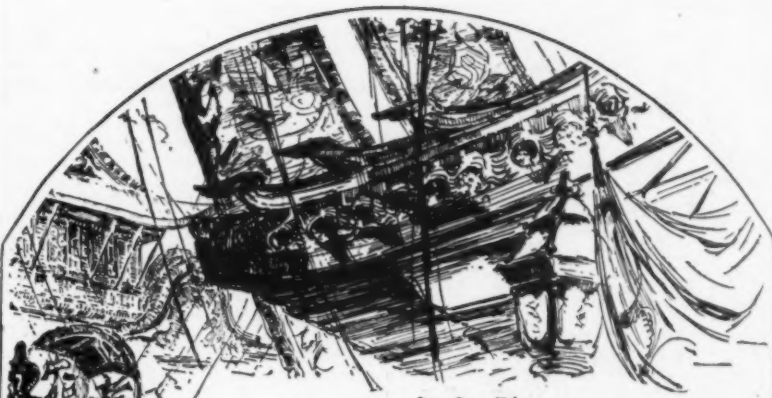
Fortune had willed that my new ally, or mercenary, or friend, should be quick-witted.

"I gotcha," he muttered. "If they break the speed limit, I'll do the same thing. Aint I riding a fare that can bull the bulls?"

I leaned back in the cab. Johnson might glance back, and although it was not likely, even possible, that he could distinguish my features at this hour of the night, when natural obscurity was added to by the gloom of the cab, still, I took no chances. Also, I felt that I could rely on my driver to keep me informed of any noteworthy occurrence.

But it was not necessary to violate the speed-laws. The automobile which we followed pursued a leisurely eastward course. Johnson, apparently, had not the slightest idea that he was being followed. Or perhaps he did not wish to evade pursuit. But this latter thought I put from me. My fat friend could not have had any reason to suspect the occupants of the taxicab which had happened to come down the street just as he was departing.

ON a side-street in the Fifties, just off Seventh Avenue, and less than fifty yards from Broadway, Johnson's automobile stopped. It veered into the curb suddenly, giving us no warning, so that we were abreast of him almost before I had time to crouch down on the rear seat. But my driver was as quick of wit as he was quick to offer loyalty. He didn't decrease the pace of his car in the slightest until we had gone ten yards past Johnson's stopping-place. Then he too drew up at the curb.



Street Scene, Kobe

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FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N. Y.

"What next, boss?" he asked.

But I didn't answer him immediately. I was staring at the electric sign just above the canopy which extended over the sidewalk and under which Johnson had passed: "LITTLE JACK'S."

That was the name that met my eye. Beneath it were the words, "Cabaret—Dancing." Also there were the names of featured entertainers, but I hardly noticed them. For I was wondering if by happy accident I had stumbled upon the place of business of the man whose name had issued reluctantly from the blue lips of Mannheim. I never would have thought of it had not Johnson entered the place. But now the connection could hardly escape me.

John Little—Little Jack. The two might be readily interchangeable.

Chapter Ten

WELL, I had found another link in the chain, the link that connected Mannheim with Johnson. At least, if I hadn't done so, then I might as well forever give up trying to make two and two equal four. But having found the link, what was I going to do to it, or with it, or about it? Suppose I severed one link from the chain, bore it away with me, and broke it apart? What then? As certain creatures grow new limbs to replace those severed from their bodies in accident or battle, this underworld chain might be able to replenish itself.

And what a chain it was! Judges, jewelers, cabaret-owners, gangsters, were all comprised in its length. It touched the Tombs and dragged me forth; it encircled the cloistered shelter of the Van Leyden heiress and bound—whom? Certainly not Ruth Van Leyden herself, but some one who had effectively substituted for her.

My taxi man broke in again upon my meditations.

"There's only three things a guy can do, boss," he said. "Call, raise or fold. Looks to me like somebody's run in a new deck on you. Your business don't seem to be so much with the girl as it is with her old man, hey?"

I looked at him. Not merely did he seem honest, but there was a worldly wisdom written on his countenance. A night-hawk caddy such as he must know a lot of that underworld which has moved in recent years from Bowery and Fourteenth Street dives to the dance palaces of the new Tenderloin. Not merely politics makes strange bedfellows, but any emergency makes us lean upon the nearest at hand. A taxi man was not exactly the person I would have chosen for my confidence, but there was no one else.

"I can't call, and I'm afraid to raise, and I don't want to fold," I said to him.

"Well, a guy can always run a bluff," he grinned. "And there's ways of bluffing without putting more dough on the table. Especially if the game is crooked. Sometimes a guy can kick the table over. Boss, you aint no high-class yegg, with a jimmy under your vest. You look like a square egg to me. Tell me all about it, and maybe I might be able to cook up a scheme."

I jerked a thumb toward the illuminated sign. "Who's Little Jack?" I asked.

"Where you been the last few years?" he inquired. "Little Jack? Well, he's got this section of town in his vest pocket. There's more raw stuff pulled in that dump of his than there ever used to come off on Third Avenue. Every time I bring people to this joint, I feel like telling them to give their dough to me. Then they want have any headache, and maybe there won't be anyone telling hubby or wife what mommer or popper did last night. The only thing that hasn't been pulled in Little Jack's place is murder, and he could get away with that. You don't never hear of no prohibition

agents dropping into his joint. They'd get the bum's rush, and the padlocks would be on their wrists and not on his front door. He's got power, that guy has."

"Where does he get it?" I asked.

HE shrugged his shoulders. "Who can answer a question like that? Three years ago he was managing the young punks that fight in prelims at the small clubs around town. Suddenly, overnight, he was a big man. You know this town, or maybe you don't. Anyway, a guy that don't mind getting in the muck up to his elbows is just as likely as not to pull out a handful of diamonds. How did he get his power? Well, suppose some big guy lets his foot slip, and a fellow like Little Jack hears about it? Blackmail aint what you'd call a lost art in this town. Why, I know of at least two hundred high-living sports, that I ferry around, who never did a day's work in their lives. But when I drop them in front of a night-club, the starter almost kisses them. That means they spend. Suppose a woman fancies one of these Broadway hoofers, or a man likes a chicken in a show? Oh, write your own ticket. Anyway, Little Jack is a champion right now. You'll see millionaires, stage stars, big politicians, race-track men—all sorts of people in his place. Go against him if you like, but just remember that he's a champion who carries his own referee and timekeeper and salts his gloves with plenty tea-lead."

I held his eye. "You can pull out right now," I said to him.

He shook his head vehemently. "You got me all wrong, boss. I'm not telling you to lay off. I'm just trying to wise you up. You acted, when you pulled that copper of my ear, like you was used to street-cars and telephones and things; but if you don't know of Little Jack, then you don't know nothing. And that aint so bad, either. Many a lad that might stop a champion gets licked because of the champ's reputation. Well, they've cleared the ring. Do you start, or dive through the ropes for an exit?"

"If I go in that place, the man we followed will want to kill me," I told him.

"A little 'want,' or a big 'want?' Will he want to because he don't think you'd make a good husband for his daughter, or because you might toss him in the stout house?"

"Stout house?" I echoed.

"Sure, hoosegow, yeggs' boarding-house, criminals' country-club, jail. Because there wouldn't be a sweeter place for a murder than Little Jack's. There aint a waiter in the place that wouldn't lie his right arm off for eight dollars. He'd know that if he didn't, Little Jack would cut it off. Bos, I wouldn't go in there now."

LEANING back in the cab, I shut my eyes. I'd seen enough of Johnson to know the murderous ferocity that could be aroused in him. And if my taxi man did not exaggerate, then the atmosphere of Little Jack's cabaret would have no restraining influence upon my fat friend when once he recognized me. Yet I could not continue inactive forever. I was like a small boy who had been permitted to join the football team of bigger boys, yet who knew his incapacities and never ventured into the play. Self-contempt at my own futility stimulated that impetuosity which I have explained is my dominant characteristic. To enter Little Jack's, and at the point of my gun drag explanation from Johnson, to make him guide me to my wife—this was the overmastering impulse that possessed me. Remember that I was in a state of mind that could not be termed normal, else I would never have contemplated such rashness.

And I honestly believe that I would have acted in accordance with the boldness of my thoughts, had not Johnson emerged from the cabaret.

His big automobile had not moved on from its place before the door. Later arrivals had been forced to step from their cars into the street. This was a trifling fact, but afforded an indication of Johnson's standing in the resort. Despite my chauffeur's jeer at my lack of city sophistication, I knew that no one save a patron of great influence would be permitted to impede ingress for a minute.

In obedience to the dictates of impulse I had half emerged from the cab, when the reappearance of Johnson drove me hastily back.

"Now you don't have to go in there," said my taxi man.

Quickly I weighed the situation. My chauffeur's gratitude would carry him along with me up to a certain point. But the moment that I began seriously violating the law, gratitude or future reward would not avail against fear of the police or the commands of conscience. Rough and ready he undoubtedly was, but he was no criminal, and I didn't think that a few hundred dollars would make him become one. He might be willing to aid my escape from the house on Stuyvesant Terrace, but he would take part in no nocturnal hold-up. He wouldn't drive his car alongside Johnson's automobile while I forced my fat friend to enter the cab.

And to follow Johnson back to the house in which I had been married did not seem the wisest course. Through the blue lips of Mannheim had come the name of John Little, the same man, I was almost prepared to wager my life, who was the owner of this cabaret. Little Jack was involved in the affair which so mysteriously included me. I had no reason to believe that Little Jack had ever seen me, would recognize me if he saw me now. There was a possibility that, by some hook or crook, I might glean from him a scrap of information that would be of service to me in my plight.

An automatic pistol was a weapon, but in an affair like this, whose magnitude I was just beginning dimly to comprehend, knowledge of the scope and purposes of the men opposed to me might prove a much more valuable weapon.

My taxi man had used the word "black-mail" as the possible source of Little Jack's power. Well, those who employ blackmail, common sense told me, are its easiest victims. Not force, but threat, was more likely to prove my best ally.

Moreover, if a visit to Little Jack's place proved fruitless, there was nothing to prevent me from going to Stuyvesant Terrace later, and there employing the desperate plan which had come to me as I smoked a cigarette in my bedroom at the Fredonia, and in which my taxi man was willing to play a part.

"I'm going into Little Jack's," I told him. "You follow that man. Come back here. Wait around until I come out."

"But suppose that fat guy rides to Albany?" he objected.

"Stay with him," I ordered.

"And where'll I find you again, if I get lost here after the dump has closed?"

I SAW it was whole hog or none, as we used to say when I was a boy. I must either trust him completely or not at all. Of course, if he were venal, all he had to do was accost Johnson, tell him of my interest in him, and my activities would doubtless come to a sudden end. But the man had impressed me; he was my only possible ally at the moment. Overcaution is just as dangerous as too great impulsiveness. My instinct told me to trust him.

"John Petersen, Hotel Fredonia," I said quickly. "You can get me there."

He had been writing with a stubby pencil on a scrap of paper while I was making up my mind about him. He thrust it into my hand.

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Write the travel companies advertising in THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE for information about places which have all the comforts of city life and none of its summertime drawbacks.

"Home address and phone," he said. "Name is Malloy, Tim Malloy. I'll have to hustle."

I stepped clear from the cab, keeping my back carefully toward the street, lest Johnson recognize me. For his automobile was passing us now. I heard the grind of my taxi gears, and then I was abreast of the entrance to Little Jack's.

NOT since shortly after my return from France in '19 had I been in a New York night-club. My taxi man's description of Little Jack's clientele had led me to believe that I would see a large and noisy gathering in a great hall. Instead, the throng that crowded the place was quiet. Even as I entered, two husky men in evening dress were leading from the place an intoxicated gentleman.

"If you ever come back to this place, check your voice with your hat," said one of the bouncers. "A whisper is a yell here, and don't forget it."

The room itself was small. I have been in ballrooms in private houses of greater size. There were not more than fifty small tables, few of which would accommodate over four people, and these encroached upon a dancing place hardly twenty feet square.

The resort was situated in a basement, and at the foot of the short flight of stairs were iron gates, thrown back now, but which, I noted with a new scrutiny of little things, could be closed instantly.

I gave my hat to a girl whose face had the insolent expression so common to those employed in places like this, where human weaknesses are preyed upon, and moved toward the outer line of tables. A maitre d'hôtel greeted me suavely.

I had made a reservation? Ah, but that was unfortunate. However, and he pursed his lips dubiously, it so happened that there was a small table disengaged. Monsieur was alone?

I assured him that I was, but that my state was not of choice. I gave him to understand, less by my speech than by manner, that I craved companionship. And the twenty-dollar bill which I pressed into his reluctant palm assured him that I would prove an amiable companion for any lady whom he might manage to introduce.

I have mentioned that to be a trifle conspicuous, under certain conditions, is a good thing, but to be too conspicuous is unwise. My tip to the head waiter made me a marked person in his eyes, but if I should sit alone for any length of time, I would be marked in the eyes of too many people.

So I sat down at the tiny table, a bit too near the orchestra and a trifle too far from the door to please me, and awaited the arrival of the lady who, I felt certain, would not delay too long.

I made use of my time in studying the place and its habitués. The orchestra struck up as I sat down, and instantly the tiny dancing space was crowded. The couples had barely room to maneuver. Knees interlocked, torsos pressed together, and cheeks frequently touching, they seemed like so many stilted marionettes engaged in picturing some obscene rite. Upon the faces of the men there was occasional lust, but for the most part they seemed bored and tired. As for the women, save for the occasional flapper on innocent excitement bent, their faces were hard and calculating. They had hooked their fish, and it only remained to play and land them.

A card discreetly displayed on my table informed me that the *covert* charge was five dollars per person. This, the price of a ticket to a good theatrical performance, entitled one to pay triple prices for bad food, to attempt dancing on a crowded floor, and to watch a fifth-rate entertainment. I marveled at the minds which could possibly consider an evening here well spent.

Then, as I heard the popping of corks, and saw flasks being surreptitiously lifted above the table edges, I understood the *raison d'être* for Little Jack's and the hundreds of similar establishments that had sprung up in New York City. One could drink here, and to fictitious pleasure would be added factitious zest.

The evening performance, I gathered, was over, and I rather guessed that one of the chorus-girls would be selected as my companion. But I underestimated my own appearance and the casual manner with which I had parted from a twenty-dollar bill. For the girl who was brought to my table was none other than the leading woman of the so-called *révue*.

"Miss Julia Doran," said the maitre d'hôtel as he came to the table, bringing with him a girl whose beauty should have gladdened the eyes of the entertainment seeker I professed to be. Tall, lusciously formed, her boldness of eye robbed her of true attractiveness. I sometimes think that character is more than half of beauty.

I arose and acknowledged the introduction. "My name is—"

SHE cut me short with a wave of her hand. "Didn't you get my name when that wop waiter mentioned it? You saw it in the lights outside, didn't you? Do you suppose that I'm a cheap chorine out to grab a butter-and-egg man? Do you think I'd have come out here to make a sucker for a century? I happened to be looking out the wings when Pietro came over and asked which one of the girls wanted to entertain a bale of currency. He had just been talking to you, and I asked if you were the bank-roll in question. So I volunteered to do the light and gay stuff. But don't pass me a phony monaker."

She had sat down by now, and her too brilliant eyes were looking mockingly into mine. Her cheeks were in her palms, and her elbows rested on the table.

"Time flies, doesn't it?" she said. "It's a long way from Wrenham's millpond to Little Jack's cabaret, isn't it? It's quite a jump from the Sunday-school pageant to a night-club stage, eh? You'd no more expect to find a Julia Randolph waiting for a John here, than you would to find a Rance Rogers picking up a cutie. Funny world, Rance, isn't it?"

I stared at her. My mind went back fifteen years. I saw the pretty, elfin little tomboy who had lived across the street from me, and whose childish adoration had flattered my superior years.

"What on earth has brought you here, Julia?" I asked.

"What on earth has brought you here, Rance?" she countered. "If a Randolph can wind up in a dive like this, is a Rogers so much better that he should be shocked at finding some one he knows in a place where he ought not to be? Rance, it made me sick to see you come in this place alone, to realize that you were like any other cheap-skate who buys his women in this sort of a market."

I flushed. "I didn't come for that," I defended myself. It didn't matter what she was now; she was a reminder of decent days forever past, and I could not have her think too scornfully of me.

"No? What for, then?" she gibed. "I could have answered her with a mere gesture, for—there just beyond us, lovelier than she had been this afternoon, if that were possible, stood my wife."

But I didn't move an eyelash. For behind her were both Johnson and Criney. And all three of them were looking right at me.

The next installment of this remarkable story brings a situation of even greater dramatic power. Be sure to read it—in the forthcoming July issue.

CLEAN MONEY

(Continued from page 101)

you say, Margie? Then he sure ought to come out here and see the Molly B. The way things are shaping up there, he ought—" "He aint that kind of a promoter, Dad," she said quietly.

That night, when the dinner-dishes were washed, and the lamp, sending its ray through a clear chimney for the first time in a year, blazed upon the shelf beside the old eight-day clock, Margaret Hayden opened the door of the little cottage and stood framed in the lamplight. For the moment she was merely a tired girl staring out over the soft, tumbled velvet of the mountain night. Behind her the old man rattled on about his mine, the hopes, the possibilities. She hardly heard him.

"How does mail get here, Dad?" she asked at last.

"Mail? Oh, it comes over from Crown Point whenever somebody happens to be riding this way. Been sort of expecting some myself—thought maybe that letter of yours was it, but I didn't know. A fellow came by this way a week or so ago and wrote one for me, back to some folks in the East, about the mine. But I don't guess they've answered yet. They ought to, though. It's a good proposition. I tell you, Margie, there aint anything in the world like a good mine. Good money coming out of the hills—clean money, Margie. That's the point—clean money, that aint never had nobody's hands on it but yours. That aint been stolen, or fought for, or schemed after—there aint no thrill just like it!" He cackled, shaking his grizzled head, while the nearly sightless eyes blazed with the fanaticism of the true miner. "Clean money—that's it: clean money! You can go to sleep nights easy when you're gettin' your living out of the hills. It's clean money, and there aint nothing on your conscience about taking it!"

The girl winced. "Yes, I know, Dad," she said wearily. Then under a pretext she left the house, wandered aimlessly through the deserted, silent little town, and at last, high upon the hill by the weed-grown graveyard, she sank upon a rounded boulder, reached hurriedly for her cigarettes, and smoked ceaselessly, lighting one from the other.

THE next day, on the homeward journey after she had accompanied the old man to the tunnel opening, to be waved aside by him as he felt his way within, she halted again, like a person too tired to continue. Instinctively she glanced along the trail which led over Bird's-eye Pass toward Crown Point, knowing full well that no rider would be bearing her a message this soon. Then again she reached for her cigarette, and lighting one, inhaled deeply. But with an exclamation she tossed it aside, half burned, and walked to the house, where for an hour she merely stood by the window, grooming the geraniums.

It seemed as though they formed a haven for her, those flowers, blooming hardily in their homely pots beside the four-paned window—a haven to which she turned often as the days departed, one dragging drearily upon the heels of the other, while life settled to a routine of waiting as the old man went to his beloved hole in the ground and came home again to prate of his joys of progress, and while the writhing fringe of yellow about the edge of the mountains which denoted Bird's-eye Pass remained only a deserted road, with never the sight of team nor rider. Two weeks went by.

And three—at last to bring a sudden light of anxiety into the eyes of the girl as she glanced one afternoon toward the Pass. Two figures were making their way down-

ward, men on horseback, at last to halt a quarter of a mile away. One pointed, as if giving directions, then, leading a riderless mount, turned for the top of the hill and the return journey. The other walked forward, and Margaret Baxter moved hurriedly toward the little porch.

A WAIT of a few moments, and she put a hand over her eyes that she might see the better; the visitor had waved an arm as if in signal. Then, with a low-voiced exclamation, she ran down the deserted street, her features suddenly gaunt, her hands unconsciously clasped in a grip of terror.

"Jim!" she called. "Jim!" The young man, stiffened from riding, swung awkwardly toward her.

"What's the matter, honey?" he asked, as he caught her in his arms. "You're as white as a ghost!"

"I thought something was wrong." She said it almost childishly as she snuggled closer in his arms. "You beating it out here like this. I—"

He laughed. "Well, it aint no bed of roses," he confessed. "But it's better'n it could've been. Got worried about you, though, and didn't want to take any chances on writing." Then he looked up. "Nix!" he exclaimed. "There's somebody coming down the hill."

Margaret Hayden turned, her features suddenly assuming a dullness which had become almost a characteristic during the last week.

"It's just Dad," she said. "We might as well meet him now."

That night, when the lamp burned low upon the ancient shelf, there were two who sat upon the rounded boulder near the shadowy monitors of the weedy cemetery. Jim Hayden cleared his throat.

"He sure can tune himself in when he starts on that mine!" he observed finally. Then with a gesture toward a pocket: "Smoke, kid?"

"No—I guess not, Jim."

"Huh?" He looked at her queerly in the half-light; an early July moon was beginning to diffuse its light over the Divide. "Since when?"

She laughed. "Oh, it aint anything like that. I don't know—just something in the air, I guess. Don't get any taste out of 'em." Then suddenly: "Jim, what on earth are we going to do?"

"Do?" he asked. "How do you mean? Just lay low here, as far's I can see, until we get a wire from Jake that everything's O. K. to come back again. Listen, you aint still panicky?"

She clasped her hands. "Oh, I don't know what's wrong with me!"

"But there aint any need to be. There wasn't any need in the beginning—if you hadn't got scared and blown town. That's what gummed everything up. If you'd just stood pat, and let things work 'emself out, there wouldn't been any jam. Not that I'm bawling you out, kid; I aint. I'm just trying to tell you. Now there!" He patted her shoulder. "Don't think I'm—"

"I'm not, Jim."

"Well, I don't want you to. I know just how you felt. Scared to death, and wondering how soon we were all going to the Big House, just because the cops made a stall at looking us over. I aint blaming you for a minute; I was just as scared as you were."

The girl nodded.

"I guess that was it, Jim," she answered slowly. "I kept thinking about what was going to happen to us, and lost sight of everything we were going to get out of it."

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Maybe if it'd been anything else but a booze deal, I wouldn't been so scared."

"There's where you're wrong, though, kid. Booze is the safest thing you can fool with—if you're going to fool with anything. It's a ten-to-one shot that all you're going to get out of it as a starter is a fine anyhow, and that aint nothing. Of course," he laughed, "I'm talking about all this like I was an old stager, when I don't know any more about it than you do. I'm just going on what Jake tells me. Rob a guy of fifty dollars, and you go to the Big House sure and certain, if they nab you. But you can get away with a lot of stuff in the booze game before a judge ever throws the book at you. And besides, we aint handling the stuff. All Jake ever will want out of us, he says, is just what we started out to do that last time—sort of be the go-betweens and get in with people that need the stuff, and stall that we've got the best legger in town and that we'll make the arrangements just out of friendship.

"Now, there aint anything so terribly wrong about that. You with your looks and manners and talk, when you want to put 'em on, and me with the same thing when I'm watching my 'aints' and sloughing the slang—it aint any trouble at all. One good bunch like we were in with before you got scared, honey, and we've got a sweet pie out of it. Jake's square: he'll cut with us on every case he delivers, and there'd be plenty with that gang. All they want to know is that the stuff's good, and they're wanting somebody else's word for it, that they think's in their class, not some legger's. Not that I'm shoving it at you, honey—you know I aint. I never did."

"No, you never did, Jim." She patted his hand. "I just got scared, that's all. When Jake had that run-in with those cops out in front of the house, and they found that stuff in the car and came in to see if it was being planted through us—I got the willies. I know I should've stood pat."

"Well, you will the next time. Everybody's got to get initiated."

SHE nodded. "I know, Jim. Give me a cigarette—no, never mind; don't guess I want one. Taste bitter, some way. When does Jake think that everything'll be all right?"

"I don't know. He's got a guy working on it now—you know, Jake aint doing anything without having the road greased. He's got a plant in the Department. He'll find out through him if there's any real squawk, and if they're on anybody's trail. As soon as he gets the dope, he'll wire us. Then back to the big money, honey!"

"The big money!" She said it with a longing tone in her voice. "Gee, I've cursed myself, Jim! If I hadn't been such a fool—"

"Oh, forget it. I've told you I was as scared as you were. But we both want it, honey—got to have it. The big money—both of us made for it, I guess. You with your ideas about orchids and Paris models and ten-dollar gloves, me crazy about the horses. Can't do that stuff on fifty a week!"

She smiled. "Wonder what the bunch at the Bombonara would say if they could see us sitting out here now?"

"Laugh themselves to death, I guess, then order another century's worth of bubbles to drink our ill-health with. But"—he looked about him, at the low-hung stars, the black fringes of the pines silhouetted at the ragged top of the nearest hill, the silver-white of the waterfall, showing faintly in the moonlight just beyond the last reaches of the deserted shacks—"I guess that we're stuck here—until we hear from Jake. It's a good hide-out, at that—just take our ease out here in the big spaces that the pen-

pushers rave about, and let our consciences be our guide."

"That's just it, Jim!" Margaret Hayden had risen, as with sudden galvanization. "I can't stick out here. I can't do it, I tell you—I can't, I can't! I can't stand that cabin, and this desertion, and him putting on about that damned mine!"

"Then don't, kid—there's plenty other places."

Her shoulders sagged suddenly; Margaret Hayden turned to her husband, her hands gesturing emptily.

"And I can't do that," she said dully. "Don't you see, Jim? It's different since I've seen him—I didn't know about his eyes. We couldn't drag him away from that mine with wild horses—and I just can't leave him. Tapping his way up there in the morning and down again at night, with nobody to help him if he—"

"That's right, aint it, kid?" Hayden sucked at a newly lighted cigarette. "Still, there ought to be some way. You've told him I was a promoter; he wants to all the mine. We might work something there."

"His kind always wants to sell until there's a buyer."

"Then we can pull the old partner racket—take him with us and get somebody interested. It wouldn't be so hard; mining's coming up now. People are beginning to put money into it again."

"If we had something to sell," said the girl dully. "There's nothing there, Jim, that's worth talking about. It wouldn't pay a man to take it out."

"But what's all this raving—"

"Just a possibility; that's all. He's been going through a dyke—a different formation, you know. Usually the vein widens about that time. Maybe he'll strike it big; maybe he wont strike anything but just a good streak of pay-ore. Nobody'd get excited about it—I've heard mining all my life, Jim—indirectly, of course. Uncle But had been in it too. It takes a real prospect to interest money."

"Yeh. But we're stuck unless we can work some kind of a racket—if you wont leave him and he wont leave the mine." He was silent a few moments. "Listen, honey," he announced. "This thing'll work out. I've got it. It wont take so long to go through there, will it—if I work with him?"

"No—not over two or three weeks."

"Then whichever way it turns, we win out. If it aint there, we can argue him into another claim—what's the difference whether it's any good or not? They don't cost anything, these worn-out holes in the ground. We can at least get him to another camp, where he'd have care and we could hire somebody to be with him. And if he does strike something, there's the racket of getting him away to interest capital to develop the thing—that always works. So where's the worry? It'll come out all right!"

THAT was why, as the days passed, the girl took more interest in looking up the hill in the evenings, when the coffee-pot was boiling, and a young man was guiding an old, bent figure along the trail toward the cottage, why she hummed now and then—airs from the Bombonara's dance-floor and from the jazz bunch at the Cotillion—as she went about her work of the day, arranging the tiny cottage, or lingering at the hardy plants beside the window, to pick a few of the brilliant blooms for the table, or rid the stalks of their deadened leaves.

Deliverance! Deliverance in the every passing day, in the conversation at night as they gathered about the little stove, blazing lustily against the creeping chill of the mountain night. Every day must progress through the dyke. The vein was

slowly widening; a week, and it had reached promising proportions; another, and it had strengthened to the hint of pay ore—once when the girl made her slow way into the tunnel and climbed the interminable ladders to the spot where a young man worked while an older head directed his labors, Jim Hayden's upraised carbide showed a dull gray seam extending for a width of nearly three inches at a slight angle along the face of the rock. The young man smiled and nodded toward the sightless man beside him, winking the while to his wife.

"Lead ore, he says! Best stuff there is right now—lead ore that'll run a little in silver, but it's the lead that counts, with the whole world yelling for it. Aint that right, old partner?" he exclaimed, winking again to the girl. "A few more rounds of shots, and she'll widen up to a place where we can step out with our samples and get the biggest money in the United States interested in it. Then just lean back and take it easy, while the old shaft-house whistles for a hundred men every morning. Eh, Dad?"

"And clean money, every bit of it!" The sightless eyes were blazing with the fire that only a miner can know. "Clean money, boy! Clean money that you and Margie needs't be ashamed to take—and that you'll never have to worry about—right from the heart of the earth, boy! When it happens, just you watch this town come back!"

"That's right, old stager! Nothing like clean money. When do you figure we'll bust through this thing? About next week?"

"Twont be longer. Just keep pounding at her, boy! Keep pounding at her!"

MARGARET had sung with a new fervor as she went back to the cabin. Another week—granting of course, that a telegram should come from Jake in the meanwhile. Or that the mine should really produce riches. Another week—then the good old life again. The clothes, the tap at the door in the morning and the obsequious attendant inquiring for the important knowledge of what would comprise that morning's breakfast in bed. The old luxuries once more—what mattered it how they might be gained? The old crowd at the Bomboniera—the music. Clothes, and orchids blending with the soft tones of a new gown. She forgot the ragged fringe of the Continental Divide, forgot the tatterdemalion buildings about her, the solitary quiet of the little cabin; enough that deliverance was near. She petted the geraniums as she gave them their daily grooming, and paused in her other work that she might re-pot one which seemed less hardy than the rest, forgetting entirely that in another week it, like the rest, might be left behind to die.

A week of talk at nights, enthusiastic, even on the part of Jim and a flush-cheeked girl, talk of a thing which meant deliverance. Or silences when the old man prattled his inevitable rote of the clean money that would flood forth—the joy of seeing life where now was desertion in the little town—then a different attitude as, man and wife, Jim and Margie walked beneath the stars.

"For the love of Mike, don't crack it to him," said the man. "But I've kept him away from the vein for four days now. It aint widening a bit. I don't think it's going to widen."

The girl turned anxiously. "Then—" "Oh, I got it figured out. When we put in the final round, I'll go in first—then come out and tell him a lot of lies about it. Either that, or pull a fake assay on him—he won't ever know the difference—there'll always be plenty of ways to stall after we get away from here. Besides, if Jake comes through, we'll have enough money to fool him with. So just go ahead the way we've been going—pull the stuff strong and I'll do the rest."

So another day went by. Then two men and a woman stood deep in a mine tunnel, lighted only by the hissing blaze of a carbide lamp. Far in the breast of a vein, carefully placed, more carefully tamped, lay twenty sticks of dynamite, two sticks to the shot. Leading to the charges from the face of the rock, ten spluttering fuses hissed, like writhing serpents of flame as they approached the charge. A sullen booming, while nine other fuses seethed on.

"One!" counted the old man, a shaking hand held aloft. "There goes two—three—four—"

A moment of silence.

"Five—six—seven—"

Again a wait.

"Eight, nine and ten there—right together—"

"Wasn't that just an echo, Dad?" The girl had moved to his side. "It didn't sound like the others."

Pete Baxter laughed.

"I know dynamite," he asserted proudly. "They go that way lots of times—together, so you can hardly tell 'em apart. Oh, these ears of mine aint too old yet. Besides, you aint heard any other, have you?"

"No, but one of them might have missed."

"Not with these old ears counting." He was feverish with anxiety; the thrill of discovery was upon him, the will-o'-the-wisp beckoning as it had beckoned all his life. "Now you stay here—I'll go see what we've broken into."

"But Dad!"

"Stay here, I said! It's my mine—I've got a right to be the first!"

He forced the younger man back, thwarting any possible plans for a false report upon what the explosion had revealed. Then, still charging that they not move until he called them, he started with incredible swiftness toward the scene of the blast, his every nerve athrill with the fever of discovery. Farther he went, and farther; his form became faint in the feeble glare of the carbide in Hayden's hands—then faded. A long moment of waiting, on the part of a young man and a girl, merely staring at the darkness into which a nearly blind man had disappeared. At last a call from the distance, faint, indistinct, bidding them forward—

Coupled almost instantly with the greenish yellow of an instantaneous flash, and the booming of a blast, the tenth blast, delayed in firing. The uncounted blast—its echoes carrying with them a shriller sound, of a woman screaming! That, and the clattering of stones as they ran forward, stumbling in the semidarkness, as the carbide belied the course before them and sent them into uncertain footings.

After that, only silence and stillness of motion, save for the hissing flare. A foot protruded from the pile of muck and refuse and fallen earth before them. He who had waited all his life—had failed to wait at a moment of fatality.

LATE that night, summoned by a man who staggered from fatigue, a pitifully ancient black wagon, accompanied by a spring buggy, started over the hill from Crown Point. The next day it returned, a man and a woman in attendance. And two nights later Jim Hayden moved slowly to the figure of his wife at the rounded boulder.

"Haden't you better come in, honey?" he asked. "It's pretty cold out here."

"I guess so, Jim."

"And go on to bed, right away. Everything's all fixed. I've even watered the geraniums." She looked far away.

"There's that star again. I watched it for an hour, thinking it was a light on the hill—somebody coming with word from Jake."

"Oh, it'll come all right. Better go to bed honey."



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But a week brought no word, no telegram, no form of rider upon the hill. Only the brilliance of the sunshine, the sparkling of the waterfall above the town, the gleam of the snow and the call of the mountain jay from near-by pines. Only that and two figures which wandered a deserted little town o' nights, or sat upon the rounded boulder. Or the quick start of Jim Hayden as he would turn hurriedly and approach his wife, standing there by the flowers at the window.

"What's the matter, honey?"

"Oh, nothing, Jim."

And a week more. Finally a shout from Jim, returning from a trip up the hill, waving a yellow piece of paper as he came in the door.

"Met him coming over the hill from the other direction," he called excitedly. "It's from Jake! Everything's kayo—sent it like a business telegram. Says prospects are great. Everything's all right for you now, honey. It's all right—all right, kid! See it?"

They read it together. They read it separately. Then Jim Hayden caught her by the shoulder and pushed her playfully toward the hand baggage, half packed for days.

"Better start putting in the rest of the stuff," he commanded brusquely. "I told that fellow I'd wave to him with a tablecloth from the top of the hill if I wanted him to send out a rig right away. Better be doing it—Why, what's the matter?"

Margaret Hayden still stood by the window. A hand was plucking unconsciously at the leaves of the flowers which grew there; her head was turned—but not enough.

"What's the matter, honey?" Jim Hayden asked again. "What're you crying about?"

The girl brushed at her eyes.

"I—I don't know, Jim. Just thinking about the flowers, I guess. Like it was kind of heartless—"

He nodded.

"Yeh. I know what you mean, kid. It's sort of that way with me, too." Hayden hesitated and rubbed his palms. "I get you. I've felt that way about the mine. I didn't want you to get any funny notions, so I didn't say anything about it, but a fellow came past the hill the other day when I was up there, and I took him in and had a look at things. An engineer, you know. Seems to think that it's worth while—no big money, you know. But pretty fair one, at that. It'd need five or six men to work on it—to do the right thing, and I guess that's what's kind of stuck in my mind. You know how your father was—talking every now and then how fine it'd be if he could get his mine started, because that'd cause other fellows to look around and sort of bring the town back and put people in the houses and lights in the windows at night. Fool idea, kid, but it's like you with the flowers—"

She half turned, still with a hand furling a flaming bloom.

"Is that all you've been thinking about, Jim? Just the town and the mine?"

Jim Hayden faced her.

"Is it all the flowers with you, honey?" he asked quietly.

THERE'S a stage-line now to Robesville. It runs once a week. There's a little grocery store, which sells, in addition, everything from safety pins to mining machinery. There's a dance fortnightly in a hall which the men refloored after working-hours, and a subscription list going the rounds on payday for a motion-picture machine. Last spring, laughing at the fact that they splattered themselves almost as much as they did the object of their labors, Jim and Margaret Hayden put two brand new coats of white paint upon a little cottage—when the geraniums still bloom in the window.

WE LIVE BUT ONCE

(Continued from page 97)

for wisdom to cut the knot, but she could not find it in her head. She was in such a quandary that she pleaded:

"I don't suppose you could come and take me for a little ride? The moonlight seems to be the only luxury left to us."

"I'll be there as fast as I can fly without being arrested—or even a little faster. Good-by!"

As his car drew up at last to her curb, and he looked toward the Spanish house, built, it looked, of solid moonbeams, the door opened softly, and Valerie slipped out like an eloping señorita.

Such ladies are apt to carry daggers in their garters, but Valerie did not keep her threat to cut Blair's throat if he kissed her, for he no sooner had her locked in the shadow of his car than he was smothering her with his love.

She may have forgotten the threat in her excitement, or she may have felt that he had fulfilled the conditions she had imposed, for she repaid his fervor in full.

THEY drove out Wilshire Boulevard with the gay fugacity of runaway children, though both had outgrown the compulsion to obey any parent except the stepmotherly shrew of the law. And even that did not forbid them to be together, so long as they conducted themselves with circumspection.

But what they wanted was freedom from all bonds except such hoops of steel as they might fasten about themselves. The nightly beachward traffic was even denser than usual, because the world was caressed by what was surely the most amorous moon that ever swooned through the sky.

Blair and Valerie ran up and down the roads that climbed the hills, and searched

the infolded cañons whose deep havens of dark even the moon could not penetrate. But everywhere there were couples, wheeled fugitives from observation.

At last they found, far out beyond T-panga, a promontory three hundred feet above the sea, and drove across the grass to a little squad of trees. Only when the forewheels were almost at the rim of the precipice did Blair stop the car and set the brakes. Then they gave themselves to long, long embraces and desperate kisses.

Beautiful as each was to the other, they kept their eyes clenched tight as if their souls communed better without vision of their own frames or the enveloping world. Yet when they opened their eyes to make sure of their precious loneliness, they seemed to be uplifted in the ocean of air; for all before them, above and below them, was sky or sea.

The sky was unveiled; not a cloud hid one of the scattered stars or deepened the mist of the Milky Way. And the Pacific, far off and far beneath, with its surf audible but invisible under the parapet, was so becalmed that it seemed a solid mosaic of diamonds whose only motion was the shuddering of their own radiance.

Valerie, pressing her cheek against Blair's and clasping him so tightly that he must give her rest from his kisses, stared into the inconceivable opulence of splendor, and murmured:

"We can never be too poor to look at the sky and the sea, anyway. And if we have all this beauty, and our love, sha'n't we be rich enough?"

"Rich enough!"

"And then, of course, there are the sunsets and the sunrises."



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"So long as we see them in each other's arms."

"How frightfully beautiful that would be!" she whispered.

"Will be!"

"Don't you feel that there's nothing in all the world tonight but love? From that littlest star just blinking out, to the tiniest sandflea, there's nothing but love, is there?"

When he agreed with her, she denied her own words:

"Yet, there's really only a little love, and a whole world of hate."

"Hate? Where's any hate?"

"Supposing that moon up there should all of a sudden change into the sun, and it was high noon: Lord, what a scurry there'd be! Whew, can you see the women tearing off the arms of their partners? Can't you see them jumping out of the cars? What a scamper for the deep sagebrush! The rest would hide their faces and want to die."

"And that's funny, isn't it, when you come to think of it? Everything is blissful now, and all the salesmen and laundresses and housewives and plumbers and Sunday-school teachers and deacons and gunmen and shop-lifters—they're all in heaven now with their eyes shut. And they all think they are in love with what's next to them."

"But if a rooster should crow or an alarm-clock buzz, everything that is so wonderful would become criminal, and everything beautiful would look ugly. All the poor souls would hang their heads with shame. And all the people whose sweethearts couldn't take them out tonight, and all the husbands and wives and sweethearts who were left at home, would be ready to lynch all the people who got caught."

"We've only got a single chance at the only world we know, and yet we're so cruel to each other, so blind in the daylight! It seems as if we were only sane in the dark. Ghastly, isn't it?"

"Ghastly," he agreed, glad to listen to her moody philosophies. She was willing to be heard. It was their first talk since they had faced a future without obstacles. The obstacles were there in plenty, but back of them, waiting.

SHE breathed deep of the delight of the moon-world, and murmured on: "I love you so much that I seem to love everybody in the world. Usually I hate nearly everybody. If the world would stay like this, with the moon at its height, life would be perfect. But with the daylight comes hate, hate, hate."

"In the morning all these loving people will wake up hating. They will hurry to their shops to cheat and quarrel, open their offices for conspiracies. The police will get up and start out with their warrants. The judges will rush to their courts to punish people. First, everybody will read the newspapers to get their hate ready for the day. Did you ever notice that most of the news is news about hate—scandals and lawsuits and murders and wars?"

"The worst scandal of all has always got something to do with love. Love is the thing that inspires more hate than anything else. And what a pity that is! For why should anybody hate anybody else?"

"And here am I hating hate and wondering why anybody can feel it, when my own heart has been bursting with it. There's your poor little wife. She hates me, but I hated her first. I hated her before I saw her. As soon as I heard that you had a wife, I hated her. I didn't know whether she was happy or not, or loved you or didn't, or whether you were happy or loved her or not. I just assumed that you weren't happy and she was to blame, whoever she was. And I determined to drive her away from you and take possession of you myself. And now I've done it."

"But I don't feel as proud of my victory



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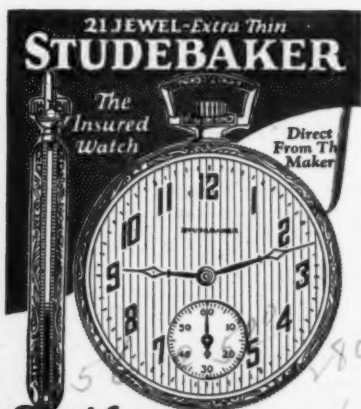
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as I thought I would. I'm afraid of it now. For what right have I to believe that I can make you love me?"

"Oh, my angel, you can't doubt that!"

"Who am I, that I should fascinate so wonderful a soul as yours?"

"I am nothing. You are everything."

"You like me now, I think. I think—I know, you love me, because you are so honest and so big and you've tried to protect me from my own ruthlessness. But when we've been married as long as you and —and Amy were, what right have I to think that I'll wear any better than she did?"

"Hush—hush! For God's sake, don't!"

"The worst of it is, that all of a sudden I've stopped hating Amy. I see what a problem she had. I see what a hopeless plight she was in, when I came along, something new, domineering, tricky, and poisoned your soul against her, and seduced you."

"Will you stop? Have you gone mad?" gasped Blair.

Valerie shook her head.

"I'm just going sane. I see all I've done, in a different light, a cold light for me, and a tender light for her. After all, what did she ever do to me except try to protect her home from me? And now I've carried off her husband, and we're driving her away to France all by herself. And she hasn't even a lover waiting for her. If I did the right thing, I'd send you home to her."

"But I wouldn't go. Amy and I were strangers when you first met us. We were just living together from habit. She was as unhappy as I was. She'll be happier away from me. She'll find somebody who is more her sort. Don't, in God's name, torture your beautiful soul with a false remorse. I love you. I never loved anybody before. I couldn't live without you now."

"It's sweet of you to say it, but—well, hold me tight, for I feel as if I ought to go and leap off that cliff there. Perhaps you'd better drive back a little. It must be late. It's turning right cold."

She was shivering in his arms, and he held her tight and loved her so fiercely that she had at least no doubt of his need of her now.

The spell was broken, however, and she made him turn home. She had little to say, for she was haunted by the wraith of little Amy Fleming cast out of her fold and turned off into the lonely world.

Chapter Thirty-six

WHEN Blair left her at Mrs. Pashley's door, he left Amy with her. All the woman's spitefulness and shiftiness, her plebeian crassnesses and affectation lost their blame in Valerie's mind, because she realized for the first time that Amy could not help being what she was. A she-fox that fights a panther for her cave could hardly be blamed for not meeting the greater cat with weapons that she did not even possess.

Valerie forgave all of Amy's misdeeds.

But that left her with Blair as her other problem. It was too late to restore Blair to Amy. If only Amy had somebody to love who would love her! Of course, in time she would find somebody, but when—where—whom?

There was Jimmy St. John. What had happened to end his flirtation with Amy? He was the man of men for her.

That night at Arrowhead, when Amy and Jimmy had both drunk too much—or rather, had drunk just enough to release their pinched souls from their straitjackets, Amy had forgotten all her affectations. She had been as sincere and wildly sweet as a forest nymph when grapes are ripe. And Jimmy had been glorious. The two had danced and reveled and made happy fools of themselves and been graceful. In spite of all the eyes of amusement upon them, they had been



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happy and unafraid. A true congeniality had made them kith and kin. A true marriage could be had between them. If only they had not quarreled and parted!

Valerie imagined and considered every reason except the right one. But she resolved that she would do one more reckless thing before she gave up the fight for Blair, who, after all, had some rights, and for whom also she was responsible since she had wrecked his life also.

Tomorrow she would seek out Jimmy St. John and see if she could not make peace between him and Amy. Then Amy would not seem so sorrowful, alone and friendless in a heartless world.

This thought brought Valerie such respite from self-condemnation that she fell asleep, and knew peace and the hope of winning Blair for herself with no harm to anyone else.

IN the morning she went about the search for Jimmy St. John. Her aunt knew friends of his, who gave her his address. Valerie was soon talking to him on the telephone. He was not particularly gracious; but then, it was morning, when Englishmen are at their worst. And Valerie had learned that most of the English brusquerie with strangers is due to timidity and a self-consciousness that blusters to hide its own infidelity. When she asked Jimmy to call on her, he was full of vague engagements, but she was still Valerie, and overcame all the obstacles he invented.

He arrived at last, but was on his guard and so plainly suspicious, that she said:

"Are you afraid I'm going to ask you to serve on a committee or make a speech at a charity bazaar, or something?"

"Well, one never knows. Nothing would terrify me more."

"What if I should say that my aunt is in a terrible dilemma? You see, the droves of musicians she entertains have drunk up all her pre-war supply of Scotch; and being only a poor woman with little education, she can't trust her own judgment about the samples the bootleggers offer her. She wants a connoisseur to decide for her."

Here was a theme that interested Mr. St. John. His eyes took on a certain luster. His dry lips twitched. He almost smiled:

"I should willingly risk my life and my eyesight in such a noble cause."

Valerie had provided two bottles of Scotch with all their accompaniments. They were really imported before the great drouth set in, but lies were easy to tell:

NIGHT CLUBS

They've grown up like mushrooms all over America—in the cities, that is—and each has its hostess, usually a woman of personality and of the twenty-minute-egg variety! Of such an one is a story to be told in a forthcoming issue of this magazine, that is about as revealing a piece of contemporary fiction as one could wish for. Its title is "The Perfect Hostess," and its author is well known to Red Book Magazine readers—

IDA M. EVANS

"These Edinburgh labels, of course, are made in Los Angeles. The Scotch is probably wood-alcohol slightly flavored, but will you tell me which is the better?"

She poured out a long glass of each and let Jimmy put in soda water to his taste. He sipped the first glass and sighed:

"Not bad, that."

He sipped the second, and smiled:

"Not half bad, this."

He went back to the first:

"This is the better of the two."

He reverted to the second:

"But this is still better."

He went back and forth and had not made up his mind when both glasses were drained. Valerie began to fill them again.

He protested feebly:

"It's a trifle early for me to get spiffed. I'm a bit jingled already."

"But this is important," said Valerie, who felt that if he did not drink Mrs. Pashley's liquor, he would be drinking his own, or some one else's.

With the solemnity of a Solomon, Jimmy curled his tongue about the smoky mixtures alternately, until the fumes had dissipated the barriers of reserve that nature had built up about his warm heart. He was laughing uproariously over his own witticisms, and calling himself a silly ass, a plastered oaf, when Valerie said, quite carelessly:

"Oh, by the way, how is that pretty little Mrs. Fleming who was up at Arrowhead with us?"

A startling change came over Jimmy. His laughter died at once. He grew somber and answered dully:

"Mrs. Fleming? I haven't seen her for—not since the night after our return from Arrowhead!"

"Oh, really? Charming little thing, isn't she?"

"A very remarkable woman."

Valerie offered him another glass and ventured:

"Do you know, I thought you were rather smitten with her."

The truth is also in Scotch:

"I was. I am."

"Then why haven't you seen her?"

JIMMY drew himself up, stared at Valerie as if both his eyes were glass eyes, and answered:

"It's none of your damned business, is it?"

Valerie loved him for his chivalry, but tried to break through it:

"No, but—well, you see I have reason to believe that Mrs. Fleming misses you—she is pining away for you—she—"

"Don't be an ass, Miss—I've forgotten your name. Mrs. Fleming is devoted to her husband."

"Are you sure?"

"I have ample reason for my belief."

"I think you are mistaken."

"If you could see how she scratched me when I tried to—er—well—She drew blood. On my word, blood!"

The liquor was beginning to seep through the last dams of civilized self-concealment, and he was reverting to the frank and unrestrained emotional animal. He poured out his heart in a sudden gush of sentiment with much interruption from difficulties with his articulation:

"You are Miss Dangerfield, aren't you? Yes, I had forgotten for the moment. I should always remember you, because you were to blame for my break with the only woman I ever loved. Mrs. Fleming and I were on the pleasantest terms—the very pleasantest. I don't know why I am saying this. It's not quite cricket. But it's quite Scotch."

"Sweet Mrs. Fleming and I were having a lovely time, playing like a faun and—like Fauna and Flora, kissing, laughing, madly in love, as it were. Then you came along and took her husband's mind off his busi-



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ness. Ghastly boulder, her husband. But the moment Mrs. Fleming saw him in danger of falling in love outside the walls, she felt it her duty to rescue him.

"She said to me that you were after her husband, but you couldn't have him, for she was going to keep him from you at all costs. That hurt me dreadfully. It cut me to the quick, for I—I loved her. Damn me but I loved her, and I was jealous of her husband. I could not bear to feel that she was merely having me on, and keeping me to play with while she clung to her husband at the same time.

"Indecent, I thought it. I was cold sober at the moment, and not in my right mind. So I reproached her with playing double, and I told her I couldn't really love her any more. Fancy, telling a pretty woman that! "Naturally she turned on me with scorn. She how-dared me. Hopeless as that I was, I tried to—ah, kiss her and carry on the game—er—in pure wantonness, so to speak. She struck me. She scratched me. She drew blood, and left me.

"I drove away laughing, thinking that only my face was bleeding. But I jolly soon stopped laughing, and my heart has been bleeding ever since, if you know what I mean.

"Just what her peculiar power over me might be, I haven't the faintest idea. Love is that way, I presume. She's very pretty, but I've seen far prettier women. She's nothing to get up and scream about as an intellectual force. But then, I'm not pretty, and I haven't a brain in the old cupola. She's horribly American; but then, I'm hideously English, aren't I?

"But what with one thing and another, I love her as I never loved before. I didn't imagine I had it in me. I'm quite proud of myself, really, to find I'm up to it, a moaning Romeo and all that sort of thing.

"I'm as proud as Punch of being one of the great lovers, but I'm not the least happy in my pride. I'm as jealous as Othello. I could kill that husband of hers for holding her love. I'm a whole gallery of Shakespearean characters, if you catch what I mean. But all tragedians.

"I haven't tried to see Mrs. Fleming since. But I've wanted to. I've hung about outside her funny little bungalow and—God help me, I've almost committed poetry.

"That is why I'm leaving California and going home. The Mater has been writing me to come back to the dear old pea-soup fog, but I thought I was smitten with the California climate. All the while it was Mrs. Fleming I was in love with. Without her I can't abide the damned sunshine. So I'm going home, with a broken heart. I'm a madman, but as old Hamlet said, they won't notice that in England, where we're all quite mad."

He was so woebegone and so soggy that he tottered in his chair, and so steeped in liquor that she had to take his hand to keep him from falling overboard. She said: "Poor dear man, poor dear imbecile! Mrs. Fleming has quite recovered from her desire to keep her husband."

He bleared at her and bumbled: "Huh?"

She told him again, told him of Amy's plan to divorce her husband, of her trip to Paris, of her loneliness. She had to tell him everything three or four times.

When she made him understand that Amy was a poor little forlorn white lamb whom nobody loved and nobody would protect, he was completely undone. The tears, or the surplus of alcohol, poured over his eyelids and rained upon his waistcoat.

If Blair had come in, or Amy, there would have been a scene, for Valerie would have been discovered in the arms of Jimmy St. John. He was clinging to her and boo-hooing gorgeously.

Her greatest difficulty was in penetrating the Scotch mist to make him understand that he must not under any circumstances tell Amy who had told him of her plans, which were, as yet, a great secret from the world. Her success in stupefying him with liquor had been too great. He went out suddenly and collapsed. She had a long unconscious dummy on her hands.

She stretched him out on a divan and wondered what to do with him next. Seeing that his taxicab was still waiting outside, she called Fedden into consultation. She was in the depths of shame at what she had done, and tried to do.

But Fedden, instead of turning into a statue of ice at the degraded spectacle, smiled and took control with the easy assurance of a physician happening upon an automobile crash. In his younger days he had been valet to a number of young rakes of notorious tendencies. Such adventures had been sadly lacking in Mrs. Pashley's service, and it made him young again to be called upon to take care of a young sot.

He quieted Valerie's panic and urged her to leave the matter to him. Valerie went up to her room in a profound disgust with herself.

She did not know that Fedden called the taxi-driver to run his machine into the garage-way, and fetched him in to help carry Mr. St. John away.

The two took a little drink to Jimmy's health, then toted his living corpse through the back hall to the cab, and bestowed him in it.

Fedden instructed the driver to take his fare back where he got him and see that he was put to bed. The driver was an amiable soul who knew what it was to become a public charge, and promised the best of care to "the poor boob."

NEITHER Valerie nor Fedden knew that the cold air, the jolting motion or some other miracle restored Jimmy to partial consciousness before he reached his apartment, or that he frantically insisted upon being taken at once to Mrs. Fleming's home.

Amy, hearing a cab stop before her house, was astounded to see Jimmy St. John come reeling along the walk on the taxi-driver's arm.

She rushed down the stairs, opened the

WILLIAM Mc FEE

That able writing man and sailor man who gave us "Swallowing the Anchor," "Harbors of Memory," "Casuals of the Sea" and many another fine salty tale of seafaring and port adventure, will contribute of his best to an early issue—a dramatic and richly colored tale of tropic waters under the title—

"The Roving Heart"

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WHILE Amy was undergoing the new experience of protecting and rescuing somebody who had fallen at her feet in miserable worthlessness, Valerie was undergoing an experience almost as new to her—that of despising herself instead of other people of feeling herself unworthy of the world, instead of scorning the world.

Alone in her room, shaken by both the pitiable and odious disintegration of Jimmy St. John under the spell of the liquor, she reviewed all her conduct of late with the revolted damnation of the strictest Puritan.

She seemed to be recovering from a delirium, remembering a nightmare. And the delirium had not lasted long. It was only a few days since she had met Blair Fleming at the musicale, and she could not believe that what followed had been her own conduct.

With monstrous selfishness and recklessness of consequence she had abruptly and insanely decided that a certain man she met for the first time was her man of men, destined for her delight and completion. She had as promptly instituted a death-feud against his wife, and poured out vials of poisonous hatred upon her before she met her. Meeting her, she had played upon the silly creature's snobbery and pretended to make friends with her; that she might worm her way into the woman's confidence. Even while accepting the wife's hospitality, she had conspired to gain power over her and access to her husband.

She had tricked the wife and her aunt and the man himself into that mad ride through the storm up the mountain. She had carried the helpless man into peril of his life, and had deserved the thunderbolts that played about her and spared her only perhaps because such a punishment was too splendid for so ignoble a wretch.

She had made Blair Fleming love her, had jockeyed him into such a position that he denied his own wife, and consented to abandon her. When the poor woman had tried to save her home, and had won her husband back to his duty and a pledge of loyalty, she—Valerie Dangerfield, of all people!—had wrought upon him so that he broke his pledge, refused the prayers of his wife, and ordered her off into exile to get a divorce against her will.

When the wife still fought against the ruin of her home, Valerie had stooped to the purchase of her soul. And then, to save herself from self-reproach, she had committed the ultimate crime of degrading a poor Englishman into thinking that he loved the woman who had merely flirted with him a little in petty mischief.

door to him and closed it in the taxi-driver's face after telling him to wait. At the sight of her, Jimmy toppled and fell into her arms, sobbing:

"Oh, my darl's, oh, my li'l' los' lamb, oh, my—" Everything sweet and wonderful! His helplessness touched something in Amy's soul, something beautiful that had perhaps lain dormant all the while simply because no one had thought to appeal to her mercy—least of all her husband.

With huge effort she dragged the fainting wretch into her living-room, extended him upon the couch, and ministered to him as best she could, till he slept peacefully. And then she watched over him with motherhood and much else, strangely pained and strangely blissful, feeling that at last somebody loved her, somebody liked her, somebody wanted her. Somebody actually needed her!

She had always been weak; here she could be strong. She had looked up to Jimmy with snobbery; now she could stoop to him from the skies. It was the making of her, the salvation of her soul, perhaps its discovery.

Chapter Thirty-seven

Chapter Thirty-seven

Chapter Thirty-seven

This last infamy had failed. The man she tried to decoy with liquor had merely become dead drunk. In these days, when alcohol was poisoned by the Government, and none the less distributed by illicit dealers, dead drunk was often a literal description of its victims. For all she knew, she had murdered Jimmy St. John.

And the upshot of it all, would mean the certain bankruptcy of the man she loved, and the quite possible decision of Amy Fleming to abandon the whole shameless scheme after all. Then Blair Fleming would learn the truth and hate Valerie as woman had never been hated, as woman had never deserved to be hated.

The gifts of ruthlessness in action and of mercilessness in contempt that Valerie had practiced upon other people were turned now upon herself. She shuddered with repugnance and dismay for her own deeds, and flayed herself alive with contempt and derision. There was only one honest thing to do, to undo the evil as best she could before it had piled up any higher.

She called Blair on the telephone and said in a deathly calm:

"Blair, I've suddenly come to my senses, and realized what appalling things I have done and tried to do. I hate myself, and if you knew all that I have done, you would hate me. It's all off, Blair. I won't marry you, and you must prevent your wife from getting the divorce. Take her back and rebuild the home I tried to destroy."

"I love you, and it is my love of you that makes me beg you to forgive me and cast me out of your memory. I ask you only one last favor. Don't try to see me. It would only add one more unbearable torture to what I have to undergo. I can't hope that you will forgive me. But go back to Amy and try to make her happy, and that will bring you happiness."

"Don't talk to me. Don't say anything now. Don't try to see me. Don't even try to forgive me, for I'll never forgive myself. Good-by! All happiness to you! Good-by! Good-by!"

She hung the telephone on its hook and held it there in spite of its ringing. When the servants would have answered, she forbade them, and sent them away mystified.

At length the bell ceased whirring, though she could still hear Blair's voice as it had tried to break through her torrent of speech, pleading, "Valerie! Valerie!"

THERE was one thing more to do, to break with Amy, and withdraw her outrageous bribe. She called the residence number she found in the book, and Amy answered.

"Mrs. Fleming, this is Miss Dangerfield," Valerie began.

"I know your voice," Amy snapped in. "You must. And you must hate it. But this is the last time you'll hear it. Mrs. Fleming, I have done you a great wrong. I can never atone for it, but I want to offer you my abject apologies. You'll never accept them, but I must offer them."

"I had no right to try to break up your home. I am not going to go any further in my madness. I hope you will reconsider your plans to get a divorce. In any case, Mrs. Pashley wants to withdraw her invitation to go to Paris with her."

"And I want to withdraw my offer of money. It was a shameful thing to do, and I beg you to pardon it, though of course I can't expect you to grant it."

Before she could explain that she was leaving Los Angeles and Blair Fleming forever, Amy cut in with all the bitterness she could put into her voice:

"Don't fret about the money. I never had the faintest intention of accepting your aunt's hospitality or your money. I just pretended to—just to see how far you would go."



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Valerie's eyes and mouth widened at this dumfounding impudence, but she felt that she deserved anything. She held her temper in leash, and spoke with all meekness:

"I'm glad to hear you say it. And the divorce is all off, then, of course."

"Of course not!" Amy's voice twanged the wire like a steel guitar. "I'm going to Paris just the same and get the divorce as my husband and I arranged."

Valerie made a last effort to stay the wreck:

"But if he doesn't want you to get the divorce now—"

"What do I care what he wants? It's time I got some of my wants. He offered me the money and everything. If he doesn't want to pay it, Mr. Sinjun will pay it."

"Mr. Sinjun!"

"Mr. Sinjun. He is the only man I ever really loved. And we're engaged to be married as soon as the divorce is granted. We shall live abroad."

Valerie was so overcome that she could only whisper in awe:

"For God's sake!"

If Amy heard that, she ignored it, and ran on:

"As for that ring of yours, which I carried off by mistake, I am sending it back at once. Jimmy—Mr. Sinjun is buying me a much bigger one for our engagement ring as soon as we can get downtown. He has a bad headache just now—but—well, if you should see my husband first, you can break it to him as gently as you please. If I see him first, I will. And—well—I guess that's all—good-by!"

VALERIE sat back from the telephone in a daze. The irony of it was her final punishment. All the dignity of her repentance, her groveling effort to set things right, was rendered ridiculous by the intense humanity and realism of Amy. If one grovels, it should be before a god, not another mortal.

Valerie's cheeks turned white and then crimson and then streaked with both, at the castigation she had received and accepted from that little ape of an Amy.

She was still smarting with the ignominy when Fedden made her jump by announcing that Mr. Fleming was in the drawing-room. She slunk down the stairway in a swirl of shames to confront the man she had just dismissed with what now seemed such bombastic melodrama about nothing.

He stared at her, speechless, haggard—ran to her and seized her hands and demanded an explanation of the vitriol she had poured into his ear on the telephone. She faltered:

"I don't know what I meant. I don't know what to mean—or to think."

"But what happened? Why did you, all of a sudden, decide to tear everything to pieces?"

To complete his dismay, she broke completely. For the first time he saw her as nothing superhuman. She was worn out by prolonged strain, by terrors undergone and by the sudden unforeseen conclusion to a battle whose desperation had exhausted her.

She flung her arms about him and sank with him to the couch, where she poured out hysterically the whole long story from start to finish, sparing herself in nothing. Her shame and her grief were so intense, and the news she brought him so amazing, that he could do nothing but pat her idly, stroke her hair and now and then lift her hands to his lips.

He had a deal to learn that he had never dreamed of. So much had been going on behind what he had seen, that it had a far-off foreign sound to him: Valerie's attempt to bribe Amy, Amy's acceptance, Valerie's suspicion of her, the ruthless befuddling of Jimmy St. John, whom Valerie had known to be a lover of Amy's without telling Blair; Amy's bland announcement that she was go-

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ing to marry Jimmy St. John after her denunciations of Blair, her pious protestations of wifely devotion and of utter loneliness without her husband.

Blair heard so much that his brain was jarred out of commission. He felt that his experience and his sophistication had taught him very little about anybody.

WHEN Valerie had reached the end of her chronicle, he was still foolishly patting and stroking her. He spoke dreamily:

"So Amy had a lover all the while! And I never knew of it, never suspected it! If I had any normal decency in me, I suppose I'd start shooting somebody. But it leaves me cold—except for a sneaking feeling that I'm glad of it. I'm tickled to death that Amy ends up with the victory. She even high-batted you!"

This brought a sudden smile into Valerie's woeful mien:

"Isn't it marvelous? That's the one nice thing about the whole mess. Amy has the victory. It means so much to her. Do you know, I'd like to give her more of it! I hope that some day Jimmy will become Sir James St. John, or Lord Jimmy, and she'll be Lady St. John—pronounced Sim-jun. And then I want to make an opportunity for her to snub us publicly, cut us dead, toss her pretty little nose in air till she sprains it."

Blair laughed softly at the vivid picture he saw:

"And can't you see her doing it? And we'll sneak by in our rags and look as humble and unhappy as we can. And she can draw a fine moral from it. She's one of those immoral people who've simply got to draw a moral out of everything, and see that somebody is punished."

They looked at each other in a sudden awakening. Their eyes widened. Valerie gasped:

"Blair! It's over! My God, the fight is over. Everything's all right now. There's nothing in our way. Oh, Blair!"

They clenched each other with all their might, wondering at the abrupt and unexpected end of strife with Amy. After a long silence Valerie murmured into his heart while she clung to him:

"Have you any idea how much I love you? I'm just coming to live with you because I love you. I'll sign the papers and say the words the law requires, of course; but that's just so that people will let us alone. And I want to tell you once for all that when you get over loving me—"

"As if I ever could!"

"Hush! Don't boast, or you'll be overheard. If you should stop loving me, tell me; and I'll let you go with my blessing without a moment's protest. It will break my heart, but I'll be much obliged to you for the joy we've had."

"My idea of marriage, Blair, is that both must love and live together only because they love; when the love of either dies, the marriage is over. I'd as soon live with a strange man as with a husband who loved somebody else. Promise me now, that if you ever want your freedom, you'll take it."

"That's a funny promise to exact! I must promise my wife-to-be that I'll leave her, before I've even married her! Well, I'll promise anything to get you. But I'll never let you go."

"Oh, I hope not! But I don't want half a love or half a life, Blair. I'd rather have love all-in-all for one moment than the ashes of it for eternity. But that's for day after tomorrow. This is today, and I've found my love and my love has found me."

"If I should die now, I can say: 'I have lived! I have really lived!' And nobody—not even God—can take that away from me."

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CHILDREN OF THE WILD

(Continued from page 75)

With a long wailing cry, she struck out for the shore, but no swimmer could make headway through such a current. Then at the last moment it was as if the fates which rule over the wild-folk relented, for a sudden eddy shot her in close to shore. With a desperate clutch she caught a projecting root and pulled her dripping, weary body up on the bank, where she lay panting until the little cub flung himself upon her.

As if aroused by his touch, although nearly exhausted, again she faced the crossing, evidently realizing that in another moment the rocks would be covered by the rising water. Winding her cub's arms still closer around her neck, she leaped desperately from the bank. It was as if the touch of those clinging hands heartened her and held her above the boiling depths, for she struck fairly on the first rock and bounded from there to the second, landing with a splash in the foam which boiled over its top. Then, flinging herself desperately into space, by some miracle she reached the last rock of all and stayed on its slippery surface.

Gathering herself now for one supreme effort, she sprang toward the farther shore, but her tired body failed to rally to this last call upon it, and without a sound she sank into the racing river a full six feet short of the shore. Even as she struck, one of the jocks on the farther bank plunged toward her, his long tail held firmly by his companions on the shore; and as the chacma mother came to the surface, she was dragged to safety at the end of a living chain, and in another hour the whole band was again established in high, dry homes in another *krantz* higher than the one they had left.

IN their new home the education of the twins went on rapidly. Although not yet weaned, they learned to find and eat a number of new foods such as the sweet pith of aloe stems, the rose-colored fruit of the prickly pear, and that liquid, golden happiness of the wild-folk which we humans call honey.

When they found a bees' nest in some hollow limb, they would scratch holes through the decayed wood, and thrusting in their hands, pull out pieces of the dripping comb and rush to the nearest thicket just ahead of the swarming bees. Sometimes one or the other would be stung on the very tip of his soft little nose, and would whimper with the pain as he gobbled the stolen honey, but in spite of the smart he always went back for more.

Then it was that the shadow of their craftiest, cruellest enemy—man—fell for the first time across these wild-folk. Near the *krantz* ran a branch of the Capetown Railway; and Sandy Greer, a track-walker on the road, longed, for a reason which no one but himself knew, to catch a baby chacma.

One day while the rest of the troop were off foraging, the twins found near their new cave hollow gourds, chained to trees, each one with a husked ear of sweet corn inside, and a hole on top a little larger than the cob. To a bavian, Indian corn is what honey is to a bear or castoreum to a beaver—a lure, a delight and a passion.

Wherefore when these two chacma babies toddled out of their cave, they followed their small noses straight to the gourds and promptly thrust their hands into them. So soon as each one gripped the ear of corn at the bottom, he was trapped. Tug as he would, it was impossible to pull the corn through the hole or loosen the gourds from the tree. To be sure, each cub might have let go the ear of corn and pulled out his hand without any difficulty, but to do that would be contrary to baboon princi-

ples, as Sandy very well knew. No chacma was ever known to let go of food which he had once gripped. Accordingly, both of those silly babies pulled and tugged and called frantically for their mother, who couldn't have helped them if she had been there, until the track-walker stroled up, undid the chains and dropped the cubs, still clinging to their corn, into a big bag. Then, wrapping his coat around the bag to help smother their wails, he departed hastily for the little settlement a few miles away.

It was well for him that he hurried. Half an hour later the mother of the twins came home, having left the rest of the troop happily engaged in hunting for scorpions under flat stones on the veldt.

She was only a baboon, one of the fiercest and ugliest of the ape-people, but no human mother could have been gripped by a grief more terrible than that which tore her heartstrings when she discovered the loss of the babies whom, like human mothers, she had borne in sorrow and travail, and for whom, unlike most human mothers, she had since been obliged to risk her life again and again.

With a sobbing cry she called and called to them, but there was no answer, and her voice died away in a long wail of utter misery and loss.

It was then that the fierce chacma blazed asserted itself. Her close-set eyes blazed red, and the great fighting teeth, which make a baboon so feared, were bared. Circling until she picked up the trail along which her little ones had passed, she followed it in swift, dangerous silence. It would have been a black moment indeed for Sandy if she had overtaken him. Hurrying at top-speed, however, he reached the village in safety, although she followed him to the edge of the plowed fields.

All the rest of that day the two chacma babies lay frightened and hungry in the imprisoning bag, each one still tightly clutching the cob which had cost him his freedom.

At last, his day's work over, Sandy started back to his house at the edge of the village, where another grieving mother waited for him. Only the week before, their baby had fallen a victim to one of those deadly fevers which run like fire along the edges of the jungle.

Dry-eyed, with the terrible silence which sorrow sometimes brings to a stricken mother, his young wife met him as he came in, and his clumsy attempts to comfort her were as unavailing as they had been throughout all that long and terrible week.

THEN it was that Sandy played his last card. He dropped the heavy bag on the floor and from its depths came a little wail that sounded like that of a hurt child. At the sound the blankness of his wife's face was suddenly shattered by an overpowering emotion.

"For God's love, what have you there, Sandy?" she half-whispered, stretching out her arms toward the bag.

"Tis a couple of wee chacmas I do be catchin' for the Zoo at Capetown," he said craftily.

"You'll never be takin' them away from me," returned the woman, kneeling down as he opened the bag, and the next moment she was clasping close to her the round, hungry, whimpering little cubs. In an instant two pairs of soft, clinging arms were wound about her neck, and two hungry, entreating little faces nuzzled against her. A great wave of love and pity shook her body like a wind from another world, and with the tears running down her face from eyes which had been dry at the burial of her own child, she clasped close to her

heart those babies of the wild, and for the first time in many days, Sandy saw a smile come back to the face of his wife.

That night, and for many nights thereafter, the chacma mother wandered lonely and grieving to the very edge of the village, but always the barking of the dogs and the scent of man drove her back again to the fastnesses of the *krantz*.

As the days went by, the twins became accustomed to their new home. Sandy's wife cared for them tenderly. They were warm, and well-fed and safe; yet the one which the chacma mother had gone back across the river to rescue seemed always uneasy and restless. Perhaps he missed the *krantz* and the jade-green jungle above which the sun wheeled at dawn and on which the moonlight lay like a dream pool.

Then came the night of the full moon, and all the jungle-people came forth to live and strive and die in that, their day, as we humans in ours. The air was heavy with the spicery of a thousand flowers, and full of the wailing cries of tree-frogs and night-birds, while the mist rose like a ghost against the dim violet shadows. Perhaps the sounds and scents of the jungle brought back unbearable memories to the chacma mother; perhaps she had only been waiting for the full moon to light her way, for as the warm dark fell, she fled like a phantom down the *krantz* and through the jungle, her eyes gleaming in the dusk like green fire.

Past the clearings and across the fields to the village she hastened. Once a great dog barred her way, but shrank back at the sight of her knifelike teeth and the mad glare of her eyes.

Straight on she hurried, until she crouched beside the window of the single bedroom on the ground-floor of the track-walker's house. Suddenly a lamp was lighted, and the wanderer found only a flimsy screen of mosquito netting between herself and her lost babies, who lay snuggled together in the crib which once had held a human baby.

EVEN as she looked, the woman who had lighted the lamp gathered one of the cubs into her arms. The sight drove away the last lingering bit of caution from the mind of that watcher without. One tremendous bound, and she had smashed clear through the screen, growling deep in 'er throat. For an instant the two mothers faced each other, the woman with one little chacma held tightly in her arm, and the bavian gripping the edge of the crib where the other lay.

Then with a little whimper one cub burrowed his head deep in the woman's dress just as the other one leaped from the crib and wound his arms about his mother's neck, as tightly as when she had dared death and the black river for his sake.

Then the woman screamed, and quick footsteps sounded as Sandy snatched up his rifle and rushed to the bedroom. With a last look at the cub which was no longer hers, the chacma turned, sprang through the window and was safe in the friendly shadows.

A wind from far-away blew in her face, bringing with it the hot sweet scent of the velvet as by hidden paths beneath the sleeping trees that mother of the wilderness, with her baby on her back, raced home.

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THE SEX

(Continued from)

sure it no longer. I advised her to do nothing to make matters worse, but to give me a few days and I would see her husband. I asked her meantime to consider how much of the fault had been hers. She consented with misgivings; she said nothing could be done. It happened that the very next day he came and saw me, and told me his side, which was as bad as hers. I told him she had already been to see me. I refused to tell him anything she had told me, but asked him to consider what her side of the story might possibly have been if she had told the truth. I asked him to come again at a given hour a few days later. And I sent her word to come on that very same day, a half-hour later.

He came at the appointed time, and I said: "You have a good deal to repent of, but you love this woman, and she loves you. Forget all your grievances, and get ready to confess your faults."

After some argument he admitted as much as I could have asked. I said: "Your wife is coming to see me this day, and very soon. I will not trap her into seeing you, and she may not want to do so. You are living apart. She does not know that you are here. She may not want to see you. If so, I will dismiss her ten minutes before I call you, and you are not to follow her. Go now to a room upstairs that I will show you and stay there till I call. You will be well supplied with reading matter."

She came. I said: "You told me your husband's faults; now tell me about your own."

After a little time she did so, and as she went on, she acknowledged all that he could have asked.

I said: "If you had told him this, you need never have separated."

She said: "Yes, but think of the wrong he did."

I said: "He is thinking of them; you need not do so. 'You love him; and he loves you. And you need each other, and will be unhappy apart.'"

She said: "I wish I could see him."

I said: "I rather expected you to say that."

I stepped upstairs and brought him down, and said to them: "I shall be busy elsewhere for a little time, but I will return in fifteen minutes."

They were sitting together when I returned, and rose smiling to meet me. They left together, and are living happily now.

I FEEL at liberty to mention these cases and a few others because there is no probability that these people will be recognized by their neighbors, who fortunately knew nothing about these events. And if the people themselves should see this article, they will know that I have not betrayed their confidence. Their differences never became public. Moreover these were all people of good character, and even in their quarrels there was a basis of mutual respect. In none of these instances was there any triangle. There was, however, marked incompatibility, and imminent danger of divorce. It did not prove necessary, and that was better for everybody. Thousands of couples rush to the divorce-courts who, with a little mutual concession, and the exercise of forbearance and good judgment, could live together happily and usefully.

But I am not yet ready to talk of divorce. I have definite ideas about it. I may say here, however, that, bad as it is, and much as I hate it, I do not always oppose it. And I do not always refuse to remarry people who have been divorced; much less do I go through the sham of pretending to remarry only the "innocent party." I have

STAMPEDE

page 53)

not often found the innocent party in divorces.

I have been reading in *The Red Book Magazine* a series of articles entitled "The Moral Revolt" by the Honorable Ben R. Lindsey of Denver. I do not undertake to reply to those articles, but I cannot very well ignore them or pretend not to have read them. Judge Lindsey uses the material of his wide experience in the Juvenile Court as the basis of argument for what he calls "companionate marriage." This form of marriage, as he contemplates it, is contrasted with that type of marriage whose purpose or expectation is procreation, and appears to be a frank arrangement to permit the free expression of sex, and, so far as is indicated, for nothing else. It is made intentionally easy of termination, and is not designed to lay upon the contracting parties any severe obligation of fidelity to each other even while the "companionate marriage" is in operation. Freedom on the part of each is advocated, and case after case is cited in which people were happy in pre-nuptial sex relationship, unhappy in marriage to the same mate, and then happy again when it was agreed that each might go and come in free sex relations. Infidelity does not seem to Judge Lindsey to be very serious, but jealousy, no matter how flagrant the cause, he regards as something very terrible.

JUDGE LINDSEY has done, no doubt, a good work among the boys and girls of Denver. I bring no railing accusation against him or his conclusions. I merely say that in his data, in fields where I have access to the sources, there is more to be said on the other side than his articles would indicate. His stories of what goes on in his private chambers are, of course, not to be called into question, for no one but he and in each case one or two other people can know how true they are to fact.

There is one story I can safely tell that has a bearing on the Judge's expressed conviction that there should be no jealousy, but rather complete freedom, in the marital relation. I knew a man who should have seemed to the Judge an ideal husband. He was an amiable man who admired his wife, and was rather pleased than otherwise that other men admired her. One of these men made a very profound impression upon her. She came to me repeatedly, a dozen times or more, and repeatedly promised me to let the other man alone. Her husband was all that Judge Lindsey could have wished, saying: "Annie, I love you and desire your love, but love cannot be commanded or confined, and if you love him more than you do me; I am sorry, but you must follow your own heart." One day when she told me this, I said to her: "I wish your husband would get a shotgun and chase that man down the alley, and come home with a horsewhip and thrash you!" She gave her hands one delighted clap, and said: "Oh, I should adore him!"

This lack of the hateful thing jealousy in the face of that rather to be commended thing infidelity is one of whose utility my own experience is at variance with that of Judge Lindsey.

RECENTLY I went back to Tennessee, to where I did my first preaching, and on that visit I laid the corner-stone of a pretty little brick edifice which they are building for the little church I organized. There I went through the rooms of the little white cottage I built, and where my son Bruce was born. It is in good condition. I was interested in finding that an outbuilding



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which I erected still stands. It was built out of oak plank, then the nearly waste by-product of the sawing of switch-ties for the railroad. The walls were double, and the space was filled with saw-dust. It was an up-ground cellar. As I passed its door, I recalled a queer incident.

ONE day, forty years ago, a negro whom I knew well, came running and panting up the hill through my back-yard, and falling at my feet, begged me to save his life. If you have ever seen a coal-black negro so frightened that he was really pale, you know what that man looked like at that instant. I asked him what was the danger, and he said "Big Six" was after him with a gun. I knew Big Six, the biggest, most powerful negro in the settlement. He would have been a dangerous man even without a gun. Angry and with a gun, the man who withstood him would have been a poor risk for a life-insurance company.

I opened the door to this oak building, ordered the trembling negro inside, locked the door and walked quietly back to meet Big Six.

He stopped when he met me, and in answer to my questions said in substance: "My wife and I lived together several years before we were married, and during that time I did not complain if she now and then had other company. But now we are married and trying to live like folks. And we get along very well when this cursed nigger stays away. Last time I came home and found him there, I told him if he ever came again, and I caught him, I would kill him. Today I came home and he was there. I reached for my gun, and he went through the window and took the sash with him. I am going to kill him, and go home and whale my wife, and then we can be happy."

I told him that would be making two mistakes, and advised him to talk to his wife plainly and firmly but kindly, and I told him that he was not to kill his rival that day, and I hoped he would never do it.

He went back home, and I kept away from my prisoner till sundown. Then I opened the door and he came out, his clothing torn to shreds and his legs streaked with dry blood where he had scratched himself running through the brush.

I told him that for that one time I had saved his miserable life, but that the next time I would interpose no saving hand between him and Big Six. I told him Big Six would surely kill him next time, and that he would deserve it.

He went away very humble, and I am bound to say that Big Six's jealousy and shotgun wrought a mighty reformation in that darky and also in the wife of Big Six. From that time on there was no more virtuous negress among the laundresses of the village. I am a little more impatient with infidelity than Judge Lindsey, and a good deal more charitable toward jealousy under provocation such as this. And I know that a husband of putty who tells his wife that if she loves another man better, he can interpose no objection, wins the contempt of his wife, and I think deserves it. Even the shotgun has its possible uses in the encouragement of virtue. But it is not the instrument I like best and most approve.

I AM quite sure that the Judge has had more experience than I with the abnormal in domestic relations. I am equally confident that I have had more experience than he with happy home conditions. It may be that I have had as much experience as he, but whether more or less is not a great or important matter, in the adjustment of domestic relations. And I give it as my opinion that any attempt to build or rebuild a home on the basis of sex indulgence

alone is the building of a house upon the sand. My method and that of the Judge may have more in common than his statement of the case would appear to indicate, but the thing he talks most about as the basis of marriage is the thing I talk least about. But I do not ignore it.

This is a generation that likes to invent names as smoke-screens. The name "harlot" is an entirely proper name for an improper person of the feminine gender; we like to call her "an unfortunate" or a "white slave" or anything that hides the fact that she is living an improper life. And there are good people who have an unailing formula for all such cases, namely, that "wrong economic conditions" are to blame. I do not think so. It was not a matter of low wages with Eve, and it is not a matter of low wages with the daughters of prosperous families that sends them to Judge Lindsey or to me. People like to talk foolishness that has a sound of wisdom. They like a name that covers up the real nature of a thing. If, for instance, two people are determined to live together for no other purpose than that they may gratify their lusts, with no intent to establish a home or become parents, with no promise to continue long together, or even to be faithful during the uncertain period of that relationship, why should we say that this is a "companionate marriage" as over against a procreative marriage? Why pretend that it is in any true sense a marriage? Why sully a good name instead of making a new one or frankly accepting the name that is already in the dictionary for that sort of thing? There is a homely old proverb to the effect that you may call a sheep's tail a leg, but the sheep does not have five legs. You may call it "companionate marriage," but that is simply camouflage. I will not name it, but I prefer that those who stand as its proponents should leave the honorable name "marriage" alone, and invent whatever euphonism they like for this very well-known relationship which in my own judgment does not need a new name or any new defenders.

NEAR the beginning of this article I said that sex relationships cannot be greatly modified, in the sense that women shall discharge the obligations now resting on the male half of the human race, or that women shall beget children to be brought forth and suckled by men. There are certain permanent facts in the relations of the sexes, and few writers have known this better than George Eliot. Without looking up the exact reference, I remember the woman-hater *Bartle Massey*, who did his own cooking and sewing and did it all by rule instead of by guess, and who declared that there was nothing a woman could do that a man could not do better, except only the bearing of children, "and it's a poor makeshift way they have of doing that; they might better leave it to the men!" Some women, I suspect, would consent to this arrangement if they could. But Mrs. Poyser, another of George Eliot's characters, said something like this, that she was not denying that women were fools; the Lord Almighty made 'em to match the men.

I have not discovered that either sex has much right to abuse the other. It is not possible to degrade one sex and simultaneously to exalt the other. The act by which the sexes unite to perpetuate the life of the globe is an act which the two must share, and whatever makes it gross in the one cannot make it beautiful or pure in the other.

I am not disposed to be hysterical over the backwash of the war, nor yet to attribute all evils of this present time to the war. I can remember the year 1913, and the years before. The war was the legitimate product of the conditions which pre-

ended the war. If the war had not come, something worse would have come. In this country the war did very little to disturb the proportions of the sexes. America still has intact the potential fatherhood that was getting ready to buy baby-carriages on the installment plan in 1917. It is not so in Europe. In Germany and France the young men who were born between 1905 and 1915 and are now of age have no immediate generation of young middle-aged men back of them to link them with the past. And those born since the war began, war babies and peace babies, have arrived in a world that is strange to the survivors of preceding decades, born from 1850 to 1900. We in America have preserved the continuity of life, and have less excuse for a violent break than has Europe. And I do not think most young people want such a break.

In so far as people now are certain in their own minds that a moral chasm has been opened, and that they stand on one side of it and the Victorians and the Puritans on the other, it will be well, at least, if they face that fact honestly.

FOR instance, the flapper who yells, "I am living my own life," is probably the most completely standardized product and example of the herd mind that we possess. Not a crimp in her bobbed hair or a roll in her stocking represents any thought or principle or conviction of her own. She is an example of mass production in its complete form. And the youth who tells you that he has courage to live his own life, and whose trousers and ties and thoughts, if he has any, are rubber-stamped by the herd, will find his requiem sung for him by Kipling in the man who was spurned from heaven because no good deed had ever been his own, and then from hell because Satan could not displace any of his gentlemen, already sleeping three on a grid, to admit a man whose very sins were the stereotyped copies of the sins of others. And as for the unconscious hypocrisy that vaunts and advertises itself in this blatant affirmation of courage, the hypocrites of the mid-Victorian years knew nothing like it. Whatever the Puritans and Victorians have to learn from this present generation, courage and sincerity are not among the lessons. Behind its pretense of sincerity, and its hue and cry against what it calls "false modesty," and which appears to include all the other kinds of modesty as well, lurks the biggest mass of self-deception and obscurantism that ever professed to be frank and courageous and was not even honest enough to know how much it lied. Putting petticoats on the limbs of the piano was not a circumstance to the smoke-screen of the advocates of the repeal of modesty. They tell us that we shall all be modest when we think sex, talk sex and exalt sex and make our bellies our gods, and they are not honest enough to know how much they lie. It is enough to know that the modesty which they profess to think will follow the general acceptance of their standards is the very last thing they want. The extent to which they fool people who ought to know better is no proof of their wisdom, but is an interesting example of what may be accomplished by emphatic and reiterated affirmation.

THE mysterious process by which nature provides for a nearly equal distribution of the sexes has continued without much variation from the beginning. In all civilized communities a few more male than female children seem to be born, but male children are less hardy than female, and the processes of civilization kill off men. Whether it be war or peace, the result is not very greatly changed. There are not enough men to go around. And, largely because women are competing with men



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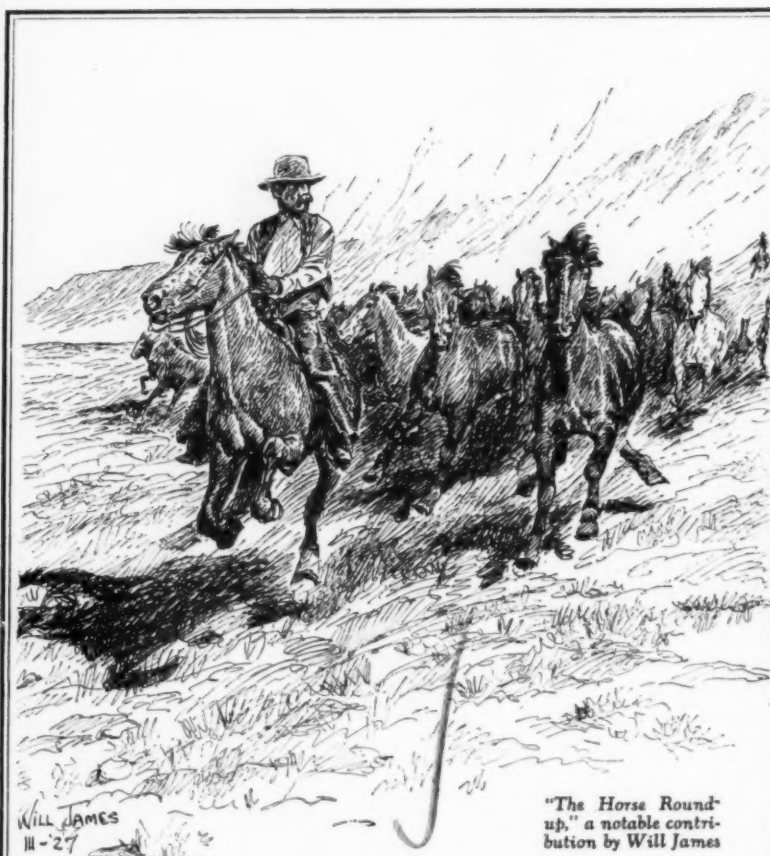
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in industry, not all men can marry. The vicious circle swings around to this situation, that, the more need there is that all the men who are capable and competent should marry, the more certain it is that for many of them marriage must be postponed.

In the meantime the trades have quite gone out of the home. The wife no longer bakes, but buys bread at the bakery. She sends out the laundry, and has her own and her husband's clothes cleaned and pressed by professional cleaners. She does not spin nor weave nor even sew, but buys her clothes ready made, and her husband certainly does not wear any clothes that she makes for him. Furthermore, she does not bear many children. And when she experiences such diseases as killed her grandmother, she undergoes a surgical operation, and her husband works harder to pay for the operation. There is no corresponding surgical operation that lengthens his life. She outlives him, and is supported by his life-insurance, if not, indeed, by his alimony. The burden upon women has been greatly lightened, as the burden upon men has not been lightened. It thus leaves the wife free to accept a position in an office and add her wage to his, taking merely another swing around the vicious circle. Every attempt to exalt one sex by depressing the other, either in morals or economics, is a measure that ultimately depresses both. Meantime, if the wife has a baby, and needs domestic help, she will find that the competition created by the woman in industry is ultimately competition between the childless woman and the mother, and the girl who ought to be available for work in her kitchen is primping herself at the desk opposite the young mother's husband, and now and then casting an eye across to where he sits, and wondering if he could be induced to take her to the movies and to supper. But there are those who rejoice in this situation, because in it women have what they have been taught to call (and this is another of the questionable bits of nomenclature) "economic freedom."

I have mentioned the fact that nature at one stage of her task apparently thought of cutting out this whole sex business so far as humanity was concerned. She seemed to say that flowers with their pistils and stamens, and birds with their oviparous method of reproduction, could be trusted with sex, but as for the mammal world, with man as its objective, the thing was too complicated. So she went as far as she did down the road of homosexuality, and then turned on her heel and ran all the way back and started over again, humming a pretty little love-song that had a minor note in it as well. It is impossible for us now to go back, and I do not want to go back. The world might have been safer under the other plan, but it would have been much less interesting. For that matter, nature repudiates the motto "Safety first." The adventure of sex is what we have, and with it we have our poetry and music and most of our art, and not a little of our religion. It is for us to decide whether sex shall be the nicest or the nastiest fact of human life.

WHEN I talk with young people about getting married, I tell them that marriage is the most wonderful fact of human life. God must have spent a good deal of thought upon it, making it as dangerous and adventurous as He knew how, and as interesting and as beautiful, and all the time with the peril of grossest animalism near at hand. As it is, marriage strikes its chord on the notes of the whole keyboard of human life, from the deep bass note of animal passion to the most lofty of all spiritual tones reached by human experience or audible to the human conscience. It is the method by which altruism becomes a joy, and selfish-

ness is swallowed up in self-forgetful love. It does not deny the body, and it does not neglect the soul. And from deep bass to soaring treble, it strikes no discord. That is the divine miracle of sex.

I DO not like the attitude of those men who assume that their wives are to be virtuous and they themselves are to be free from such obligation. If there is anything I hate more, it is the assumption of some women that in marriage they are to demand everything and give as little as possible, and that they are to use their sex to wheedle out of their husbands fur coats and new motorcars. They are wantons, though married by all that the law and the church can give to sanction their living together. No infidelity on the part of their husband could be so mean as their cold, reckoning chastity.

In the Tennessee mountains where I rode a circuit forty years ago, they have a proverb: "You can't build a fire out of two sticks." That is the mistake of those who seek to build a durable marriage on physical attraction and nothing else. The two sticks will not even burn each other up; they glow with a false promise of flame that dies when the kindling is gone. The bear in winter is said by old hunters to live by sucking his own paws. No more nutritive is the mutual love of those who say to each other, "We are all the world to each other," and who have nothing to feed on but each other's flesh. Such marriage does not last; it has no right to last.

Moreover the majority of young people who are getting married are not doing it wholly as a matter of concession to the flesh. They talk about sex-appeal more openly than their parents did; they see what they do see in the movies and read what they read in current literature, and they are not uninfluenced by it. But taking them all in all, they are a rather good, sensible lot of youngsters.

FOR thirty summers my family has spent the vacation months beside a little New England lake. There my five children have grown to manhood and womanhood, and as they have married, they have brought their new families and purchased summer homes near the patriarchal cottage. Last summer, for the first time, there was no Little Mother in that cottage, and the daughters gave their father loving and effective help in the matter of his domestic assistance. But it happened that, in the fall, his maid was called away by serious illness in her family. And just at the same time, it happened that there was need of help in the homes of the two families of the children who were still there. The daughters secured, in that emergency, three high-school girls, aged sixteen or seventeen, who undertook domestic employment for the sake of the wages. It required an early breakfast, and a lunch as soon as school was out, and then a hearty dinner.

These three girls, all about of an age, and all of good family, but all glad to be earning money, made a little colony down by the lake, and their school-mates came more or less often to visit them. Every few nights some other girls came and spent the night with my little maid. Once a week, perhaps, some boy of the village came and took her to the movies or a dance. It happened that I saw a good deal more of the young life of the village than I had seen before at close range. Because the girls worked well, I kept my summer home open until almost Thanksgiving.

As for the three little maids themselves, they were neat, courteous, honest, modest and capable. My meals were excellent and the menu was varied. Also the meals were well served. My little maid earned her money, and so did the other two.



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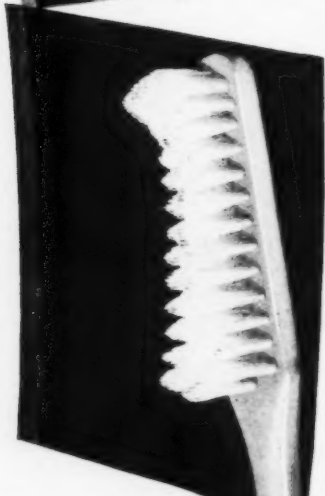
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In those weeks I gained increased respect for the boys and girls of that village. They were full of life and fun, but they were capable, alert and modest. In their relations with each other, so far as I had opportunity to observe them, they were natural and above criticism. If the boys and girls of our high-schools generally are as clean-minded and intelligent and industrious as these youngsters, the rising generation is not so near to hell as some people think. To be sure, some sad things happen, now and then, even in that little village. But the homes those youngsters are going to establish are, in the main, to be good homes. I did not discover that devastating avalanche of immorality of which some people talk. I did not see any stampede of sex. I found a group of boys and girls on the threshold of manhood and womanhood, who looked me and each other in the eyes without fear or reproach. It was an experience to hearten one, and to give one hope. If it be answered that this condition is exceptional, belonging to a little unspoiled New England village, let that be admitted, so far as it is pertinent. But the movies and the automobile are with us there, and it is in such towns one hears the jest that, having closed the saloons and saved the boys, it is now time for us to close the garages and save the girls. The girls are worth saving, certainly; but most of them, as nearly as I could judge, are reasonably safe.

I do not agree with those who say that the young people of today are exactly as young people always have been. That in the nature of the case cannot be true. They cannot have escaped wholly the influence of this present overemphasis on sex that so characterizes our literature and thinking. But they are not the stark sex-mad creatures which some people seem to think them. After all due allowances have been made for their sophistication, they are still healthy-minded, decent young folk, and what they hope to get out of life in joy and achievement is essentially what all the generations that have preceded them have wanted. Human nature is not going to change radically in one generation, nor, I think, in a hundred generations. The motives that have power in human life are fairly constant.

HUNGER and love are the two elemental passions, as we are often reminded, and this truth is hurled at us in the raw. Chesterton has well reminded us that though a man walks forward on two legs, his hope of receiving a legacy may not be wholly expressed in his desire for boots, and that if he runs to catch a train, it may not be wholly for the sake of exercising his two legs. A normal man wants more than food and female flesh. He wants to measure his strength against that of other men, and against the inertia of nature, and the opposing conditions of circumstance. He wants to create, and to accomplish, to win fame and honor and wealth. Any sane man knows that, potent as is the appeal of sex, it does

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State of Illinois, County of Cook, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Charles M. Richter, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The Red Book Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Law and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, The Consolidated Magazine Corporation, 1912, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Editor, Earl Edgar Harriman, 1912, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Managing Editor, None.

Business Manager, Charles M. Richter, 1912, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or if a corporation give the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Louis Edestein, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Estate of Louis M. Stramer, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Benjamin J. Rosenfeld, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Stephen Foster, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; A. R. Bremer, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Charles M. Richter, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Ralph K. Strassman, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of the stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name and address of the person or corporation for whom such relation exists, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, or stock and securities in a capacity other than that of bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the sale or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.) CHARLES M. RICHTER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of March 1927. [Seal.] LOUIS H. KERBER, Jr.

not begin to fill the place in his daily life which the novelists and the movies assume.

THE new psychology is apparently waking up to this fact. A little while ago we were hearing what a terrible and almost fatal thing inhibition was. And people were encouraged to turn their souls inside out and discuss their dreams and give free rein to their sacred and silly and prurient impulses. We have only to consider for one moment to realize how valuable is the power of inhibition, how any work calling for close thought and severe application must call for the inhibition of myriad sensations for the sake of achievement. All art has inhibition as one of its prime essentials. Like the sculptor, we take a block of marble, and what we don't want, we knock off. That is inhibition. If, walking down a street, a man feels a sudden atavistic impulse to rap the stranger in front of him over the head with a cane, he inhibits that impulse, or pays a fine. Our lusts and our loves and our hates and our revenge we learn to inhibit, and out of this self-control we gain character. It is a foul lie that sex impulses are never to be inhibited. We inhibit such impulses constantly, and to our profit. The normal man is not a man devoid of passion, a spiritual and intellectual encephalon, but he is a man in whose thought and plans sex has only its due place and proportion. He has a clean mind, an imagination to which he is not enslaved. Few conditions are more pitiable, as I have seen them, than the disclosures of men and women who have so long fed their lusts on vile imaginings that they are slaves to their own gross and impotent minds.

I once heard Theodore Roosevelt say that he had high hope for men and women who had strong, normal passion. The head of a large reformatory said to me that he had his worst troubles with men who had infrequent necessity to shave. Passion seems to need a certain momentum to give it steeple-way and afford opportunity for rational self-control. The world is to be saved not by eunuchs, but by strong men of passion and power, held in the control of creative will.

I AM no stranger to the weaknesses of human nature, nor yet to its wickedness. There cannot be conditions of the human heart or actions of the human animal that are much worse than I have seen or known about. But I believe in humanity. We are not as far above the brute as we ought to be, but evolution is not yet a total loss.

Furthermore, I believe in marriage with no adjective attached to it, just simple, honest-to-goodness marriage. I believe in the love of youth, and the robust affection that belongs to married life. And then, when the hot fires of earlier passion have died down, I believe in that warm glow that lights the hearth toward eventide. Some marriages are failures; but MARRIAGE is a triumphant success. I know.

NORMAN VENNER

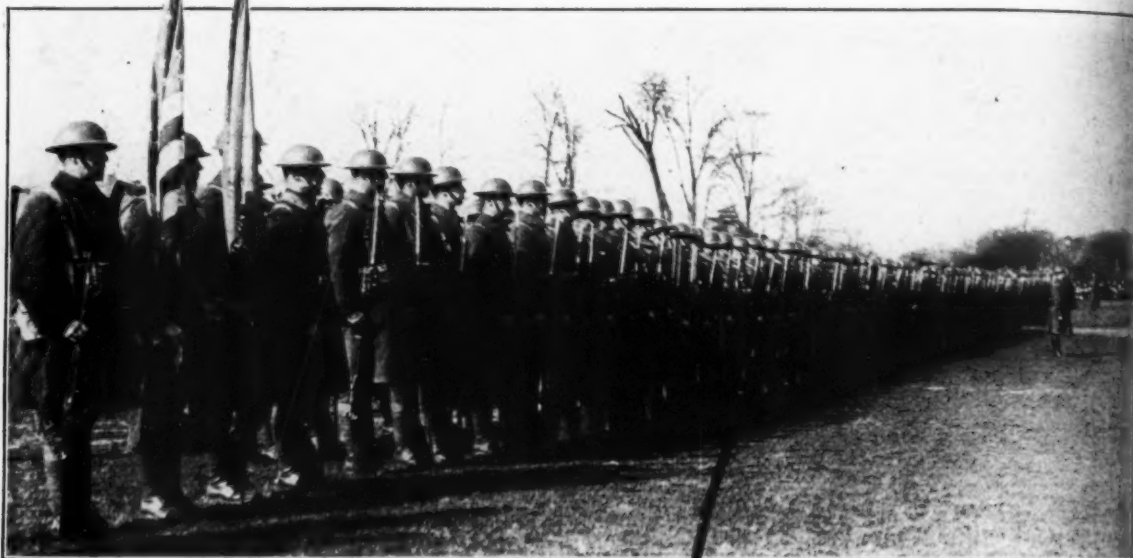
An author new to our readers who is none the less a leader in that English school of writing-men conspicuous for the light touch of wit that illuminates a charming story, will contribute a typically delightful tale to an early issue under the title:

"ONLY JUST"



"What can have happened to them? Do you suppose they've had an accident?"
 "More likely Jim is having tire trouble again; he doesn't seem to learn by experience. I switched over to Kelly-Spring fields long ago."

Companee-ten-shun!



1927, H. C. C.



WHEN Uncle Sam mustered his greatest Army and Navy to fight overseas, he had a million and one things to plan and arrange for. You remember the ships that were built and the equipment provided—camps at home and supplies abroad.

One of the wisest and kindest provisions was to supply everyone in Service with life insurance at less than its cost to the Government—a lower rate than could be offered by any life insurance company in America. The Government had no taxes to pay and made no charge for overhead expenses.

More than \$39,000,000,000 of insurance was taken by 4,500,000 Service men and women. Many of these wisely took \$10,000 policies—the largest written by

the Government. Others neglected their opportunities and either took out smaller policies or no insurance at all.

The policies were originally issued on the yearly renewable term plan. After the war, holders were invited to convert them into policies on a level premium, legal reserve basis such as is employed by large life insurance companies.

But, unfortunately, many policies were allowed to lapse. And now the officials at Washington, gratefully remembering the way the Government was supported in time of need, offer veterans a final chance to restore protection to their families with life insurance at rates below actual cost. All Service men and women who lapsed their term policies may have their insurance reinstated by the payment of one month's back

premium when accompanied by a certificate of good health which any physician may give. Or they may now take out smaller policies at the same special rates. But—the necessary formalities must be carried through before July 2, 1927.*

There are perhaps 3,500,000 of you men and women specially privileged to get insurance at the old bargain rates offered in wartime. Will you, who have earned this right, neglect the golden opportunity?

*For information and necessary blanks send to any local headquarters of the United States Veterans' Bureau, or of The American Legion, or of the Red Cross, or to the national headquarters of any one of these organizations at Washington, D.C.

One of the most common misconceptions in the public mind regarding life insurance is that lapsed policies are a source of profit to insurance companies and therefore are desired by them. As a matter of fact, lapsed policies mean loss to both policy-holders and companies. Worst of all they often spell domestic tragedy.

Because of temporary financial pressure, men sometimes stop paying premiums hoping that a little later they may take out new policies—even though they realize that at an older age they will have to pay higher rates, if, by good fortune, they are able to pass again the necessary physical examinations.

Life insurance policies are not merely sound investments; in the majority of cases they provide the surest form of protection

for American families. Once a man or woman has taken a life insurance policy, every possible precaution should be used to keep it in force at its full value.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company spends a great deal of time and effort each year urging policyholders whose misfortune may have caused them to lapse their contracts to apply for reinstatement. Also, we are glad to co-operate with Washington in urging Service men and women to get their Government insurance reinstated before it is too late.

The 3,500,000 eligibles for this bargain insurance are in a fortunate position. We hope they will take advantage of their extraordinary opportunity.

HALEY FISKE, President.

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57 · HIGHEST · AWARDS · IN · EUROPE · AND · AMERICA

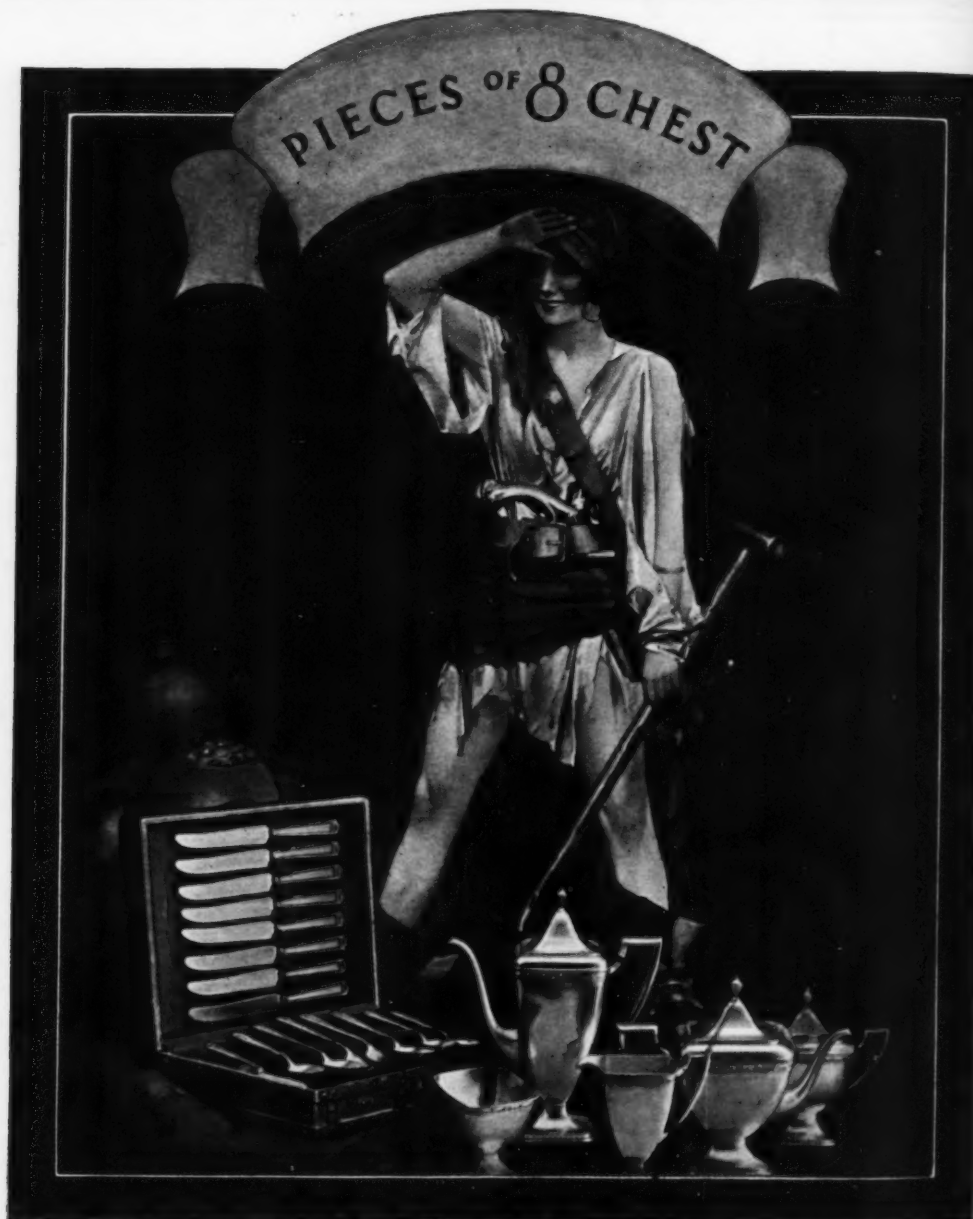
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JOHANNA SILVER UNEARTHS HER HEART'S DESIRE

A new idea, like hidden treasure, often lies buried for centuries. Then, one bright day, Progress unearths it, and the world gets a new thrill. So it was with the PIECES OF 8. Generations of young brides had hungered in vain for a set of silver with enough knives, forks and spoons to take care of "unexpected company." Then along came 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate with a set of silverware in "eights" instead of the

usual shorthanded "six of each." Covers for eight in table essentials — 34 pieces all told — in a gorgeous Spanish Treasure Chest — retailing for . . . \$49.50.

And today, wherever silverware is sold, you'll find that the already famous PIECES OF 8 Chest is the

fastest-selling chest in the silverware department. . . . To make flatware in PIECES OF 8 Chest, and dinner services may be had in any of the 1847 ROGERS BROS. silverplate patterns.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

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